




HOME WORDS

FOR
HEART & HEARTH

REDENHALL, HARLESTON & WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING PLACE
BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME





M. D. 1881







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"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOSEPH CLARK.

HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

" . . . To minister to those that need;
With quiet song the weary to beguile;
With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile."

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A New Hear's Hymn.

Words by PROFESSOR HARALD WILLIAMS,
Author of "Matin Bells," etc.

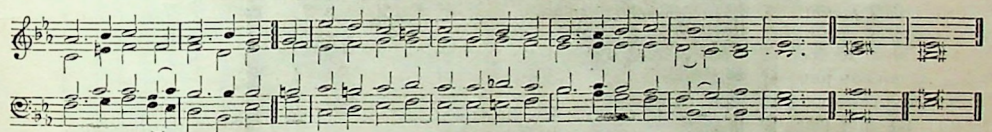
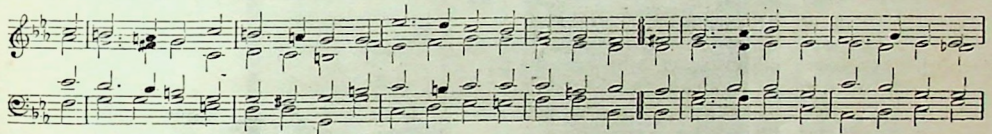
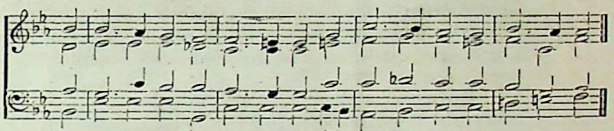
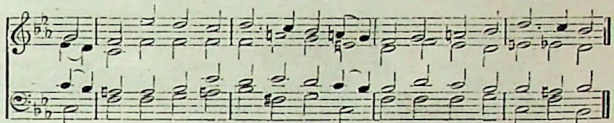
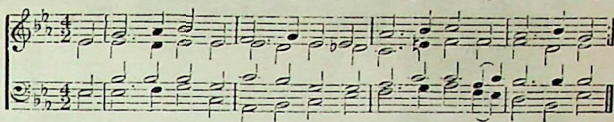
Music by DR. MANN,
Organist of King's College, Cambridge.



Photo by

[J. P. CLARKE

A. H. MANN, MUS. DOC.,
Organist of King's College, Cambridge.



I KNOW not what before me lies,
I do not care to question much
The future and those mysteries,
When God decrees they shall be such.
It is enough to feel the way
Is ordered by His mighty Love,
And if I duly watch and pray,
Each step will lift me more above.
I would not ask for larger light,
While conscience sounds its Sabbath
bell
Clear in the trouble of the night—
I am assured that all is well.

I know not what may now befall
This fragile body in the path,
Nor care what perils may appal
A heart that only fears God's wrath.
It is enough, though skies wax dim,
To look up in a Father's face;
And lean my every care on Him
Who gathers earth in His embrace.
I will not murmur at the shade,
Nor if the waters rise and swell,
Which He in mercy thus has made—
I am assured that all is well.

I know not how the coming year
Will open on my life or end:
I care not, if Christ draweth near,
And is my Comforter and Friend.
It is enough, should sickness pain,
To suffer with Him and be still;
And though He sifts me sore again,
To rest within His wiser will.
I cannot doubt His care for me,
And when the darkness falls that
fell
Across my road, I may not flee—
I am assured that all is well.

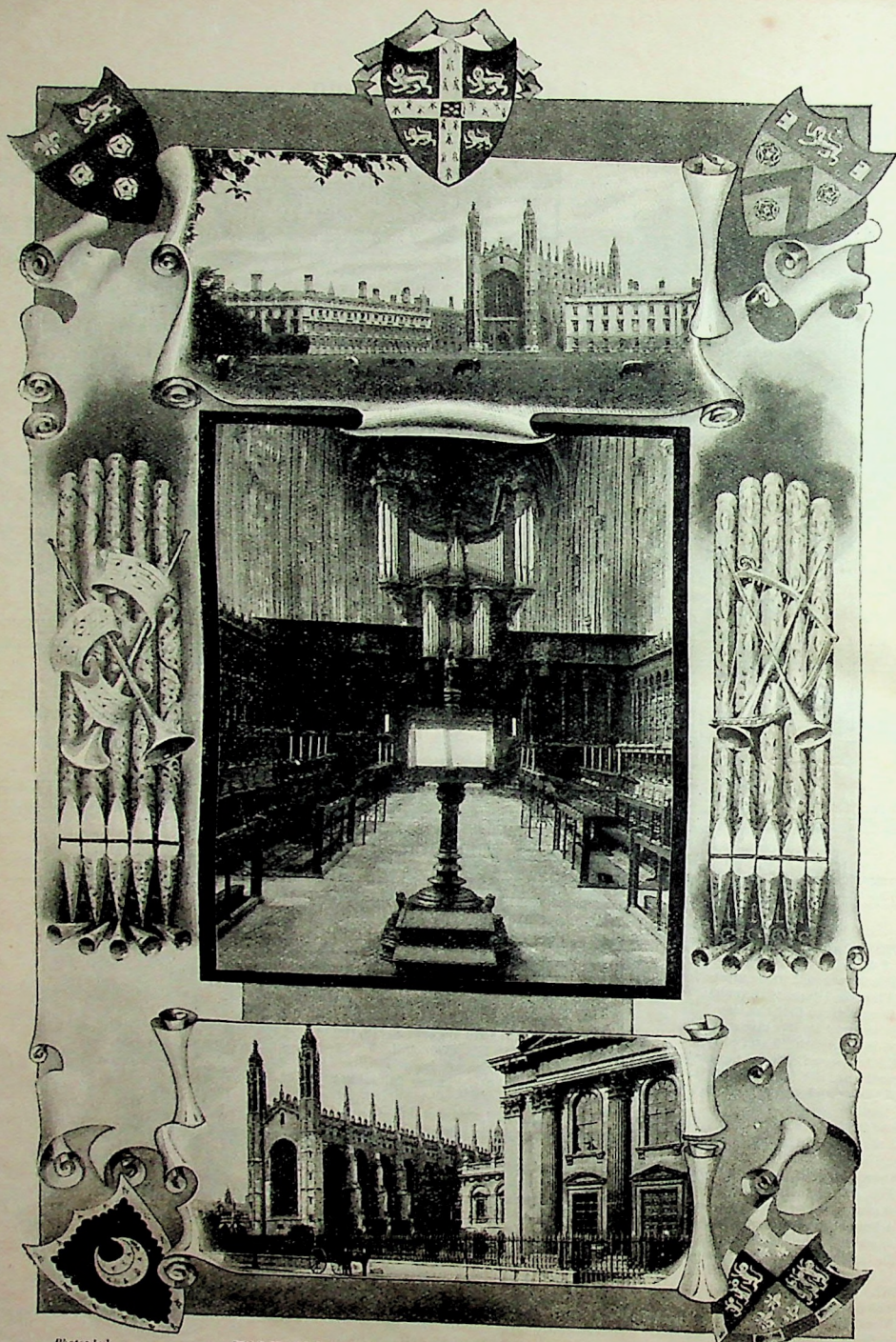
I know not why He sometimes seems
To hide from me a little space:
I care not greatly if He deems
To bring me closer thus to Grace.
It is enough to let Him hold
My weakness, and go bravely on;
And do the duty I am told,
As unto victory He has gone.
I need no other strength than this,
He will not bid me lonely dwell,
Who ere the sorrow sends the kiss—
I am assured that all is well.



Photo by

[P. F. CRYVAL

PROFESSOR HARALD WILLIAMS.



[Photos by]

THE HOME OF CAMBRIDGE MUSIC.

[STEAD BROS., Cambridge.]

(1) King's College from the Backs.

(2) The Organ.

(3) King's College Chapel from Trumpington Street.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER I.

A BAD SEASON.



IDUNNO for my part, that I don't, how ever we're to get along through next year. It's all very fine to say a body hadn't ought to look forrard. I'm made that sort that always does look forrard; and the forrader I look, the worse things do seem."

"Well, well, mother!" the young man said, in a soothing tone.

"Ay, that's always your way. It's 'Well, well, this,' and 'Well, well, that!' And there you'll sit, biting of a straw, and never caring if the whole world goes to rack and ruin. So long as you and Lil can have things smooth, you don't werry."

"The worrying don't do much good, seems to me," observed the young fellow.

"Nor sittin' still and saying nothin' don't matter don't do no good neither," retorted she energetically. "Things is all gone wrong, as you know as well as I do. There isn't a crop that don't show signs of comin' short."

"The weather's mended a lot this week. Shouldn't wonder if we'd a fair enough harvest in the end."

"We shan't, though. I know better. And if we did, that wouldn't do you nor me much good. There's the hay—that's good for nought. Never knowed a worse hay crop since I were married. We'll have to buy a lot of hay next winter; and we can't afford it. And the price 'll be high. It's goin' to be a reg'lar bad year all round. I don't see what's the good o' folks' prayers, if they can't bring rain and fine when it's wanted. When I

was religious I used to think a deal o' praying. I'm not religious now. I've had a lot too much trouble in life, and I can't think o' nothin' but my troubles. O deary me!"

"There now, mother, you needn't cry. Other folks has troubles as well as you."

"They've not had such bad troubles as me. No-body hasn't."

"Well, but last year we'd the best yield o' strawberries ever seen, and you know it."

"We'd a deal too many. The fruit went so cheap, it just didn't pay for the pickin'. That isn't the sort o' crop I want. Enough to sell to everybody at a good price, an' to make a good profit. That's what I want."

"Most people like the same. I s'pose we can't have everything just as we'd choose." The young man laughed. "And a poor year is only like to follow on a special good one." He stood up slowly, to walk across the wide room, with its queer old oaken wainscoting half way up the walls, and heavy beams in the low ceiling, and small latticed windows.

"Wherever are you going?" she demanded querulously, as she sat near the aged fireplace, with its carved mantel above, reaching almost to the ceiling. She was a little woman, thin and bony, with sharp eyes, a sharp voice, fretful furrows on her forehead, and discontented lines about her mouth. Mrs. Forrest was, alas! a confirmed and systematic grumbler. In her little world everything went wrong; or, if it did not, she expected it to do so, which came to much the same thing.

Owen, her only son, was a big sinewy young fellow, somewhat slow in movement, and therein a contrast to his mother, who did what she did, whether well or ill, always in a hurry. Mrs. Forrest had striven her best to shake up her son into a masculine copy of herself, and she had striven in vain. He had developed after his own fashion, despite maternal efforts. Lily, the delicate-looking girl, with a deformed shoulder, working near one of the windows, was more after her type; though, but for weak health and incessant scoldings, Lily's would have been a happier temperament.

Mrs. Forrest lived under a delusion that every-

body in the world, except herself, was hopelessly set against doing his or her duty, and that the only mode of meeting this condition of affairs was by ceaseless fault-findings. She was also under a delusion that the world, as a whole—including that which she vaguely understood by the term "Providence"—was leagued in deadly warfare against Mrs. Forrest of Ash Farm; and that, do what she might, she never could or would keep her head above water. During her husband's lifetime, she had been better off as to money than at the present; but she had grumbled just the same, had foretold coming evils just the same, had failed to be thankful for the good things in her life just the same. Now that he was dead, she looked back to the past, after the manner of her species, with never-ending regrets for that lost Paradise of happiness, which she had not counted to be Paradise or happiness while it lasted.

Yet she had a good and dutiful son and daughter, both of whom tried to make her comfortable; and she loved them both in her heart, even while she grumbled at them.

Owen's strong nether limbs were encased in gaiters, dirty enough to show the manner of walk he had had. He was intending to stay with his mother for an hour; but, as often happened, her querulous mood drove him away. He went to an old-fashioned oak bureau, close beside Lily, and opened a drawer with some slight fuss of jingling keys. Mrs. Forrest's question remained unanswered. He took the opportunity to say in an undertone to his sister, "Come to me presently."

Lily glanced towards her mother. "I don't know if I can."

"Manage somehow. I want a word."

"Where are you goin'?" demanded Mrs. Forrest again. Being very slightly "hard of hearing," she missed this by-play.

"I've got things to see to, mother."

"You told me, when you came in, that you'd done out-o'-doors."

"I said the hay was all in—and good thing too! This fine weather won't last."



"He went to an old-fashioned bureau, close beside Lily."—Page 4.

"It's such a poor crop. It isn't hardly worth gettin' in."

"We should be worse off if we'd none."

"You might just as well stop here." After her fashion she doted on this only son.

"I'm goin' to my den, to do a piece of carpentering — before I go out."

Owen walked to the door, cast a glance at Lily, and disappeared. Three minutes later Lily stood up.

"What are you after now, Lil?" Mrs. Forrest never could leave anybody alone. She did not mean to make herself disagreeable — people seldom do—but she attained that end.

"I'll be back directly. I'm going to get a reel of cotton, for one thing."

"I've got cotton

here."

"Not the sort I want." Which was true. Lily, held out her work. "I want another reel to match this colour."

"Well, you just sit and go on with your sewing. I'll get the cotton. I'm dreadful dull to-day, and it'll rouse me to go upstairs."

Lily made no remonstrance. She waited till her mother had mounted a flight, then dropped her work, and ran at her best speed to the little "den," where Owen carried on the carpentering feats which were his chief recreation.

"I'm come," she panted; "but I can't stay. Mother'll be after me directly. What do you want?"

"Sit down a minute." He turned the key in the door. "I'm going round to Sutton Farm; and I don't want mother to know."

"Then whatever made you tell me? She's sure to ask."

Owen was silent. Lily tried to read his face, and failed.

"You'd much better tell mother yourself, straight out. It's no good trying to hide things. You're old enough to choose your own way. If I was a man, like you, I'd choose it; and I'd speak out plain. It's more like a man, I think! Only some of you men are not brave. I sometimes think *you're* not."

"I hate a fuss."

"Yes, I dare say. I hate a fuss too. But I'd sooner have one big fuss, and done with it, than no end of little fusses, and trying to keep things quiet that can't be kept quiet. I don't see what you wanted me here for."

"If I hadn't told you where I was going, you'd have asked me before mother. And I don't want her to know."

Lily felt uncomfortable. Had she shown herself so tactless? "I don't see why I should," she said.

"Well, you do, Lil. Half the times, mother follows your lead. I don't mind—most times. But I don't want—just now—"

"Why? What difference can it make?"

"Mother runs ahead so with things. If I say I'm going to the Handfasts, she'll—you know what she'll say."

"She'll say what she's said before, that you are after Lavinia. And if she does—what then? I suppose it's true."

Silence again. Owen was slowly polishing a piece of wood.

"Can't tell you myself," he said at length. "That's just it. If I was sure of my own mind—why, I could go ahead. But I'm not sure—not by any means."

"Then what makes you go after Lavinia at all?"

"I'm going to speak to Mr. Handfast."

"And not to see Lavinia too?"

Owen was silent.

"You always did like Lavinia."

"Everybody likes her. She's a right good girl."

"Mother hates the thought of your marrying anybody, I know. She says that she and I suppose we should."

Owen half said something, and checked himself.



"He turned the key in the door."—Page 5.

"What? I didn't hear. But of course you'll marry some day. And mother would sooner you should marry Lavinia than anybody else, because Lavinia is nice to her, and because Lavinia will have some money."

"You put things plain, Lil, anyhow."

"It's no use pretending not to know what's true. And if you want to go after Lavinia, I don't see why you should make a secret of it."

"Because I'm not sure of what I want, that's why. And if once mother makes up her mind that I'm to marry Lavinia—supposin' Lavinia is willing—every single person in the place will hear of it. That isn't fair upon Lavinia, till I've made up my mind. I'll never have it said I was so mean as to play fast an' loose with a girl. I haven't gone after Lavinia yet, so as I couldn't rightly draw back. And I don't mean to—till I'm sure."

"If I was you, I'd keep away altogether from Sutton Farm till I was sure."

Owen opened his lips, shut them, opened them again, and said slowly, "I can't do that either."

"I don't see why. But you'll go your own way, of course. Anyhow, I won't say anything. I must go. Mother's calling me."

"Lily! Lily!" sounded in the distance. Then,



"He threw open the door."—Page 6.

near at hand, "Lily!" The handle was turned and shaken. "Where's Lily? Owen—Owen, I say—is Lily here?"

Owen was a patient man commonly, but in certain moods he could show vexation. He threw open the door.

"Yes, mother, Lily is here. She came because I told her to come. I wanted a word with her. Anything wrong?"

Mrs. Forrest knew the tone. She had learnt to know it in her husband's days. No man could be more good-humoured and yielding than Farmer John Forrest on ordinary occasions. But once and again the old Adam had been stirred up in him by his wife's ceaseless petulance; and when a certain tone had made itself heard in his voice, Mrs. Forrest had known that her turn for giving in had arrived.

She sat down promptly upon the nearest chair, and began to sob.

"Me, a poor widow—with nobody belonging—only a son an' daughter as turns against me. Nobody never had such troubles. Oh dear! Oh deary me! Well, well, I'm gettin' old fast, and I'll soon be in my grave—and nobody won't need to trouble no more about what I say—nor to try to get away from poor me—"

"Mother, do be sensible, and don't fancy things. There's no trying to get away from you. Lily isn't a child in pinafores, and you've got to remember it. She's twenty-five years old, for all she looks so young, and I'm a year older still. Just think of that. Now, then!" He stooped and kissed her kindly, yet with a touch of determination, to which she unconsciously yielded submission. "It's all right, and there's nothing to make a fuss about. Lil is going back with you, and I'm going out."

"What for? You said you'd done."

"I said the hay was all in. I didn't say there was nothing else for me to see to."

Mrs. Forrest asked no more. Lily, listening, understood why Owen had spoken to her privately. She knew enough of herself to be aware in that moment, that if Owen had not warned her she would have pressed the question which was dropped by Mrs. Forrest.

"Have I been so silly?" she asked; and she made a sage resolve never to act the part of meddler in the future.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCIDENT ON THE LINE.

"I'm sure I don't know how in the world I'm going to manage," remarked Mrs. Handfast.

She did not say the words dolefully. Mrs. Handfast was in most respects a contrast to Mrs. Forrest, and dolefulness did not figure as a feature



"Owen walked in with the air of one very much at home."—Page 7.

of her character. She could be unhappy, of course, otherwise she had not been human; and she could weep, otherwise she had hardly been woman. But her wettest days held sunshine between the showers, and November fogs were unknown to her climate. She was large and plump, and placid of aspect, with a smooth comely un-wrinkled face. Nobody was present except Fly, the house-dog, comfortably ensconced where, in theory, he had no business to be, before the kitchen fire, his big head resting on his big paws.

"Yes, — good Fly. You'd do anything in the world for me. I'm sure you would. But I can't send you to the station, all alone, can I, Fly? And you couldn't find out and bring home a girl that you'd never seen before; could you, Fly?"

Fly wagged his tail.

"It's very provoking — your master away, and Lavinia with a bad cold. Anyhow, I can't be spared, Fly. Oh well, something will turn up. Who's coming now? Why, it's Owen Forrest."

"I wanted a word with your husband," Owen said, after first greetings.

"Then want must be your master," with a laugh. "My husband's away on business—for three nights. Sir Stephen wanted him to do some business for him at North Ashted. So I'm busy, and I specially wanted to be free to-morrow to meet a niece of mine—Margot James—at Somers Station. And I thought it would

seem more welcoming to meet her myself. But I can't—more's the pity. Lavinia too has got the very worst cold I ever knew her have—all sneezes and snuffles, poor dear!"

"Sorry for that!" Owen said absently.

"I'm afraid Margot has been spoilt," went on Mrs. Handfast. She was left an orphan only a year ago; and has been nursery-governess to six

small children—all of them spoilt too. She's coming to us till she can hear of another situation? She's the child of my favourite sister; and she's only eighteen — doesn't know anything of life. Wants to find all nice and smooth, of course, as young things do. But we're glad enough to have her. I'll just have to send the boy—if only I could trust him not to over-drive the old horse. He's a rascal, that boy! But he's true. He never deceives me. If he does go too fast, he'll come and tell me after, and say he's sorry. I wouldn't part with him for anything."

"Wait, Mrs. Handfast—if it's to-morrow I can help you. What time does the train come in?"

"The 3.9 p.m. from Bristol."

"Why, I shall be within ten minutes of the station just before three o'clock. I can bring your niece back in the dog-cart. Will that do?"

The arrangement was suggested with so simple and natural an air, that Mrs. Handfast suspected nothing, well as she knew the ways of Owen Forrest. It was only what she had cheerfully expected, that matters should fit in somehow.

(To be continued.)

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR HANDLEY MOULE, D.D.

O THOU that sittest on the throne, make all things within us new this New Year.

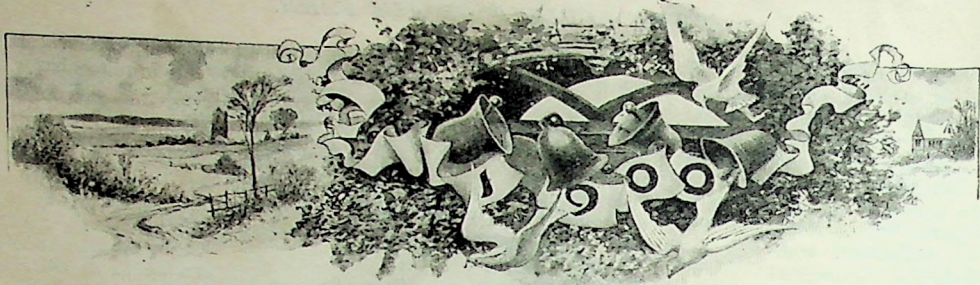
Renew our faith, and hope, and love. Renew our wills that we may serve Thee more gladly and watchfully than ever. Renew our delight in Thy Word and Thy worship. Renew our joy in Thy blessed Self.

Renew our longings that all may know Thee. Renew our desires and labours to serve others in the Lord.

And so take care of us Thy people, who embrace the Cross of Thy dear Son, and desire to walk in the light and power of Thy Spirit; now and evermore, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



"Nobody was present except Fly, the house-dog."—Page 7.



"Thy Word is Truth."

I. OUR DAILY COMPANION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.,
FORMERLY BISHOP OF OSSORY.

HOW often "the Voice of a Psalm" (xcviii. 5) would cheer us on our pilgrim way! What a happy resolve it would be for the New Year, to make the Book of Psalms our Daily Companion!

Praise is the keynote of the Book: and what life is so happy as the life of praise—praise from the heart, re-echoed in the life.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:

I will sing and give praise" (lviii. 7).

"Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all His benefits."

The last five Psalms are an "endless Hallelujah." Every one of them begins and ends with a chant of praise, and all creation is summoned to join the chorus and the grand doxology:—

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

Then there are the "Voices of Prayer." The Book of Psalms is verily a Divine Prayer-Book. It breathes the spirit of ideal love and child-like confidence.

"He shall cry unto Me, Thou art my Father,
My God, and the Rock of my salvation" (lxxxix. 26).

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."

"Waiting on the Lord" is the keynote of all the petitions:

"My soul, wait thou only upon God,
For my expectation is from Him" (lxiii. 5).

All times are to the Psalmist times for prayer:

"Evening, and morning, and at noon,
Will I pray" (lv. 17).

The 4th Psalm is an Evening Prayer, when the Psalmist lays him "down in peace" to sleep. The 5th is a Morning one, when "early in the morning" he "directs his prayer unto God and looks up." In fine, the Psalter is a universal Liturgy, comprehending all wants for body and soul, and adapted to "all sorts and conditions of men." There is scarcely a petition in our all-embracing Litany which does not seem anticipated by the Book of Psalms. "We cannot," writes Bishop

Perowne, "pray the Psalms without having our hearts opened, our affections enlarged, our thoughts drawn heavenward. He who can pray them best is nearest to God, knows most of the Spirit of Christ, and is ripest for Heaven."

But the Psalter contains more than Praise and Prayer. It is also full of "Voices of Instruction." It is

"A lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

It is God Himself who is the Teacher and Speaker:—

"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will guide thee with Mine eye."

The Psalter is full of teaching for all times and circumstances. Bishop Hall calls it "A Compendium of Theology." Bishop Doane describes it as "The Manna of the Church" for our daily food. Our Reformers described the wonderful 119th Psalm as "the A B C of godly love: the paradise of learning: the school of truth." Matthew Henry quaintly termed it "a chest of golden rings." William Wilberforce, the philanthropist and statesman, wrote in his diary, in a time of great political anxiety: "Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Psalm in great comfort." Ruskin says: "Of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, the 119th Psalm has become the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love to the law of God." Hooker well asks: "What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach?"

"Lord, Thy Word abideth, and our footsteps guideth:
Who its truth believeth, light and joy receiveth."

"The Voices of the Psalms" are, in short, inexhaustible to the listening ear. There are "Voices of Creation," "Voices of History," "Voices of Immortality," "Voices of the Sanctuary," "Voices of the Shepherd," "Voices of the Penitent," "Voices of the Pilgrim"; and deeper voices still—wondrous "Voices of the Coming Messiah"—words "written in the Psalms concerning Me" (St. Luke xxiv. 44)—"Voices of

the Prophet, Priest, and King," "Voices of Redemption," "Voices of the Mission Field," "Voices of the Spiritual Life," and "Voices of Benediction" from the Author of them all—"the God of Blessing."

A year devoted to the prayerful study of the Book of Psalms would be indeed a well-spent year. No wealth of millionaire can compare with the wealth of the Psalms. Happy the man who in penitence of heart can say of the 51st Psalm, with Dr. Chalmers, "This is the Psalm that suits me best." Happy the man whose spiritual life is an expression of the Psalmist's words:—

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

And whose spiritual desire is ever this:—

"O set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I."
"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?"

Such aspirations as these stretch onward and upward to the Jerusalem above:—

"As for me, I will behold Thy Face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

An old writer has said: "The Psalms begin where we all hope to end, and that is with 'blessedness.'" But it is more than blessedness: for, as Luther tells us, the opening word in the 1st Psalm is really plural—it is "blessednesses," and the Psalmist really wrote:—

"O the blessednesses of the man!"

And if the Psalter begins with benediction, we might almost say that, like our Lord's life on earth, it ends with one too: "It came to pass that while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven": and so in the great Hallelujah Psalms which close the whole volume we meet the words:—

"Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his Help,
And whose hope is in the Lord his God" (cxlvi. 4).

And thus we are reminded of the important truth that the blessing of God and the true happiness of man go hand in hand: in a word, that the blessed life is the happy life.

May every reader of HOME WORDS realize in his experience throughout the New Year this truly happy life.

Where is Home?

BY THE MOST REV. W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, PRIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.



WHERE love is found without alloy,
And sorrows never come
To interrupt the course of joy—
There, there is Home.

Where friends are met in union,
And foes can never come
To mar the sweet communion—
There, there is Home.

Where purity and peace are found,
And sin can never come
To stain with guilt the holy ground—
There, there is Home.

O wanderers in a world of pain
And sorrow and unrest,
Why seek for passing joys and gain—
A useless quest?

Join those who seek a better rest,
And riches that will last,
Who, hopeful here, are fully blest
When life is past.

Home is not here, nor here is joy;
No longer idly roam;
Your pleasures bring you but annoy
Whilst far from Home.

But seek the Land which knows not woe;
Come with us Heavenwards, come;
Earth may not hinder us—and so,
God bring us Home!

Church Organs.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., AUTHOR OF
"A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."



The Organ in the West Gallery.

I.—ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

MY affection for church organs is almost lifelong. At one time that affection verged on a passion, and I went to church after church to look at organs, and, if possible, to try them. To this day my fingers itch to play on the organ whenever I visit a strange church. Not that I can play much beyond a hymn tune: but I am writing of my feelings rather than of my powers. The former are strong, the latter weak. I mention the desire to touch the organ as a proof of affection. I think I really must be fond of organs for another reason. When I hear a fine organ I have "the shivers" down my back. That is a good sign. It is a proof of musical susceptibility. At least, so I have been told, and so I like to believe.

For these two reasons—an interest on my part in organs, and the effect of organs on me—I take upon myself to put down some thoughts on these old friends.

My earliest recollection of an organ is during service in church. It was the first time I was taken to church. As my eye roved over the congregation it was arrested by the gallery at the west end. In that gallery was the organ—not a very noble instrument. At the organ sat the organist. I was interested, but not aroused. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a figure at the back of the organ. It was the figure of a man. I observed him. His movements were wonderful to behold. I became absorbed in those movements, and henceforward I had no eyes but for him. He swayed backwards and forwards, now up and now down. It was evidently hard work, but I longed to join him. My reader, he was the organ-blower—and my hero. I would have given him the Victoria Cross if I had had one to give. He was a noble fellow—of that I felt sure. As I trotted off to church on following Sundays I rejoiced at the prospect of seeing him, and when he took up his accustomed place my happy little heart throbbed with delight.

I put him high. Above the clergyman who stood up in the pulpit—above the beadle who kept the boys in order with a cane if they misbehaved in their seats—above the men who collected money in the

plates. Yes, above all these stood that dim, mysterious, but beloved figure at the back of the organ. And I said to myself, "I, too, will be an organ-blower!"

My next distinct recollection of a growth in organ interest was some three years later. It came about thus. The organist asked me to sit with him in the organ loft one Sunday afternoon during the children's service. It was not the organist of the first church. We had left the North and come to one of the largest churches in London. The organ was a huge, old-fashioned "three-decker," and there were two organ-blowers. Of them I recked little: I had soared above organ-blowers.

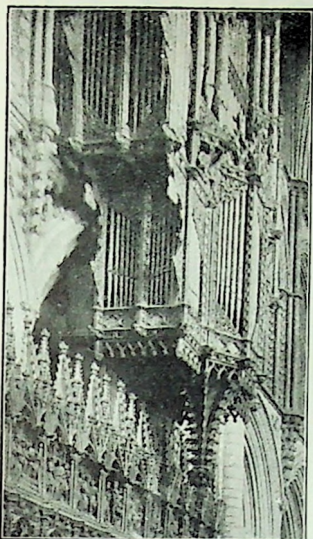
The organist was a kindly, pleasant young man, and I felt drawn to him. He had honoured me by his invitation to sit with him. It was the first time I had come face to face with an uncovered organ. The manuals looked perplexing, and the rows of stops were marvellous. I watched proceedings with interest. I think the *pedals* struck me as most entrancing; but what I remember distinctly is the organist turning round to me and saying, "I am going to play this tune over on the trumpet." I fell all of a heap, as the washerwomen say. Wonderful man! Fancy being able to play a tune on the trumpet at a moment's notice. What a grand man! How I should like to do the same! There and then I resolved that I would be an organist.

I dreamed of this for a long while, but it has not been my lot. God has called me to work for Him in another profession—a profession I prize above gold and precious stones. It has happened, however, that sometimes I have had to play on an organ, though I doubt if I ever played a tune over on a trumpet stop—I am not quite equal to that. Still, the old interest

in the trumpet stop survives. I never go into a church without examining the organ. I think an organist—a real one—is a great man, and can do a great work for God. To lead the praises of God in church in such a manner that the spirit of



"There and then I resolved that I would be an organist."



The beautiful Organ Case in Ely Cathedral.
(From a Photo by Messrs. Fox & Co.)

praise which fills, or ought to fill, the heart of the player, communicates itself to clergy, choir, and worshippers—this is an organist's opportunity, and surely it is one of the highest opportunities that a man can have.

But I am beginning to preach, and this is not what I set out to do.

I was talking to an old clergyman the other day about the thrilling effect of the organ. He was curate at a little church

in Suffolk. I forbear to give its name. There was an organ in the church, but it was a barrel organ. It played six tunes. One was a common metre, another a long metre, another a short metre, and there were two peculiar metres. The extra was the "Old Hundredth."

At an afternoon service one day they were singing the "Old Hundredth" before sermon: and when the congregation had finished, and the parson was waiting for silence to say a prayer, the organ began again. The organist, who was the clerk, could not stop it. At last, in despair, he shouldered the instrument, took it outside, and placed it against a tombstone in the churchyard. It ran on till the works ran down, still playing the "Old Hundredth." My friend remarked that it was not easy to begin a sermon while distant mutterings of the "Old Hundredth" came through the church windows. "Tis an ill wind blows nobody any good," and the long-winded barrel was not without a blessing. It fairly roused the congregation, and they got a real organ in its place.

I hope if any of my readers are contemplating a new organ, they will put in a *real* organ in their church, however small it may be. There is no dignity of tone like a real organ, and any substitute is feeble. I remember a capital little organ at St. Martin's, Canterbury, where there was but little space, and yet it was most cleverly fixed, and it was a real organ. Be sure and get a bourdon on your pedals. Sacrifice the case, however pretty, but don't have an organ without a pedal stop. Occasionally I come across organs in country churches which are just worthless because they are without real pedal pipes. You are told that the space is too

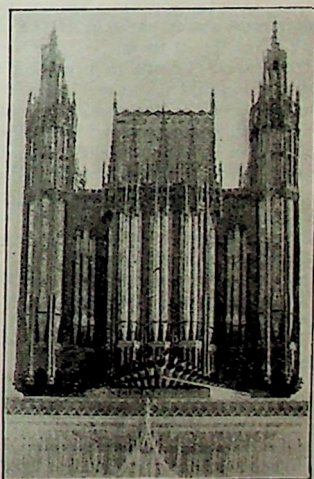
small. Don't give in, my brother vicar, but, however small, have a genuine organ.

Talking of cases, I quite allow they are great additions to the *looks* of an organ, and, when you can afford it, a rich case is to be desired. A rich case is not tone, however. I think of organ cases I have admired Ely Cathedral stands first. It is one of the most beautiful cases in England. So is the organ case at York Minster, and I always have a fondness for the case at King's College, Cambridge.

A Cambridge man, of course, thinks there is no music to equal the service at King's College Chapel, and he is not far wrong. The organ tone is lovely, and so are the voices of the choir. There is every opportunity for the voices and for the organ to sound well in that grand chapel. Nothing impedes, or spoils, the sound. Allow me to suggest that if you want your organ to sound well, it is not wisdom to box it up. For years it has been the fashion in modern churches to shut up the organ in a low cramped, and damp chamber. The organ-builder wrings his hands and weeps copiously, but all is of no use. His organ is shut up where it cannot be properly heard, and then the congregation, with the vicar at its head, rate the organ-builder, and say, "Do you call that an organ? You ought to be ashamed of yourself for giving us such an instrument."

There are signs of better times for organ-builders. At last architects are waking up to see their evil deeds. Our forefathers knew better than we did, and they put their organs where they could be heard.

Shall we have organs in another life? Who knows? Music we shall have. Some people have thought that music will be the speech of heaven. There are to be "harpers harping with their harps," and whatever the figure may turn out to be, the reality must be something grander than earth's grandest organ. Heaven will surpass earth's dreams. Yet the grandest music will surely be the song of the redeemed voices as they chant before the throne their worship, adoration, and love, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing" (Rev. v. 12).



The Organ in York Minster.



A FISHERMAN'S PARISH.—I.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF
"WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

A FISHERMAN'S Parish — such is the title of this paper. The question at once arises, What kind of a fisherman's parish shall we deal with? Shall we betake ourselves to Dundee, whose fishermen set themselves to catch big fishes indeed, namely whales; or seek the haunts of the fur seal, whose fishers ply their craft on dry land and knock down their prey instead of hooking them? Or, if the fishermen are to catch real fish, and not warm-blooded animals like the whale and the seal, shall we take such a parish as Yarmouth, with its herrings; or Brixham, noted for trawlers; or St. Ives, redolent of pilchards; or some parish whose inhabitants earn their living by capturing, in divers manners, fish small and great, and crabs and lobsters, which, strictly speaking, are not fish at all? As I know most about parishes of the last type, I naturally select one of them.

The parish I have in my mind looks out on the Cornish sea: its shores are battered by the thunderous waves of the Atlantic. Most of these shores are cliffs, with great granite blocks piled up, as if placed in position by giants, and beautified by lichens, grey, green, black, and orange. Northward of the last towering headland nestles the Cove, the home of the fisher population. Twenty-five miles westward a line on the horizon marks the scattered and rocky isles of Scilly, and beyond are a thousand leagues of sea. The Cove scarcely deserves the name, for it is only the corner of a sandy bay, and all the shelter from the waves is furnished by a tiny breakwater of roughly piled up stones, and by a reef of outlying rocks, covered at high tide.

The boats in use are large and heavy, and need men of fine physique and alert intellects to force and direct them through wave and current, by headland and sunken reef. The weak, the dull and the timid are automatically weeded out by the stern forces of nature, leaving only the shrewd and the strong.

Look at that group of fishermen standing, as is their custom, under the shelter of the life-boat house. Their stalwart frames would not disgrace even the sons of Anak, and the keen glances of the eyes peering out from those furrowed, weather-beaten faces tell of daring and sagacity.

On one memorable day, when the boats were at anchor off the Cove and their crews on shore, a furious storm burst upon them. The men made their way on board and endeavoured to bring the boats to land and haul them up before the sea made landing impossible. They were caught as in a trap, being neither able to land nor put to sea. The boats which had no men on board were soon swamped by the waves, while those reached by their crews were only kept afloat by vigorous baling. Meanwhile a characteristic scene was being enacted on shore. Mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, screamed and lamented in heart-rending Celtic fashion to see, as they thought, their menkind drowning before their eyes without possibility of rescue. The life-boat, which, under ordinary circumstances, might have easily saved a dozen fishermen, could not now help even one of eight dozen; for the very men needed to launch and to work her were themselves in peril. Happily they weathered the storm, and the tears of the women were wiped away when their kinsfolk stepped again on dry land.

But at intervals actual disasters take place. A boat is capsized and two brothers are drowned together. A young fellow, helping to carry stores to the lighthouse, is washed off the rock while his friends are talking to the light-keepers a few feet away. A boat is capsized by a wave inside a sunken reef, and the seven men on board are flung into the sea. Six are saved by the heroism of two other fishermen, but the seventh is seen no more alive.

Fogs often cover our Atlantic parish and the sea which encircles half its borders, increasing the danger and multiplying the deaths. Almost every rock on the coast has pierced the sides of some

unhappy ship, and brought near to death, if not to death itself, its bewildered crew. Such names as The Wolf and The Shark's Fin attached to rocks witness to the nature of their history. This constant danger and variety of romantic incident, together with the Celtic descent of the fishermen, produce a type of character, brave, resourceful, and vigorous, but withal tinged with a strong element of the superstitious. Once, I remember, a drowned girl was placed for a day or two before burial in the little Mission Room close to the sea, at the end of which were the apartments occupied by Uncle Peter, the care taker. Some one threw a big stone on to the wooden roof during the night, which so terrified Uncle Peter that he straightway sought other sleeping quarters.

But, although so much afraid of the dead, they are scrupulous to show it all proper respect. A long funeral procession is a kind of guarantee of respectability. The relative positions of the mourners are fixed by rigid etiquette. A hymn is "given out" at the door of the house, usually in fragments of two lines only, to obviate the lack of hymn books; and other hymns are "wailed" on the way to the churchyard. The mourners, however distantly related to the departed, are not allowed by custom to join in the melancholy music; and I have known a long string of fifteen couples to stand mute outside the church gate, while three devoted brothers sang five verses, dismally out of tune.

The sense of incongruity which often strikes an outsider arises to a large extent, doubtless, from

(To be continued.)

CHARITY.

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE would often tell the following story, and say it was the best lesson about charity he ever had in his life.

"It was when my father was Vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda, Ireland. One day I met a ragged, miserable child who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness, I made my way to my father's study, and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers, he said: 'Indeed, I cannot. I have all our own poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad.'

"However, as I turned crestfallen to the door, he called after me, 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go and ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in.'

"Off I went, delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so-called charity, I

looking at things from another standpoint. For instance, satisfaction with a preacher's utterances is not usually expressed by groans in the middle of a sermon. In our Fisherman's Parish a deep groan tells the preacher that his hearers are deriving much comfort from his remarks. When Uncle Peter, again, in his prayer at the Mission Room service, makes pathetic allusion to the leaky roof of the building, and expresses a wish that he may soon be in heaven, where there are no "lakey ruffs," no fisherman laughs: it is perfectly natural to those present. Uncle Peter may err in describing himself as "a crumbler of the ground," and another brother in saying that the Almighty cares for the "meanest pheasant in the land," may not mean quite what he

says, but both are understood, which is the essential point. The sexton's recommendation, "If the devil do come botherin' you, give him a dab in the faace with a white-wash brush," sounds grotesque, if not flippant, but it is really only his picturesque way of expressing the Scriptural injunction, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." There is a downright spirit manifested in their religious exercises which is quite

A HARVEST THANKSGIVING IN A FISHERMAN'S PARISH.

refreshing. Singing is valued to a large extent according to the volume of sound produced. To hear our fisherfolk sing—

"The saints of God, their warfare past,"

or, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

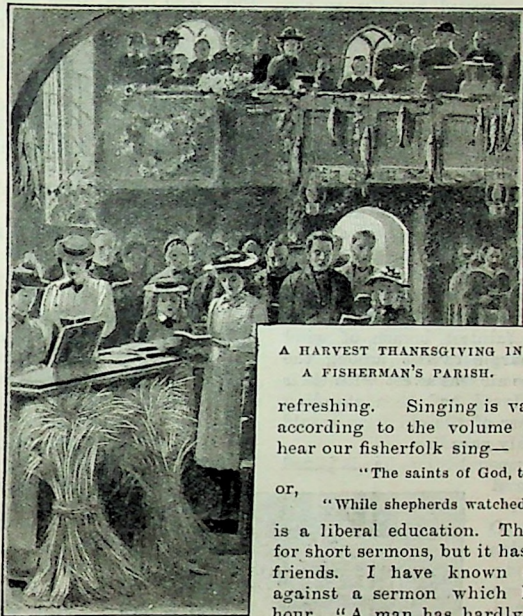
is a liberal education. There is a craze nowadays for short sermons, but it has not yet extended to our friends. I have known a fisherman to protest against a sermon which lasted a quarter of an hour. "A man has hardly time to warm his seat before it is over," he exclaimed indignantly. His ideal sermon is long and loud, and a text often suggested to me before it was actually used was,—"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

think of my father's words: 'Willie, if you like to go without your own dinner, you may give it to the lad.'

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MOTHER.

ALL noble boys who have become truly great, because good, men treasure above all things the memory of a good mother. Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, is one of these. Speaking at a very large Church Missionary Meeting, he said he had been connected with the Society since he was twelve years of age. "I have never," he continued, "lost sight of that connexion, nor have I ever failed to pray, as my mother bade me, for the prosperity of the work which this Society is doing."

We cannot all be archbishops, but we can all obey our mothers. Happy mothers who never forget that Christ would have His Gospel of love and grace preached to every creature, and teach and win their children to pray "Thy kingdom come!" C. B.



How the Answer Came.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY. ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PROUT.

CHAP. I.—JOHN'S LOVE LETTER.

JOHAN BERRY, owner of Field Farm and squire of the village, stood leaning on the fence looking down into his field of clover. It was evening, and he had finished a good day's work; but it was not the work that had wearied him. His arms rested heavily on the top rail, and his straw hat was pulled low upon his forehead, as if he wanted to hide the sad look in his honest eyes.

"If she'd only sent me a line or two, I could have gone on better!" he said to himself. "It's the silence that tries me. Silence may mean anything,—contempt, perhaps;—she sometimes had a way of looking over my head. And yet there was always something sweet in her face when I came near."

The bees had gone home; the swallows circled and darted about their nests under the broad eaves of the barn. John and the clover had the place all to themselves; merely the faintest breath of wind stirred the white and purple tassels among the clustering trefoils, and the air was sweet with their perfume. If the girl he loved had been standing here by his side, this corner of the old farm would have been to him an earthly paradise.

He bent his head down upon his two hands joined together on the rail, and prayed with all his might.

"Give me an answer, O God. Lay not this burden of silence upon me too long. Let something speak to me,—some kind voice from Thy great unseen world. Thou art Love, and Thou dost not despise the poor human love of the weak creatures Thou hast made. Yea or nay,—yea or nay;—all that I ask is an answer!"

The wind slept, and the clover blossoms were still. But when he lifted up his face a drop of dew came down through the quiet twilight, and fell gently upon his weary brow.

That was all. There was nothing wonderful in the fall of an evening dew-drop; yet to John it seemed

to be a foretaste of satisfaction to come. He was a man of simple tastes, living a quiet country life, not ashamed of believing in a God who manifests Himself in little things; and he turned away from the field with a sense of rest and comfort in his soul.

His father and mother were dead, and his grandmother had reigned as mistress of Field Farm for many a year. People often wondered what would become of old Mrs. Berry if John married. She was the kind of woman who never would submit to take a second place. First she had always been: first with her husband; first with her son; first with her grandson. And when John had opened his heart, and revealed his love for Annie Stratton, the old lady was sadly distressed and put out. Of course Annie Stratton was the very last girl she would have chosen for John's wife!

"A stuck-up miss!" cried she. "Let her stay in London, and help her brother in the slums;—that kind of work is all that she's fit for. She wouldn't do any good here."

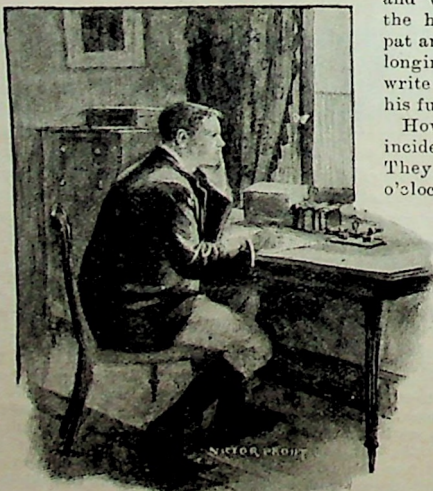
"She would do a great deal of good here," John had answered with some spirit. "There's an empty place in my life, and she will fill it."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Granny, changing from white to red. "Your life's as full of good things as my big bed is of feathers. She'll make a hole in it, and let the goodness out, that's all."

But John had taken up his hat, and gone out to his farming with his resolution as firm as ever. He had not expected that Granny would be pleased; she was seldom pleased with any arrangement that she did not make herself; but he was scarcely prepared for such an outburst. Not a single duty was neglected that morning; the men found him as wise and watchful as usual; not one of the horses missed the customary pat and cheery word. Yet he was longing all the time for leisure to write the letter that should decide his future.

How well he could recall every incident of that long spring day! They sat down to dinner at one o'clock, and Granny's face reminded him of the sea after a storm. She was gracious, however, and made no reference to their conversation after breakfast.

John left her to her afternoon nap, and went up to his own room to write in peace. The windows opened upon a rosy mass of apple blossoms; birds were singing, bees humming, all the fresh sweetness of May seemed to flow into that pleasant room. He was



"Once a white butterfly flitted in."—Page 15.

not a stupid man by any means, but it is not an easy thing to write a first love-letter. First he was afraid of saying too little—then of saying too much. But the birds helped him; many an encouraging chirp came from the thick ivy round the window: and once a white butterfly flitted in, and hovered over the table. Now a white butterfly is the sign of hope, and John took courage, and began his letter again.

It was written at last, and he carried it to the village post-office with his own hands.

Then it was the first of May; now it was the last day of June, and he had never had an answer.

When the Rev. Robert Stratton had been appointed to the rectory of Gatefield, his sister Annie had come to live and work with him. The rector's sermons and Bible-classes awakened many a slumbering soul; and Annie possessed that gift of tact which is one of the secrets of success.

While all Gatefield was singing the praises of the rector's sister, Mrs. Berry's voice was the discordant note. She refused to like Miss Stratton, and always received her with stiff civility when she called at Field Farm. These calls were not frequent; Annie soon saw that she was not wanted, and was careful not to force herself on the old lady. But she accepted this antagonism quietly, and tried to shut her ears when Mrs. Berry's disagreeable words floated about the parish, as such words are sure to do. But there was one speech that stung her to the quick, and brought tears to her eyes.

"Robert," said she to her brother, "I wish old Mrs. Berry would be kind enough to leave me alone. She says that I am only working hard because I want to be first. Now, is not that a very hard thing to say?"

"Hard people always say hard things," Robert answered. "Mrs. Berry's mind is set upon being first herself, and she thinks that all other minds are occupied with the same endeavour. It is a sort of craze, and you must not make a trouble of it."

"I hope Mr. Berry doesn't agree with his grandmother!"

The words slipped involuntarily from Annie's lips, and then she flushed slightly. Her brother gave her a quick look.

"I am sure he doesn't," said he. "John Berry is one of the best men I ever met."

But the Strattons did not stay long at Gatefield,

and Granny rejoiced exceedingly at their departure. Robert Stratton accepted a living in a London slum, and Annie went away cheerfully to begin work in a new sphere. When hard pressed by some of her favourite girls she admitted that she loved her country home, but she did not say that she was sorry to leave it. Yet she was more than sorry; and after a time there were rumours that her health was suffering for lack of pure air. Poor Annie, she toiled on uncomplainingly: but the faithful souls in Gatefield knew that she was going beyond her strength.

When the Strattons left the place, they gave their beloved poodle, Don, to John Berry. He was a frisky young dog, not steady enough for London life, and there was plenty of room for him at the farm. Mrs. Berry was so glad to receive a dog instead of a daughter-in-law that she made him at home at once, and really became attached to him.

His wildest pranks failed to arouse her anger; she was never tired of showing off his tricks. And as he spent the greater part of his life on his hind legs, and always wanted to carry everything for everybody, there was a good deal of fun to be got out of him.

Over-politeness was, perhaps, one of Don's chief faults. If he met any one with a parcel, he snatched it from him and gambolled off, holding it in his mouth; nor did he return it until it was well munched. Strangers failed to appreciate his little ways, when they saw their property disappearing. An occasional whipping had no effect whatever: Don submitted to the chastisement cheerfully, and then frisked away to pester the first passer-by. But with all his peccadilloes his master loved him, and he returned that love with the unwavering doggy devotion which has comforted many a lonely human heart.

CHAPTER II.—"THE LAST FIRST."

WHEN John at last lifted his arms from the fence, he saw a shaggy black head at his side, and a long red tongue wagging merrily. Don was waiting to take him in to supper; but he seemed at once to understand that something was amiss, and contented himself with quiet demonstrations of affection.

So full was John of his own sorrow that he did not see the anxious glances which Granny cast upon him as they sat at supper. The old lady was ill at ease; her grandson's sad face troubled her exceed-



"And took out a letter which had lain hidden under the heap."—

Page 16.

ingly. John was growing thin, and looking older than his years; if he went on fretting secretly in this fashion, he would bring on an illness.

She slept badly that night, and came down to breakfast later than usual. John had finished his meal, and had gone out to his daily duties. But Mrs. Berry, herself, felt oddly disinclined to do the things she always did, and decided to sit quietly in her summer chair by the open glass door, with her big work-basket on the table at her side, and give herself up to reflection. The room was as quiet as a church. Far away in the meadows she could hear the swish of the scythes, where men were cutting the long grass in the old fashion. Swallows' wings glanced in the sunlight; bees hummed busily over the roses and mignonette; but Granny felt no pleasure to-day in the familiar beauty of the garden. There were no eyes to see her when she lifted the top things in her basket and took out a letter which had lain hidden under the heap.

That letter had never been opened; it was addressed to her grandson, and bore a London post-mark. She knew that it contained the answer to John's question, but she could not tell what the answer was. One morning, now several weeks ago, John had been suddenly called into the farm-yard to see a lad who was hurt, and she had received the letters from the postman herself. And then an evil impulse had prompted her to slip that letter into her pocket.

How well she remembered his eager look when he came indoors, and she handed him one or two other letters with an unconcerned face! She did not know what she meant to do with the hidden letter; she had made no plans at all. There was only one thought ruling her mind—the selfish thought that her reign was nearly over: for John was the heir, and his marriage would, of course, place his wife at the head of the household. Oh, if she could only be mistress of the farm to the end of her life!

"Always first," she murmured to herself as she sat with the unopened letter in her hand, gazing down the long green alley of the garden. "First in father's house, after mother died, and left me the only child. First when I came here a bride of twenty, and managed the servants and the dairy and the poultry in my own way. Still first when my husband died, and my son married poor Mary, who

never had a head to manage, and looked to me for everything. Still first after her death; and can I ever forget that she died in my arms, leaving little John to my care? Two years later my son followed Mary, and John and I were left in the old house alone together. Surely a good grandmother has been better for him than a dozen wives. Let people talk as they will about me for keeping silly girls away!" She sighed, and tears twinkled in her eyes.

"That girl, Annie Stratton, is a new woman, if ever there was one. And yet my poor John fancies her, and he's just fretting himself ill for her sake. And now, how am I to give him this letter without telling him how and why I kept it back so long?"

She sat upright in her chair, holding the letter between her finger and thumb, regarding it with a troubled gaze. There was a rustle—a rush through the green garden alley—and Don burst in upon her musings. In the next instant came a jump and a quick snatch; Granny remained sitting with her finger and thumb upraised, but the letter was gone.

Don had got it, and was off with it down the garden. She sank back, after the first moment of surprise.

What could she do? Recover the letter? No, that was impossible; by now it must be torn to shreds. Anyhow, she had really meant to give it to its owner, and Don was to blame for its disappearance. But what ought she to do now? Her head felt quite dizzy with worry and thought.

Her heart had begun to beat more quietly, though her poor old nerves were quite unstrung, when there was another shock. This time it was John who entered, flushed and excited, with



"But the letter was gone: Don had got it!"—Page 16.

Don following close at his heels.

"This dog is very nearly an angel!" he began, and then paused for breath; while Don, sooty black, and showing a good deal of red tongue, hardly justified the flattering description. "He has picked up this letter somewhere, and brought it straight to me, just as if he could read the address. I ought to have had it weeks ago! The postman must have dropped it in the road."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Granny feebly from her chair.

"And it tells me just what I longed to know. It's made me the happiest man alive!" continued John rapturously. "Annie is going to marry me; and I do hope, grandmother, that you'll be pleasant to her for my sake."

"Yes—yes—John; I'll be pleasant to her for your sake; but, John—"

Then followed a faltering confession from the jealous old lady; she could not keep back the secret that had gnawed at her heart so many days. The postman was not to blame; Don was not to blame; she had kept back the letter because she wanted to keep John and the farm all to herself!

Never had John had such an opportunity to deal gently, and he did not miss it. In a moment he realized Granny's temptation, and his own thoughtlessness in not breaking the news of the possible change more tenderly to her. In moments of joy one can forgive much.

Granny had learned just the lesson she needed. Jealousy blinds many eyes, and it had blinded hers. Miss Stratton began to appear to her quite another person. She might still have her faults—who has not? But it makes a world of difference when, in our dealings with others, we are "to their virtues ever kind," and "to their faults a little blind."

Everything went very happily after that memorable day. Granny prepared to give up her position with surprising meekness; but she was never willing to see another in her place. Before the wedding-day was settled she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

One night she seemed more than usually tired, and said she would go early to her room. She got as far as the door of the old parlour, and then tottered back to kiss her grandson once more.

"John," she said, "I've been thinking again all day about that text Mr. Stratton preached from—'So the last shall be first, and the first last.' He said there were some people who expected to be first, even in the Father's House: and he wondered how it would be if they really got there. I remember thinking blindly that I shouldn't like to be one of



"And then tottered back to kiss her grandson once more."

—Page 17.

the last even there! Tell Mr. Stratton it's all right now, if I get just inside. How glad I shall be to take the lowest place when He welcomes the poor, jealous old woman who always wanted to be first."

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

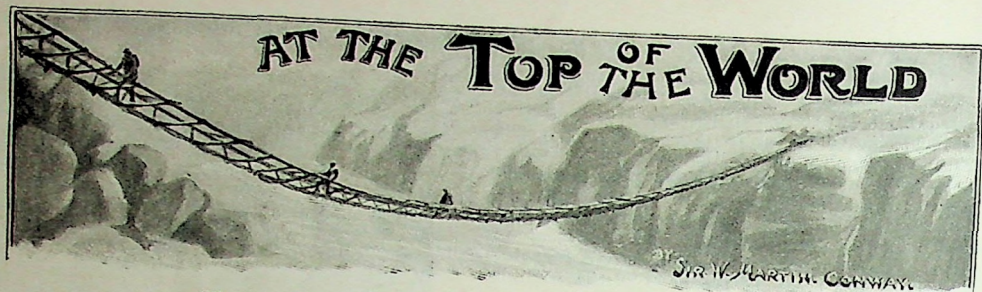
WE purpose to gather together, in the present and a few succeeding papers, some illustrative and explanatory notes on the Book of Common Prayer. Our aim will be to deepen the intelligent attachment of our readers to their Prayer-Book, and to prompt them to its spiritual use. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth."

"*Common Prayer.*"—That is, common to all. All are to share in it. It is not a service done *for* us, but *by* us. People and ministers unite together; rich and poor, learned and unlearned; parents and children—all take their part. Everything is to be in the common tongue, "understood of the people." The first prayer, morning and evening—the prayer of "common" confession to God—is "to be said of the whole congregation after the minister"; and no prayer is complete till the congregation unite in the Apostolic "Amen" (1 Cor. xiv. 16). How all hearts are united in the closest bonds of Christian union, when the prayer of greeting—"The Lord be with you," prompts the hearty prayer of response—"And with Thy Spirit!" What a happy New Year's mutual salutation!—C. B.

The Written Word.—Every one attending the Sunday services of our Church hears, or reads, fifteen passages out of the Bible. It has been said, "If you were to take out of the Prayer-Book everything that is Scriptural or a paraphrase of Scripture, you would have little left but the covers."—*The Rev. Dyson Hague.*

The Value of a Liturgy.—A remark was once made by the Rev. Charles Simeon, to the effect, that "Until all ministers can pray at all times, as some ministers can sometimes, the advantages of a Scriptural Liturgy would lead him greatly to prefer it to what is termed [wrongly so unless absence of previous thought and preparation is implied] *extemporary* prayer." Only let us see to it that our Church prayers are "heart prayers," and we shall duly understand and feel the value of a Liturgy.

Let.—"We are sore let . . . in running the race set before us." This word was formerly used to signify hindrance and obstruction. Several instances occur in our translation in the Bible. (See Num. xxii. 16; Isa. xliii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 7.)



SIR MARTIN CONWAY'S ASCENT OF PIONEER PEAK, 23,000 FEET HIGH.

I SUPPOSE that no boy is quite happy till he has climbed all the trees in the garden of his home. Why he wants to climb them he cannot tell, and it is just as hard to explain why men want to climb mountains; but for some reason or another mountain-climbing is very attractive. The Emperor Trajan climbed Etna to see the sun rise, and Petrarch climbed Mont Ventoux to see what being on the top of a hill felt like.

It is only in recent years that people have made a regular recreation of climbing; and whenever a man begins he generally goes on. We learned to climb amongst snow and ice in the Alps, and now we want to climb all the big mountains everywhere. Even Everest will be climbed some day, and every climber wants to be first on the top.

Once I spent six months amongst the great mountains of Asia, on the north edge of Kashmir. There are more very big mountains together in that part of the world than anywhere else, though the highest of them is not so high as Everest. I took a Swiss guide with me to do the hard work of cutting steps in the ice, and the Indian government lent me some Gurkha soldiers to help carry our things.

The Gurkhas are the brightest people in Asia; they are all short and fat, and they laugh all the time. They come from the hills of Nepal, and for some reason they are always great friends with Scotchmen.

At first they did not see the fun of climbing; but one day, when we were very high up, an avalanche of snow fell near us, and killed and carried down some wild goats with big horns, called ibex. The Gurkhas wanted to get the goats to eat; so one of them started sliding down after them. It looked so easy to slide; but he soon found himself going through the air like a tumbling stone, and he could not stop.

When he had gone about a quarter of a mile he was happily thrown into a heap of soft snow, where he stuck. We found him there laughing, and he said it was because all the ends of his fingers were scraped off, and the red tips looked so funny! After that the Gurkhas thought climbing was worth while.

The same day, when we were going along a flat ice level, at the foot of a steep slope, a great avalanche came

down it toward us, and we had to run for our lives from it. It brought down a cloud of snow-dust about half a mile wide, and made a strong wind. We passed the body of the avalanche safely, but the wind blew us flat on to our faces, and the snow-dust wetted us to the skin. This made the Gurkhas laugh again, so that they had to sit down and roll about.

Mont Blanc in the Alps is over fifteen thousand feet high, and takes only two days to climb; but in the Himalayas it takes perhaps a month to climb a big mountain, and no one has yet climbed to more than twenty-three thousand feet. Everest is twenty-nine thousand feet high, and it will be a long time before men climb so high as that.

The longest pass over snow in Switzerland can be crossed in a day, but we took a fortnight to cross the Hispar Pass, which is the longest glacier pass in the world.

We went up one long glacier, forty miles long, to the snow-field, and we then found another which took us down the other side. There was nothing living or growing near it, and no one had been there before. There were tremendous snow mountains on both sides, and great needles of rock standing up out of them.

We hired a number of natives to go with us, and carry our tents and food, and wood for cooking. They were so frightened, as we got far into the snow, that we had to watch them day and night, lest they



ON A GLACIER.

should run away. Snow fell often, and we had to find our way through clouds; but when the sun shone it was so terribly hot that we were scorched. After crossing the pass it took us a week to descend that glacier to a village called Askole, where we could buy sheep and flour.

From Askole we started up another valley, and in five days reached the foot of another great glacier, called the Baltoro glacier.

We had to cross a river in this valley, by means of a rope bridge. Rope bridges are very unpleasant things to cross. The ropes are made of twisted birch-twigs; there is one rope to walk along, and one rope to hold with each hand. Here and there the ropes are tied together by cross-bars of wood, over which one has to step.

The bridge sometimes is as high as a church steeple above the swiftly-running river. Such bridges are a hundred yards long or more, and they are very steep at the ends.

When we had gone some distance up the Baltoro glacier we came in sight of the great mountains, over twenty-six thousand feet high. One evening the clouds parted and showed us the white

tower of Masherbrum, with the sunset flashing from its icy crest and its base all pale in the shadows below. Next day other giants appeared, most of them nameless.

No one had ever seen these grand peaks from so near before. The largest of all, which has no name, but is called K_2 on the map, is believed to be the second highest mountain in the world. No one had ever reached its foot or seen it save from afar off.

We pitched our tents at a height greater than that of the top of Mont Blanc, and there we waited till a fine day should come. But the weather seemed to get worse and worse; our camp was buried deep in snow, which fell steadily. We could not light a fire. Everything was cold and miserable.

After five days the clouds broke, and there the great peak was,—a huge mass of rock with snow patched all over it,—the mightiest rock tower in the world, for Everest is a great snowy mound, and not a tower.

We went farther up the Baltoro glacier, till we found another great mountain that filled the head of the valley. This we determined to climb. None

of the natives could come here with us except two of the Gurkhas. My friend, Lieutenant Bruce, the Swiss guide, and I, made up the party. We climbed for a week from where we left the porters. We had to cut our way first up a kind of frozen cascade, an ice-fall—where the ice-river is bit by bit tumbled over a precipice, or rather down a steep slope of rock. It might be called an ice-rapid.

Above this we came to gentler snow-slopes, which were cut across by huge crevasses, hundreds of feet deep. We had to find snow-bridges over them, and these often broke; but we were roped together, so one pulled the other out.

Thus we reached the foot of an icy ridge, quite sharp at the edge and with steep slopes on both sides, down which if a man fell he must be dashed to pieces. We had to cut steps all the way up this ridge. It is hard work cutting steps in ice anywhere, but at a height of from twenty thousand to twenty-three thousand feet it is terribly laborious,

for the thin air makes a man gasp for breath, almost like a fish out of water.

At the same time the heart beats too fast, and yet too feebly to keep the blood in full circulation, so that one

loses the sense of feeling in one's legs. The cold is great by night, and by day the heat on the snow and ice is terrible.

The pain, however, is rewarded by the most wonderful sights. Bigger mountains stood up all around us, white, solemn-looking, and lonely. There was no trace anywhere of man or animals, and nothing green. All was snow, ice, precipices of rock, or rocky needles piercing the sky.

There was no wind, and not a sound to be heard. We could look away to incredible distances, where there were multitudes of mountains, one behind another, till they faded out of sight into blue. We were about twenty-three thousand feet above the sea.

It took us ten days to come down to the highest village from our peak, which we called Pioneer Peak.

I do not think any of us were glad to leave the great mountains and the tents, and to reach roads and houses again. We were very happy in the hills. But of course we were glad to meet our friends again. Besides, we were on our way home, and coming home is always the happiest thing of all.



THE SUMMIT OF THE PEAK.

SUNDAY AFLOAT



BY FRANK T. BULLEN, AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT'," ETC.

ON board the perfectly ordered vessels of Her Majesty's Navy, Sunday at sea falls into its appointed groove in common with all the other set seasons for performing certain duties. Divine Service is part and parcel of Naval discipline, no more to be neglected than big gun drill or "Man and arm boats." And with that confusion of mind respecting the vast gap dividing the conditions in the Royal Navy from those in the Mercantile Marine that obtains with the majority of shore folk, the subject of Sunday at sea in the latter service is doubtless generally supposed to be on the same well-ordered plane as in the former. Unhappily nothing could well be farther from the truth. Sunday at sea in the Merchant Service, in which I have passed fifteen years of my life, is entirely subject to the personal idiosyncrasies of the captain, or master, as his title really is, tempered somewhat by the character of his crew.

In British ships, thank God, the law prevents any master, while at sea, no matter how godless he may be, from keeping his crew at work on Sunday, excepting so far as the exigencies of sea life may demand. By the terms embodied in the Articles of Agreement, too, a seaman is liable to a small fine for refusing to attend Divine Service. But both of these good laws are only of service where officers and men are minded to obey them—as a matter of fact they are broken with the utmost impunity. In these hurrying

days of steam, Sunday is too often a working day, while in foreign ports, in order that the timetable allotted to the ship may be observed, and men refusing to work would find themselves in evil case. But where a master is a good man he is able so to order matters that even under the most severe stress of competitive conditions his crew may have their Sunday rest, even though it may not be possible to hold Divine Service. Many masters, determined to uphold the worship of God wherever they may be, have enrolled themselves under the Bethel Flag, pledging themselves to have Divine Service on board their ships at sea and in harbour. When the blue pennant with the white letters BETHEL on it is seen flying at a ship's mainmast head in port, it means that all sailors are invited to attend Divine Service, although it often happens that the earnest master has to face many difficulties in carrying out his determination.

I well remember once being in Hong Kong as a seaman on board a London ship while another London ship, the *Sydenham*, also lay there. Her master flew the Bethel flag, and the courtesy of a merchant ashore placed a steam-launch at the disposal of any seaman on board the various merchantmen in the harbour who wished to attend service on board the Bethel ship on Sunday morning. I went once. On that occasion about twenty of us arrived on board the *Sydenham* at about five minutes to eleven a.m. We stood, as seamen always stand on board a strange ship, looking shy and irresolute,



Sunday in the Navy.



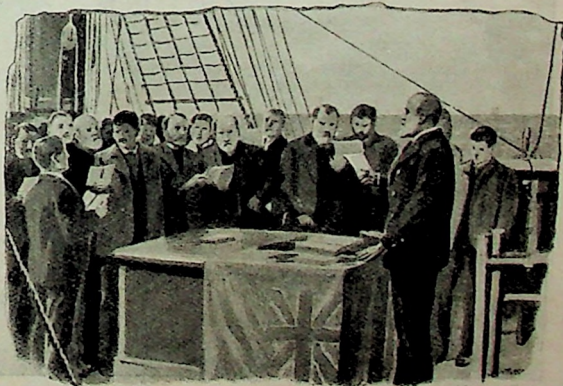
"The Skipper read the lessons and a sermon."

which feelings were heightened by the fact that no preparation seemed to have been made. Presently an unkempt-looking second mate shambled forward, with a sleepy scowl upon his face, bellowing as he came, "Lay aft an' rig th' church." One by one the crew emerged from the fo'c'sle, a listless, filthy dozen of wastrels, whose bruised faces and blood-besmeared rags told an eloquent tale of yesterday's "liberty." Silently we stood in our uncomfortable shore-going rig until they had draped a space on the quarter-deck with flags, placed a rostrum for the speaker, and some seats, improvised from hencoops, planks, buckets, etc., for the congregation. As soon as possible they retreated to their lair again, not one of them putting in an appearance any more. We had a very pleasant hour's service, the skipper reading the lessons and a sermon, but a feeling of pity for him and shame for my fellow-seamen prevented me most effectually from fully enjoying it.

Herein is one of the greatest drawbacks to the proper observance of Sunday in the Merchant Service. If a skipper be a Christian man, and endeavours to live accordingly, nine-tenths of the crews he gets will exhaust every wile known to seamen in order to "get to windward of him," as the sea phrase goes. He has no means of enforcing discipline at the best of times, but he learns from bitter experience that the average scallawag he gets for a foremast hand considers that a Christian man and a soft fool are synonymous terms. I could fill many pages with my experiences in this direction, not, be it noted, from the officer's point of

view, but from the seaman's. For while I was barely four years an officer I spent eleven in the fo'c'sle.

My space being so limited, I cannot but feel that this big subject is being treated in a scrappy and unsatisfactory manner, but I would not like to leave it giving the impression that Sunday afloat in the vast Mercantile Marine is necessarily always a godless, miserable time. I made a long voyage once in a Liverpool barque of 1,100 tons burden, the *West York*, whose master, an elderly Cornishman, was a good Christian, a good seaman, and withal a man whom it was unsafe to play monkey tricks upon. Our Sunday routine at sea never varied. At 6 a.m. the running gear was tightened up where necessary, the decks wetted down (having been extra well scrubbed on Saturday morning), and all ropes neatly coiled up. Saturday was always a half-holiday, so that there was no excuse for any of us washing or mending clothes on Sunday. At four bells, ten a.m., one of the apprentices gave a very fair imitation of a church bell by striking the little bell on the poop at sedate intervals, and dressed in our best we trooped aft into the saloon in cold weather, on the quarter deck in the tropics. The skipper read the Church Service and a short sermon out of a book; and we had plenty of singing out of Sankey's hymn book, for I knew most of the tunes, and once started, the rest could generally join in by the second verse. We were not all in earnest, but we all enjoyed the sweet and gentle break in the week's rough duty, and it is, I think, a significant fact that our morning service was never once interrupted by bad weather. We did not hold evening service, except a short prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings; but all hands grew so fond of Sankey that, although we had no instrument of any kind, we had a regular sacred concert forrard nearly every Sunday night. The *West York* was the happiest ship I was ever in; but it was only because, the "old man" impressed all hands with the fact that although a godly man, any attempt to impose upon him would be unsafe.



"We had plenty of singing."



From a Photograph]

OUR NEW YEAR'S MOTTO: "KEEP SMILING."

[By R. C. EVANS.]

A Gander's Wlooming.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM RIDLEY, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.



HE vagaries of wild geese in captivity are comical.

The latest instance that has come under my notice is very absurd.

Three goslings, unable to fly, were caught and brought here about three years ago, and, to keep them from flying away, their wings were clipped.

After moulting they were so much attached to their surroundings that they were not again clipped, and therefore were at liberty to fly away. They did

no such thing, but stayed at home. They waddled about the gardens and the seashore, swam freely on the sea, and took long flights. This year a pair mated, which left the odd gander out in the cold. He wandered about disconsolately, trying to call a mate from the wild geese that passed overhead.

Then appeared on the scene a huge puppy, a cross between a mastiff and bloodhound. She is twenty-eight inches in height at the shoulder, and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She is a shy, good-tempered creature, full of rollicking fun, but scuttles off in haste from dogs that snarl or show fight.

Almost before she could become attached to her owner, an Indian, the gander adopted her! They are now inseparable. But the gander has a dreadful time of it. His unwieldy charge is a greater care than ducklings to a mother hen. Of course she must gambol with other puppy dogs, great and small, and the mimic fights put the gander into an agony. He tries to defend; and if pecking does not drive away the playful assailants of his protégé, he flies viciously at them, and generally drives them away. The puppy looks ashamed of this kind of tutelage, and often turns round and pretends to bite the gander, her great jaws enclosing his back, but she invariably makes it up by giving him a few licks, when the gander crouches over her, and puts his neck into all sorts of shapes, so much as to say, "My dear, my dear, I am so glad you are not hurt; do be careful and keep away from those horrid dogs." Then she drops on the ground to rest after the tussle with fellow-dogs, and the gander cuddles up to her, strokes her with his bill, and utters soft notes

of sweet delight at having her all to himself. Then doggie takes it into her stupid head to roll, picks herself up, and shakes off the dust with the usual doggy shudder. Poor gander! he is bewildered, and hurries around his charge with doleful notes and much sorrow in his eyes.

Off gallops the dog. The gander's short legs being unequal to the chase, he takes to his wings and soon overtakes the wayward puppy. Then follow fondlings, especially if they think nobody sees them.

Of course the gander must have a swim sometimes. But how can he venture to leave his charge? He is 'cute. It is plain



"The mimic fights put the gander into an agony"

they understand each other, stupid as the puppy is. Whenever, for business or pleasure, the dog runs toward the beach, the gander coaxes her along. He walks out into the shallow water, she with him. He swims; she walks out until her chest is touched by the waves; and there she stands watching the gander swimming in deeper water. Tired of this, she wades back and shakes herself. This, which the gander considers a sign of pain, brings him to the rescue. Off rushes the dog to get rid of the shivers, and away flies the gander, lamenting as he goes, until they meet, and he bows a hundred times, and she licks him in penitence and love.

At night they sleep together in the kennel. But on moonlight nights some cur starts an alarm. Out rushes the puppy from her kennel to enquire what the row is, and to increase it. But above all the dogs the voice of the gander is heard to complain, until he can bring back his mate to her kennel, when he steps inside with her and reads her a certain lecture, to which she never ventures a response, but ends it all by giving him a good licking.

Three nights ago the fire bell was rung at two in the morning. Fire ladder, buckets, and axes were soon at work, but not as soon as the dog and gander. It is a rare time for the puppies when the flames flash high, and roofs fall in, and firemen flit about.

It was a night of woe to the sympathetic gander. Once or twice he took to his wings in chasing his wayward mate, and even darted to leeward of the fire, where the heat must have been scorching, all to keep his love in sight, and guard her from her stupid folly of assisting at such night horrors.

He is perfectly content if some human being pets the dog, feeling sure a fellow-biped will have a common pity on a senseless quadruped. Let the biped depart, however softly, out comes the weary head, and the loving eyes watch the dog with satisfaction until she makes off, when away follows her faithful friend and defender.



"She stands watching the gander swimming in deeper water."

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. DID God ever change the beginning of the year?
2. Who said, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten?"
3. What is the first recorded prayer?
4. What is life compared to in the Bible? There are more than twenty comparisons. Give as many as you can of these.
5. What was the earliest thing promised by God to man?
6. Why did our Blessed Lord hunger?

7. What three things did God do for us before the Creation?
8. Who is said to have been "full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith"?

ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER No. 1809, p. 263).

1. St. John xxi. 13. 2. St. Luke x. 30. 3. St. John vi. 67.
4. St. John x. 30. 5. Josh. iii. 1; vi. 12; vii. 16.
6. Acts xiv. 27; 1 Cor. xvi. 9; 2 Cor. ii. 12.
7. St. Luke v. 31. 8. 1 Thess. iii. 1; 2 Tim. iv. 11.



I. ON CHOOSING A HOME.

WE cannot all live exactly where we like. The circumstances of our own, or our husband's occupation must be considered. But the artisan's or mechanic's wife has one advantage over her more wealthy sister. The latter has generally to live in a family mansion—or abiding place. The former, by force of circumstances, is often called upon to change her dwelling-place, and can exercise choice in the matter. Knowledge of how to choose a healthful home is, then, a very useful thing. How to keep it so is no less important, but is matter for another paper.

The first essential for health in our home is Light.

In choosing a new house, or even a single room in which to live, we must give due importance to its aspect. "Where the sun never comes, the doctor comes often" should be a guiding proverb, urging us to secure a home looking towards the south. Sixpence a week means a good deal to some of us. Apothecaries' drugs mean infinitely more. If two shillings a week secures a house with a northerly situation, and one at half a crown would give us any other, by all means spend the extra pence. *No house is cheap if it be dark.* Increased rent is more than made up by decrease in doctors' bills. It has truly been said, "It is poor economy to pinch the rent to pay the doctor." If we want our children to grow up as young plants, we must give them a large amount of sunlight; and, as many hours of each day are spent under a roof, we should see that sunshine is not excluded from our homes.

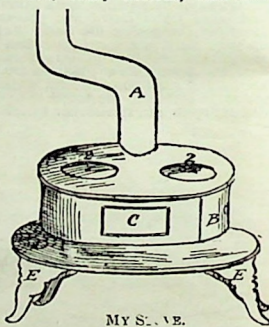
Air is another necessity. Do not be so much taken up with Queen Anne casements, or bay windows, as to omit to see that they open and shut properly. If a window swings on hinges instead of cords, so much the better. Cords so often go out of order. It is easier to regulate a current of air by means of an iron flange. In order that a *sweet Home* may be ours, a bit of these windows should be open day and night. If possible, then, choose rooms where they do not face a doorway or fireplace. One side of a chamber should always be free from draught. Then bed, or couch, or armchair can be arranged for safety. Have a blank wall, securing exemption from draught, and a current of air always possible from door to fireplace.

Warmth is a third requisite in foggy Albion. I should recommend our nomadic sisters (whether they be workmen or officers' wives) to invest in a small stove and carry it about with them. A very nice, close one can be bought for 10s., fitted with an elbow pipe to run up any chimney and a piece of tin to nail across any opening. A wonderful saving in fuel is secured by the use of a stove, and cooking operations are greatly facilitated. I had one for many years. It could be moved

from place to place; it used a spoonful of coal as contrasted with a fireplace, and gave out a maximum of heat for a minimum of expenditure. If a stove be considered too bulky to carry, see that the grate in every room is scientifically planned. If it be a yawning cavern, spend a few pence in fire-bricks and lay them at back and sides. These reduce our coal bills materially, and give out more heat than live fuel. In order to make a slow combustion grate out of an ordinary one, get a sheet of block tin, cut it with a pair of strong scissors or shears to fit the bottom of the grate, and lay it in place. Our fires will be more trouble to light if we adopt this plan, but will burn twice as long.

One more bit of advice about choosing a dwelling-place. If possible have no drainage from it. People nowadays speak disrespectfully of any sanitary system except a modern one. Now I have proved that modern drainage, unless perfectly carried out, is a most deadly thing. In a cheap, jerry-built house ill-fitting pipes are used, leaky cisterns, bad cocks set. Hence typhoid and other kindred fevers rage in our smaller streets to a dreadful extent. In the country clay and mould serve as a wonderful deodorizer. As quaint old Fuller put it, "To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body." Water simply holds matter in solution, and, unless thoroughly drained away, sets up disease as a matter of course.

In conclusion, common sense, coupled with a little knowledge of what constitutes a healthy house, must guide us in selecting even a temporary home. Air, light, warmth, are the positive essentials for securing such; an absence of drainage inside a negative necessity.



MY S. V. E.

- A. Elbow pipe to go up chimney.
- B. Openings for kettles and pots.
- C. Small oven.
- D. Grating, showing fire.
- E. Ledge for keeping things warm and for holding flat irons.
- F. Legs.

To Our Readers and all Our Bearty Helpers.

AT our Thirtieth Milestone—January, 1900. We again heartily invite our readers to continue their co-operation with us in our effort to utilize the Press as a help to Home happiness. More than ever we feel the Press is "the Church's second pulpit." And the true remedy for printed poison is health-giving mental food. Let this displace the "penny and the sixpenny dreadfuls."

Threepence a Month.—Our readers can do much to extend the already marvellous circulation of *Home Words* publications, for which we cannot be too thankful. A few shillings, or a few pence, expended on our *January Numbers* will place our Magazines in tens of thousands of new homes—no doubt for the entire

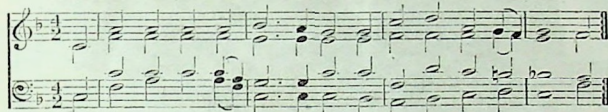
year. We especially want *The Day of Days and Hand and Heart* to go wherever *Home Words* goes. Threepence a month will supply about seventy pages, of a thousand words each, to brighten the home fireside. All booksellers will obtain the magazines, or three penny stamps sent to the Publisher, *Home Words Office*, 7, Paternoster Square, London, will bring them post free to any home.

Our Annuals.—For friends at home or "across the sea" we would suggest nothing would be more acceptable for Christmas and New Year's gifts than our new Annuals, 2s. each, and our Christmas Numbers and Almanacks. Such gifts are always welcome.

"HOME WORDS" HYMNS.

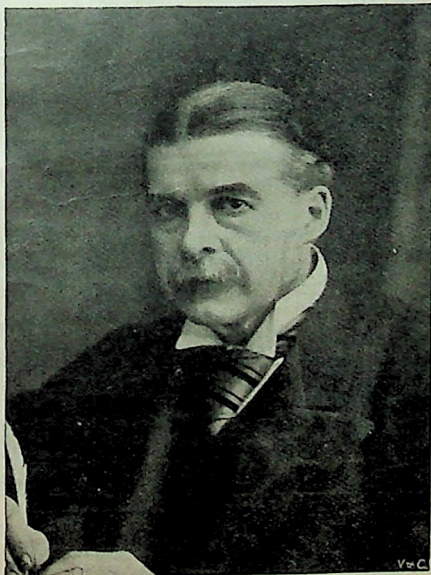
1900.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A., VICAR OF HOLMWOOD.



Music: SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S JUBILEE TUNE.

O THOU before whom open lies
The roll of bygone ages,
Eternal, whose unerring eyes
Can scan the future's pages.



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: Composer of the Jubilee Tune.
Photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY.

On swiftest wing the past has flown
With all its chequered story,
And we are here Thy love to own
And give to Thee the glory.

For all that from the days of old
Thy providence hath taught us,
For blessings great and manifold
Which yearly Thou hast brought us,
For ampler wealth, for defter skill,
For purer modes of living,
For deeper knowledge of Thy will
Accept our glad thanksgiving.

Yet while we praise Thy glorious Name
For every gift and blessing,
We come, good Lord, our sin and shame
As penitents confessing:
Not ours to boast in wanton pride
Of times with culture garished;
Alas! each year with guilt is dyed,
Our very best is tarnished.

But now that we embark anew
On Time's untraveller ocean,
O help us, Lord, Thy will to do
With more entire devotion.
The past, for weal or woe, is past;
The future lies before us:
O God of Ages, First and Last,
Shed now Thy blessing o'er us.

Amen.



From the Photograph

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

[By Messrs. FARR, Kelgate.

"In Durham Cathedral the height of achievement of Norman builders may be still studied; the solemn grandeur they could produce, the resolute strength they could effect, the majestic result they could attain."

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



"There's been an accident."—Page 28.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER III.

AN ACCIDENT

OWEN had taken care to let no word slip, which might have betrayed the fact that, when he entered Mrs. Handfast's kitchen, he had had no idea of going near Somers Station next day. He was delighted to do anything for her.

It might be a moot point in his mind whether he loved Lavinia sufficiently to think of marrying her. But no question at all could exist as to his affection for Lavinia's mother. She had always filled a peculiar place in his life—that place which his own mother ought to have filled, and might have filled, but for her unhappy moodiness of disposition. When Owen found the home atmosphere unendurable, he was wont to betake himself to Mrs. Handfast. And when he thought of the possibility of some day—perhaps—marrying Lavinia, the first idea which generally sprang up in his mind was the recollection that if he ever—perhaps—so did, Mrs. Handfast would become his mother. He dropped mentally the two extra monosyllables belonging to the connection.

"How am I to find your niece, Mrs. Handfast? What is she like? Will she take fright at a stranger?"

"Margot take fright? She's not that sort. You just tell her you are my friend—pretty much like my son—and it'll be all right. She's a

good height, and not bad-looking. A bright sort of girl. Rosy, and with dark eyes. Not like Lavinia. Nobody'd take them for cousins. I'm very fond of Margot, but it's years since she's been to us, and I've often asked her to come. Her mother was my favourite sister, you know. You'll find her easily enough at that little station. Most likely she'll be the only passenger to get out."

At 3.5 p.m. on the following day, Owen stood upon the platform of the small sleepy country station, which lay nearest to the village of South Ashton—only five miles off.

The train was behind time. Owen waited with growing impatience. He had come at considerable inconvenience, and at the cost of some maternal vexation, since he had shirked explaining the nature of his errand; and Mrs. Forrest knew, as well as he knew himself, that his presence that day on the farm was needed. None the less, he had managed to be here in good time; and he reckoned on getting back by four o'clock at the latest. Trains in this neighbourhood were often ten minutes late. He had allowed for that.

But half-past three came, and a quarter to four, and four o'clock. Still no signs of the expected train.

"This isn't usual," remarked Owen to the station-master. "What can be the reason?"

"No knowing," the other replied, with a shake of his head. "Something or other unexpected may have hindered them. Sure to be in soon.

No, it isn't often so late. But once in a way it do happen."

Owen began to debate with himself how long he ought to wait. If it had been for anybody except for Mrs. Handfast—but it was for Mrs. Handfast. To disappoint her would go against him sorely. And if he did not wait for Margot James, he would have to order a fly for her in the village; and that would mean expense for Mrs. Handfast, who certainly would not allow him to pay. Besides, just so soon as he should have ordered the fly, the train would be sure to come in. On the whole, he decided that he had no choice as to staying where he was until the girl should arrive. He could only hope that the men at home were attending to their business. He could not depend upon his mother and sister, as Mr. Handfast could depend upon his wife, to keep things going. Lily was too weakly, and Mrs. Forrest was too fretful and complaining, to do much good in that line.

A touch on his arm aroused him. The station-master had come up, having gone indoors. He looked grave.

"There's been an accident."

"Where?"

"Half-way between Littleton and here. A lot of people hurt. Telegram don't say it's been a collision. It don't exactly say what's happened. Something o' that sort."

"Is the train not able to come on?"

"That's what's hindered, sir. I s'pose they've had to send back to Littleton for help. Another train 'll bring on all the passengers here, on the down line. That's clear now. Couldn't come till they got it clear."

"Anybody killed?"

"Telegram don't say. I should think not. Says they're hurt; that's all it says."

Was Mrs. Handfast's niece among the injured? Owen felt glad that Mrs. Handfast was not here. She would have suffered so from the anxiety.

The hands of the clock pointed to more than half-past four, when at last the train came slowly in, and drew up at the platform. Immediately the small station was a scene of confusion. As a

general rule only two or three passengers were wont to alight at once. Now many got out; nearly all with dazed pale faces and bewildered looks. One or two women were crying hysterically, and another was shrieking outright. A little child lay helplessly in the arms of a railway official. A boy was being carried on a stretcher. Owen went forward to see if he could be of any use, and also to look for Margot James. He found himself presently again close to the station-master, and took the opportunity to ask:—

"Are the passengers going to stop here?"

"Some o' them. The doctor says they're too much hurt to go further. They're to be taken to the inn."

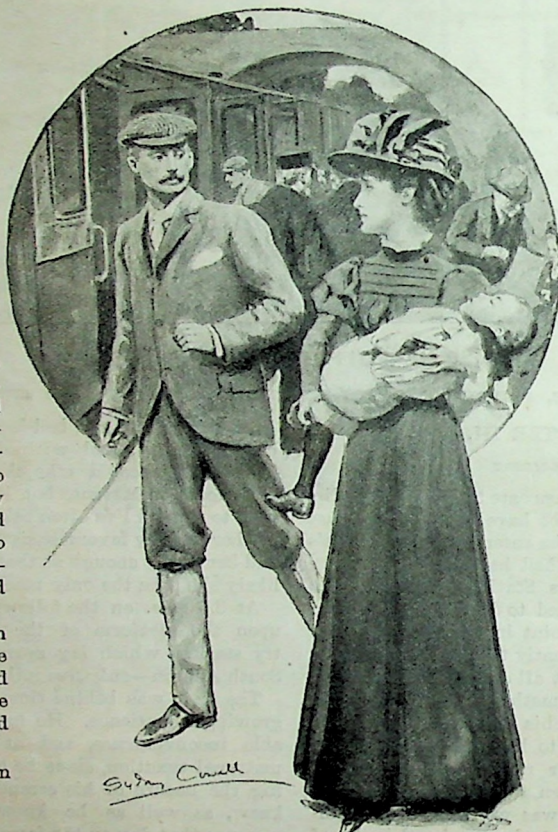
"You haven't come across a Miss James, have you?"

The station-master was too busy even to answer the question. He hurried off to respond to fresh calls. Owen resumed his search. It was difficult in the confusion to find quickly a perfect stranger.

"Please, do help me," a voice implored by his side.

He turned sharply, to see a young and slim girl, very white, with a heavy boy of three or four in her arms.

"I'm afraid he's a good deal hurt; he moans so. And everybody is too busy—to attend. And I—I don't think——"



"Please, do help me."—Page 23.

She seemed to be dropping forward as she spoke. The boy was sliding from her arms. He cried out, and caught at her shoulder. Owen put one strong arm under the child, taking all his weight, and with the other he held her up. She gave a little gasp, and shut her eyes.

"Don't be frightened," said Owen cheerily. "You're among friends. It'll be all right now, you know. Who does the boy belong to?"

"A woman over there—worse hurt. She's—they say she's dying." The girl looked up at Owen with pretty sorrowful eyes, and he had a sudden feeling that she was like nobody whom he had ever seen before. Another gasp came. "Only think!—she was in my seat, and I—I—changed with her; because she wanted to be by the window—and she asked me if I would. If I hadn't changed, I should be dying now." She smiled a strange little smile, gazing at Owen still, as if she had forgotten that he was a stranger. "It—feels so queer—to think that I might be just at the end of everything—this minute."

And then she broke down, sobbing.

"Oh, don't mind me, please. How horrid—how selfish—to be thinking of myself! And that poor woman——"

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXPECTED NIECE.

OWEN pulled the girl to one side, beyond the small waiting-room, which jutted out upon the platform, and hid from them what was going on. "Sit down," he said, pointing to a bench; "you'll feel better directly, you know. And you are not wanted over there; they've got too many folks already."

She obeyed, and drew long breaths, trying to check her sobs. "So stupid of me! I didn't mean to cry. Isn't it silly?"

"No, I don't see that it is." Owen stood with the boy resting comfortably in his arms. "I don't think it's silly. You've had a fright. I daresay you thought you were going to be killed."

"No, I didn't; it wasn't that at all. I hadn't a moment to think about anything before it had all happened." She smiled again—an April smile, half rain, half sunshine—and again Owen was conscious of being stirred. He had an odd feeling, which he could not have put into words—a feeling that he had been all his life waiting and wishing for something, he had not known what, and that now this something had come to him. He had a curious sense that he wanted nothing more than he now had; that he would have liked to stand for the rest of his life by her side, looking down upon the bent head and pretty face—pretty in spite of tears. He did not want to go away.

But the boy lay heavy and helpless, and he



"She gripped Owen's arm with a frightened cry."—Page 30.

knew that he ought to find out if the little fellow were much hurt. Then, too, he recollected his object in being at the station—he had to find Mrs. Handfast's niece. As this thought dawned upon his slowly-moving mind, he said to himself with unusual quickness, "I do believe she's the one." Aloud he remarked,—

"I wonder if you've chanced to come across somebody I'm on the look out for? Her name's Margot James."

"That's my name. I'm Margot James." She seemed puzzled, and scanned Owen in a way which embarrassed him. "My aunt hasn't got a son. Are you a nephew of hers? Is your name Handfast?"

"No; I wish it was." Owen felt awkward, as Margot drew away from him. "I'm only her friend—that's to say, she's my friend. She asked me to come and meet you. At least, she didn't exactly ask me, but I found she was in a bother who to send, and I said I'd do it. Mr. Handfast had had to go away, and Lavinia has got a bad cold, and



"Get her away from here," muttered the doctor in Owen's ear.—Page 31.

Mrs. Handfast couldn't be spared—at least, she was wanted at home. The men are busy gettin' in the hay. That's how it was. And I thought I'd do it for her."

Margot turned her head away. Owen was sure that his slow blundering explanations had made her laugh. He could see her shoulders shaking as she sat. He grew hot all over, from head to foot. Not that he generally minded being laughed at. He was wont to say that it didn't matter much what people thought. But, of course, it depended upon who the "people" might be. From Margot James he minded it.

"My name's Forrest—Owen Forrest." He thought Margot would respond at once, for Mrs. Handfast would surely have spoken of him to her. But she only repeated the word "Forrest" in a vague tone of inquiry, as if she had never heard the sound before.

Then she gazed inquiringly straight at him, and he grew hotter still, so that he had to mop his forehead with his handkerchief. "I thought

—maybe—she'd p'rhaps have spoken of me some time or other," he said confusedly.

"I don't remember. Why should she?"

Why indeed! Owen stood in silence.

"I can't think why she should have bothered a stranger. Somebody from the Farm might surely have been spared. But of course I'm very much obliged to you," said Margot, in a tone which did not sound obliged.

Owen said nothing, for he did not know what to say. She put out her hands suddenly. "Let me take the boy. I'd rather. You can do something else."

"You're not fit to hold him. I'll show him to one of the doctors. There's two over there."

"Then I shall come too."

"You'd best not," remonstrated Owen.

Margot was wilful. She said, "Why not?" stood up, and went ahead of him. But hardly had they rounded the corner of the small waiting-room, when somebody—or was it *something*?—was carried past on a shutter. The sight seemed to affect Margot acutely. She gripped Owen's arm with a frightened cry, then fled back to the sheltered corner she had left. Owen resisted his inclination to follow her, and went on towards the main crowd on the platform. When, after an interval of ten minutes, he returned without the boy, he found Margot, with her face bowed down to her knees, sobbing helplessly.

"Don't you mind! I wouldn't mind!" he ventured timidly to suggest; but she paid him no manner of attention; and when he tried the effect of a touch she shook him off. He felt ashamed and guilty, wondering if he had acted wrongly in leaving her, and forgetting that he had done so as a duty, against his own inclination, for the child's sake. "Come, now, don't you fret," he urged again. "You've had a bad fright,—that's where it is, you know. You'll be all right presently." But still his words were ignored, and he tried anxiously to fish out a pocket-handkerchief from the convolutions of her dress, imagining her to be in dire need of that feminine weapon, and not seeing that it was already in her hands, transformed into a wet rag. Since his fumbings took place on the wrong side, he failed even to discover a pocket. Margot, waking to his futile efforts, and noting his face of solemn solicitude, broke into a peal of hysteric laughter, thereby utterly disconcerting him, for he had never before come across a woman in hysterics.

"Come, come, what's all this about?" asked a sober voice, and the South Ashton doctor, himself

a traveller in the train, stood in front. "Hurt? Eh?"

He made Margot sit upright and look at him. She did as he wished, pulled her face into an expression of unnatural gravity, then glanced towards Owen, and burst into a fresh peal of merriment. The doctor held her arm, and gave it a small admonitory shake, as if she had been a naughty child; and Margot stuffed the wet rag of a handkerchief into her mouth, gasping—"Oh, I can't help it! He—he is so funny! He—he's past everything!"

Owen's face grew longer and longer. Margot shrieked afresh.

"Get her away from here," muttered the doctor in Owen's ear. "Don't you mind. She doesn't mean to be rude. She's upset with the shock. Take her straight off—that's the best thing you can do. I'll look in at Sutton Farm by-and-by and see if she wants anything. Here!—stop that!"—sharply, to Margot. "Don't behave like a baby. The cart's waiting for you."

He grasped her hand firmly, and pulled her to her feet, and Margot, in surprise at the abrupt movement, stopped laughing. "That's right. Now get along, and don't waste time. You're old enough to know better," declared the doctor severely, and Owen, misunderstanding his motive, looked daggers at him. The doctor gave him a reassuring nod. "Come, be quick," he said with a friendly shove, as Margot faltered. "It's a pretty drive, and you want a cup of tea badly. Nobody in the country makes better tea than Mrs. Handfast." He was leading the girl to the back of the station, where Owen's dogcart stood in charge of the station-master's son, talking as he went. "You're Mrs. Handfast's niece, I suppose—yes, I thought so. She told me you were coming. Nice time of the year for the country. Now, up with you."

Margot refused to make the spring. She faced the doctor with a determined look. "Where's the boy?" she asked.

"He's all right. I'll see to him."

"I want him."

"Nonsense, my good girl. You can't take him to the farm."

"I want to see him."

"You'll be able in a day or two. He's settled for to-night."

"Then he's hurt?"

"Yes. I don't know how much. Not badly, I think."

"Where's the mother?"

The doctor and Owen exchanged glances. Margot stamped her foot impatiently. "Is she—dead?"—with a gasp.

"She was too much injured to live. It's a

mercy the ending came so soon. If she had lasted long she must have suffered." The doctor, a stout and rather blunt-mannered man, spoke with feeling.

"I want to see the boy."

"Not to-day. I've sent him to a cottage near, where he'll be well looked after. So you needn't fret about him. You are making trouble now for other people—not helping. Mr. Forrest and I haven't got any time to waste. Come, up with you!"

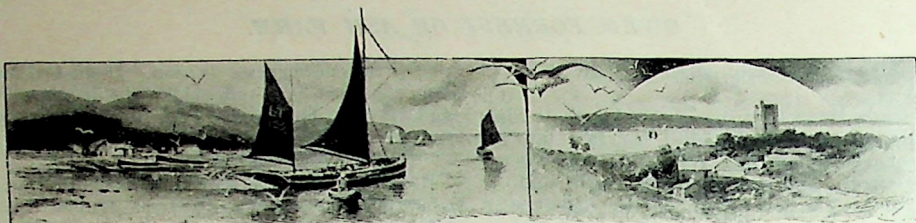
Margot's resistance gave way, and she obeyed. The doctor shook her hand, spoke an encouraging word, and signed to Owen to start. Which Owen did, conscious the while of very mixed sensations.

He could not forget that Margot had laughed at him, had called him "funny," had said that he was "past everything." He had been deeply stung by her derision, coming at a moment when his only wish had been to give help and comfort. Yet he felt that to be driving with her through the lanes, with nobody else to see or hear, was happiness indescribable!

(To be continued.)



"She faced the doctor with a determined look."—Page 31.



“Thy Word is Truth.”

II. “SHINE UPON ME!”

BY THE REV. FREDERICK HARPER, M.A.

“Make Thy Face to shine upon Thy servant.”—*Psalms* xxxi. 16.

WHO would dream of saying Christ's religion kills all the flowers, and puts out the sunlight? In the Face of God, as seen in Jesus Christ, the Divine and human Saviour, there is light, and joy, and peace, and grace, and victory!

So it was that the saintly William Pennefather prayed—“More light from my Saviour's Face, that I may shine the brighter.” The smile of God—the Face of Jesus—can brighten everything: and give us light to brighten others too! There is no better prayer than this for the opening Year—“Make Thy Face to shine upon Thy servant.”

There may be a special need-be for clouds now and then. We may have caused the clouds ourselves by some allowed sin: or God's own loving discipline may see them to be good for us. But then—*just then*—the prayer will best meet our case.

“What can I do for you?” said a lady-nurse, in the ward of a hospital, to a little boy, who, though young in years, was old in the experience of bodily pain and weakness. To the question, “What can I do for you?” the young son of sorrow replied, “Smile upon me.” The child did not ask to have his pillow raised and smoothed, his bed made, food given to him, or drink; he asked for a *smile*, and for a smile only. The nurse, knowing how much the little sufferer had to endure, had formed the habit of looking upon him with a smiling face whenever she passed his bed. On this occasion she had not smiled. The child missed the warm sunbeam, and answered the question, “What can I do for you?” by “Smile upon me.”

So Jesus Christ bends down from His throne beyond the stars, and says to His children scattered up and down “this dark world of sin and sorrow”—as they enter upon the unknown future of the year—“My child, what shall I do for you?” Let us reply—“Lord, make Thy Face to shine upon Thy servant.”

III. “AFTER SIX DAYS”—“JESUS ONLY.”

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.

“Jesus only!” Let this be our Motto for the year 1900. Two little words, and yet how boundless are the thoughts contained in them! “Jesus only” is the ground of the sinner's hope. Oh, strive not to add your tears to the blood of Christ, or pile up your alms-deeds at the foot of Calvary's cross.

“Jesus only” is the Christian's succour. Woo to them that go down to the Egypt of earthly wisdom, or trust in the chariots of human power. “Jesus only” must be our strength and stay.

“Jesus only” must be our Priest, in whose intercession we will trust. “Jesus only” must be our Prophet, at whose feet we will sit to learn the truth. “Jesus only” must be our King, to hold sway over the affections of our hearts. “Jesus only” must be our Example in daily life. “Jesus only” must be the Object of our heart's desires: the Aim of our life's work: the Source of our joy here and hereafter.

All the circumstances in the account of the Transfiguration are wonderfully interesting; but I love the first words with which the chapter opens, “After six days.” Oh, what a blessed thing, after all the toil, after all the unrest, after all the bustle of the week, to be drawn aside to see and commune with “Jesus only.”

“Now after six days.” Oh, that on each returning Rest Day this New Year, we might have a counterpart of that glad Sabbath! Oh that the Lord might take us as His disciples, apart from the noise, apart from the busy, anxious, troubled world, and manifest forth His glory to us! Oh that He might point out to us that place by Him where we might stand upon the Rock; that He might put us into the cleft of the Rock, and cover us by His Hand as He passes by, that we might behold His glory! Oh that the Master might transform all our sorrows into joys, our tears into praises! And not only our sorrows and tears, but ourselves also: that “we all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, might be changed into the same image from glory to glory!” Oh that after each six days of toil in the coming year we might see “Jesus only”!

Let us then go forth with this motto, "Jesus only," for the year that lies before us. And if we have never found Jesus to be our only salvation, may we see Him to be so now. Do you want to see this? Then do what the disciples did: Lift up your eyes. Lift up your eyes from earth. Lift up your eyes from yourself, your sins, your failures. Look not on all the troubles that surge

around you, but look on Christ. "Behold the Lamb of God!" Behold the Transfigured Saviour! Let not this passing life, with all its temptations and difficulties, which come flooding in on the right hand and on the left, distress you. In every hour of peril, and conflict, and weakness—and when heart and flesh are failing—lift up your eyes, and see "JESUS ONLY."

"Be First Loved Us."

BY THE REV. A. C. DOWNER, M.A.

WORD, Thou hast stooped to pain and toil,
And met the deadly Serpent's coil,
Dark principalities to spoil,
And win my soul by love.

The strong, convicting Spirit came
My soul to pierce, my soul to claim,
And wrought with water and with flame
To win my soul by love.

The darksome waves went o'er my head,
I heard the bell that rang me dead

But still a voice there came that said,
"I win thy soul by love."

I know not how, I never knew,
But it was Thou that brought me through,
And set salvation full in view,
And won my soul by love.

Now through the bright eternal days
These lips of mine shall learn to praise
The grace Divine that stooped to raise
And win my soul by love.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.—"I plight thee my troth." The words "Plight" and "Troth," are not commonly used now. The meaning is, "I pledge to thee my truth, honour, and faithfulness, in performing this engagement." It is as much as to say, "If I perform not the covenant I have made, let me forfeit my credit, and never be counted just or honest or faithful more."—*Wheatly*.

Agreement in Prayer.—Our Lord gave this promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father who is in heaven": and when asked by His disciples to teach them how to pray, He said, "When ye pray say: 'Our Father!'" Notice, the Prayer of all prayers is a form of prayer. It is a form of daily prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." It is a form framed by our Saviour, *Christ Himself*. Jesus said, "When ye pray, say thus." Nay more, it is a form authorized by Christ for public use. It is not "my Father." It is not, "give me my daily bread." It is not, "forgive me my trespasses." It is not, "deliver me from evil," but "our Father," "give us," "forgive us," "deliver us." It meets the demand for agreement.—*Canon Bardsley*.

Let.—"We are sore let . . . in running the race set before us." This word was formerly used to signify hindrance and obstruction. Several instances occur in our translation of the Bible. (See Num. xxii. 16; Isa. xliii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 7.)

Prevent.—"To prevent," formerly meant "to go

before" as a guide, assistant, and helper. The word is composed of two Latin words, one meaning "to come" and the other "before." Thus it is used in our Collects, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings;"—"Let Thy grace always prevent and follow us;"—and in the Tenth Article—"The grace of God in Christ preventing us." For examples in the Bible see Ps. lix. 10; lxxix. 8; Matt. xvii. 25; 1 Thess. iv. 15.

Indifferently.—"That they may truly and indifferently minister justice;"—(Prayer for Church militant;) i.e., impartially and without respect of persons.

The Suffrages after the Creed.—How sweetly these suffrages, or responsive prayers, unite all suppliant hearts, and break down all barriers when rich and poor meet together. The minister says, "O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us." The people answer, "And grant us Thy salvation." The minister says, "O Lord, save the Queen." The people answer, "And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee." The minister says, "Endue Thy ministers with righteousness." The people answer, "And make Thy chosen people joyful." The minister says, "O Lord, save Thy people." The people answer, "And bless Thine inheritance." The minister says, "O God, make clean our hearts within us." The people answer, "And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us." How different it would be if the minister had to say all this by himself, the congregation only listening!—*Canon Bardsley*.

Church Organs.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM," ETC.



LET us return to organs. Have you ever heard the organ at Fribourg? I have a vivid recollection of hearing that old instrument. It is of glorious tone or was. I am told that the organ at Lucerne equals it. I went to Lucerne last year in March, so, of course, went to hear the organ. Now, I thought, I shall be able to compare the two great organs. I found the organ wrapped up in swathing bands. It was too early. During the winter the Lucerne organ is not played. Protected from the cold by various wraps, it stands silently waiting for warm weather;

and then, not till then, you hear its mellow voice. I was sorry, but I admired the Lucerne folk for their wisdom and care. It would be a good thing if some of our churches took more care of the organ, though they need not wrap it up in cotton wool. I have seen some organs that are wrapped in the droppings from candles, and from the accumulated dust of ages.

The Fribourg organ I did hear. I made a special journey to that quaint old place, and stayed a night in the season, that I might go and hear the organ. You pay a franc, and go into the dimly-lighted old building, with its dark pews and old-fashioned look, and sit down among the crowd waiting for the angel voice which is to come and stir your heart. The organist played several pieces—in one of which a lovely *vox humana* stop was used with great effect—I believe it is the finest of its kind in the world. The recital always closes with the storm piece. If you are susceptible you get a regular shower bath of emotion down your back. One lady fainted, and had to be carried out. The piece begins with the calm of a summer's evening, and the shepherds are bringing in their flocks. "Drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds." Then comes a far-away murmur of the storm. It grows louder; the rain begins to splash against the window-panes of the cathedral; the thunder rolls, and the storm roars about you in a fine fury. It does not last long. It passes on as swiftly as it came, and dies away in the distance till the last thunder roll has broken, and nothing remains but the peace of a quiet, star-lit sky. There is a marvellous bridge to be seen at Fribourg, but for me Fribourg's glory is its organ.

If I keep to a chronological order, I think my next vivid memory of organs is connected with Tewkesbury. I had gone, like other pilgrims, to see the

Abbey. Chatting to the verger about the organ—for of course we talked of the organ—he remarked that it was formerly at Hampton Court, and that Milton used to play on it to Oliver Cromwell. He further stated the keys were those Milton played on. I am speaking of the organ as it was twenty years ago. It may be gone, or restored, now. My organ passion rose up strong within me. "Could I see the organ—play on it?" "Oh yes," he said. So in a few minutes I was at the old organ and a friend was blowing, and the verger telling me that the Cremona stop was the finest in England.

What a link with the past! This key-board had felt the touch of Milton. I fancy I thought more of this circumstance than of the tone of the organ, which shows that the true musical spirit is lacking in me. A real musician would think first of the tone of the organ, then of its historical associations. I did not. It is well for me I did not make the organ my profession. I should have been a failure.

Reader, if you go to Tewkesbury to see the Abbey, don't forget Milton's organ. At Tewkesbury there was a battle fought: at Tewkesbury "John Halifax" lived: at Tewkesbury there are very old buildings. Yes, yes; but at Tewkesbury there is an organ worth all these things and more.

A later reminiscence is one connected with the organ at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. I suppose it is as sweet a toned organ as you could find. It is played upon by one of the first organists in England. If you get the opportunity go to St. George's and hear the organ there.

It was only a few months back, and I was there at a special service on the Queen's birthday. The Queen was 80 years old, and a birthday service was held at St. George's. As the National Anthem rolled out from the organ I felt "the cold shivers" again. The rich, full tone of the instrument seemed to fill out the words and give them all the dignity and power they could bear. At such times we cannot join in the singing,—one is too overcome—but perhaps there is a worship in the prostration of soul which witnesses to the Divine effect of the heavenly music:—

"We revere, and while we hear
The tides of music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we."



I think Tennyson has just expressed the feeling on such an occasion. Nothing finer on music and its effect has ever been written.

Now there are two organs I have not mentioned—both are in London: one is at St. Paul's Cathedral, and one is at Westminster. Both are wonderful instruments, and would make organists of one hundred years ago jump off their stools. There are five keyboards to each organ—and from these keyboards organs far away from the organist's seat can be played. At St. Paul's Cathedral there is an organ, called a tuba organ, that is up in the dome, and yet it is played from where the organist sits; and another organ, called the echo organ, is yet played from the organ loft just over the entrance to the choir, where the lights twinkle, and where Sir George Martin has his place. You cannot see either of these organs. What you see is only the great, the choir, and the swell. Yet Sir George can command five separate organs from his seat—a wonderful triumph. Does music sound better anywhere than in St. Paul's? Is there a better choir in the world? Dean Church used to say that there was only one choir in Europe equal to his: that was a choir somewhere beyond the Caucasus. I suppose he might say now that there is not a finer organ in the world than St. Paul's when it is completed. Perfect singing and perfect playing are rarely met with. You may hear both at St. Paul's Cathedral. If there were perfect hearts the choir would be angels, and St. Paul's would be heaven.

At Westminster Abbey there is an organ almost as fine as St. Paul's, but not so large. It is a great mistake to think a good organ means a large organ. A perfect organ is an organ that not only has its workmanship perfect, but is just the sized organ that the church or cathedral wants. Westminster could never hold the organ St. Paul holds. Yet Westminster is a fine place for an organ. Who that has heard the organ at Westminster rolling along the old roof of the abbey, and along the aisles, and echoing far away in the transepts and chapels, but has not felt his pulses stirred? Notice when



From a Photograph

TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

(By Messrs. FRITH, Reigate.)

you go to Westminster the beautiful case of the organ, and be sure you listen for the echo organ. That is hidden away in the triforium, but played from the screen where the main organ is. The effect is very fine, just like a distant choir; and it always reminds me of Tennyson's line, "The tides of music's golden sea."

Of course in most cathedrals the organ has an advantage above ordinary church organs, because of the

splendid position it occupies. Free and open, and with unlimited space for its sound waves to travel over—even an ordinary organ would sound well in such places. Take an ordinary church, and see how the organs are cooped up there. Architects have boxed the organs up as if the last thing that an organ was expected to do was to speak. No pipe can speak properly in a narrow, crowded box. Look at the great churches on the Continent, and see how they invariably have their organs up at the west end. Free play is what an organ wants, like everything else. Therefore, my brother parson, if it comes to a question between you and your architect whether you should have an organ boxed up in a tiny chamber,

or not have an organ at all, don't hesitate, but shoot your architect at once, box him up tight, and build as large an organ chamber as you can.

At times one is glad to be without an organ: and I think choirs should be trained to sing without it. Nothing is more horrible than to hear an organ all through a service. My dear organist, you are a capital fellow; but do leave your organ alone sometimes. What you are your choir will be. If the organ is noisy, they are noisy; if you are fidgety, they will fidget. If you are irreverent, they won't act as if they were in the presence of God.

How better can I close than by repeating a prayer suitable for choirs, organists, ministers, and worshippers? "Grant, O Lord, that we who have joined in the services of Thy house may, with our many sins and imperfections, be yet acceptable in Thy sight, and be counted worthy at last to stand and sing among Thy blessed ones on high, through the merits of Jesus Christ our only Lord and Saviour. Amen."



INTERIOR OF TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

Photograph by Messrs. FRITH, Reigate.

OTHER FOLKS PARISHES



GOING FISHING FOR
CRABS AND LOBSTERS.

A FISHERMAN'S PARISH.—II.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

THE building in the Cove is consecrated in the minds of the fisher-folk by many hallowed associations. It witnessed, they say, almost a second Pentecost. A "Mission" was preached in the parish, and, for the convenience of his people who lived a considerable distance from the church, the Rector arranged to hold the services in the "Round House." The "Round House" was a store for nets, sails, and other gear; and owed its shape to the fact that the capstan used to haul up the boats stood underneath it. The Word preached there carried conviction to the hearts of the hearers, and memorable scenes of spiritual distress and spiritual comfort were enacted within its wooden walls. More than twenty years have passed, and many who there saw the "heavenly vision" have gone to their rest; but faithful communicants still remain who date their conversion to the mission in the "Round House."

The occupation of a fisherman is not conducive to habits of thrift. His life is spasmodic, depending almost entirely on the movements of the sea, and his earnings are terribly irregular. For months he may loiter in the big boats, waiting for the pilchards, which never vouchsafe him the glimpse of a fin. Then a fish leaps out of the water, the boats are put in motion, the nets flung overboard, and in twenty minutes a shoal is enclosed which will ensure forty pounds to every man. So with the fishing for crabs and lobsters. A boat's crew of three men may earn a pound a day at least for a fortnight, and then find themselves deprived of half their gear by the screws of passing steamers, or of the whole of it by a storm. It is difficult to cut your garment according to your cloth when you only find out the extent of the cloth

after the scissors have gone far into the material. It speaks well for our fisher-folk that, in spite of this uncertainty, they pass the hardest winter on their own resources without a murmur, and without the faintest suggestion that outside help would be acceptable.

To a large extent the lack of pauperism among these people is due to the foresight and business capacity of a former Rector, who had much to do in shaping the following scheme. During the earlier months of the year the shores of the parish are frequented by large shoals of white mullet. These mullet at night time leave the rocks, and come out into the shallow water over the sand, where they can be seen in the moonlight by men stationed on the carns above, and caught by fishermen in the boats, guided by the torches of the "Nuers." I have known seventeen thousand mullet to be taken at one haul, fetching seventeen shillings a score on the sand.

The mullet fishing is managed on Communistic principles. Every fisherman's son on reaching eighteen years of age pays £3 to the common fund, and becomes entitled to a net share and a body share; the latter being dependent on his bodily presence at a catch of fish. When he becomes enfeebled, through age or infirmity, and cannot even handle a rope, he retains his net share; so that as long as he lives a few pounds fall to him annually, unless the season is an entire failure, which seldom happens. Further, his surviving wife or daughter inherits the net share, and only when they are dead is the original £3 paid to his representatives and the share extinguished. The result of this excellent system is that pauperism is almost unknown.

The Cornish are extremely clannish, as is fitting in a people whose county motto is, "One and All." On one of the customary summer expeditions to the

Scilly Isles, for the crab fishery, some of our men were grievously offended by the ill-conduct of one of the island churchmen, but "we said nothing about it, 'cept among ourselves; for, sir, he was *one of we*."

Except on business our fisher-folk rarely travel, and few have entered a railway train. "Don't 'ee have nothing happen to us," said a mothers' meeting to me once, as we were starting for Truro. I answered that I would not if I could help it.

Several fishermen were sent to London on one occasion to inspect a new lifeboat. Instead of lingering to see the sights of London, they wended their way homewards at the earliest possible moment. "London is a aching place," they said.

There is a deep gulf, in the view of our fishermen, between a man's work and that of a woman, and few of the husbands condescend to touch things within the women's sphere. "We are no molly coddles," they remark in justification. All the same the women are well treated, and the epithet, "Sidemate," applied to the wife is very expressive. On the other hand, a well-trained wife recognises that cooking her husband's fish does not exhaust the whole duty of woman—she must also be ready to sell them. "Poor fellow," is said of a widower, "he's got no woman to sell his bit of fish."

The fisherman is not addicted to athletic games, probably finding sufficient outlet for his nervous energies in the exhausting work of earning his bread.

"How can a man be religious on such a craft as this?" asked the mate of a steamer discharging coals at a Mediterranean port; "he must break the Fourth

Commandment or lose his job." The Cornish fisherman prefers to "lose his job." In other words, he sets his face like a flint against Sunday fishing. And not only will he abstain himself, and sometimes suffer hunger in consequence, but, possibly, taking his cue from Nehemiah, is wont to lay violent hands on, and to throw overboard, the fish brought to land by misguided outsiders, who refuse to conform to the wholesome local custom.

Little by little improved means of travel, and consequent contact with the outer world, are obliterating the primitive traits of these interesting people; and the influx of summer visitors, especially artists, is tending to the same end. Twenty years ago the lodging offered to these "foreigners" was more striking than attractive. The "service" was imperfect, and the "sanitary arrangements" were defective. A heap of knives, forks, and spoons, thrown upon the table with the injunction, "Plaise to help yourself," represented the first: "Overcliff," summed up the second.

Not long ago I visited the parish after an interval of nearly five years. I had never given them much, not having much to give, but I had tried to show them kindness and sympathy whenever possible. Gratitude took practical shape, and, during a fortnight's visit, fishes of many kinds, and crabs and lobsters, rained upon us in such profusion that the affection of their hearts was in danger of producing an affection of our stomachs.

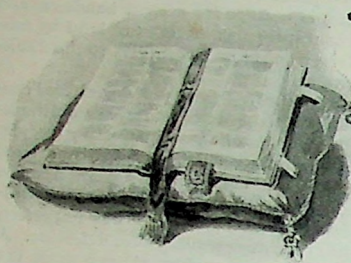
A people so loving are worthy to be loved, and I frankly confess that I love a fisherman's parish.



A CORNISH JETTY.

A Red-Letter Word.

BY HELEN MALCOLM. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.



I
T was a very old story: the failure of a Colonial Bank which contained all the money Mr. Field possessed, except

about £200 a year; then an utter breakdown in health consequent on an attempt to do work for which he had no strength: and now the end—ah! it was the end that Henry Field dreaded!—lying as he was day after day, in weakness and pain, watching his wife as she nursed him with that same agony at her heart, though there was no trace of it on her sweet, calm face.

The Fields had four children, one a lad of nineteen, who was working in an uncle's office in Manchester, and three living at home. Murray, the next boy, was fifteen; then there was Enid, who was just ten; and last came three-year-old Dick, the baby of the house.

There was a special shadow over the little party on the Sunday on which our story opens; for Mr. Field and his wife had made up their minds to send Murray and Enid to their aunt's in London for a few weeks; and this was not unlike banishing a bit of sunshine out of the house, which no one cares to do, even in spring. Still, it seemed best to let them go. Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Field's sister, was most anxious to have them, and it would be good perhaps for the children to escape from the restraint inevitable when illness is in a house.

Enid was sitting very quietly by her mother's chair, her big blue eyes half full of tears that must be kept back. No one knows better than Enid that mother and "daddy" would never send her away for their own pleasure: but still it is hard. Mother does want her so to run errands and to help with Dick, now daddy is so much worse.

"Mummie," said Enid at last, "isn't Hanover Square near my dear Doctor Preen?"

"Not very far, darling. He lives in Brook Street. He's Sir Arthur Preen now, you know; we mustn't call him Doctor any more."

"Is he?" said Enid. Then after a moment's pause she added, "Mummie, I believe he could cure daddy."

I know you don't think Doctor French can. Don't you think my dear doctor could?"

"I don't know, darling," answered Mrs. Field wearily: "but I know he wouldn't come up all this long way into Cheshire without a lot of money; and you see, dear, we haven't got a lot of money."

"But he'd come for ever so little if you told him how ill daddy is," persisted Enid, who had very vivid recollections of the great London doctor's kindnesses when she had been taken to him many times for some slight ailment, and knew nothing of the guineas that lay behind those visits. "I'm quite sure he'd come, mummie."

Her mother made no reply, but stroked the hand stretched out to her from the couch, which soothed the impatience that was rising in her heart.

"Supposing you come and say your verses now," said Mr. Field; and Murray rose to fetch his Bible.

"What is yours, Enid?"

"It is in St. James, father, the second chapter and the last verse: 'For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.'"

"Do you know what that means, Enid?"

Enid was silent, for she liked to feel she knew what things meant.

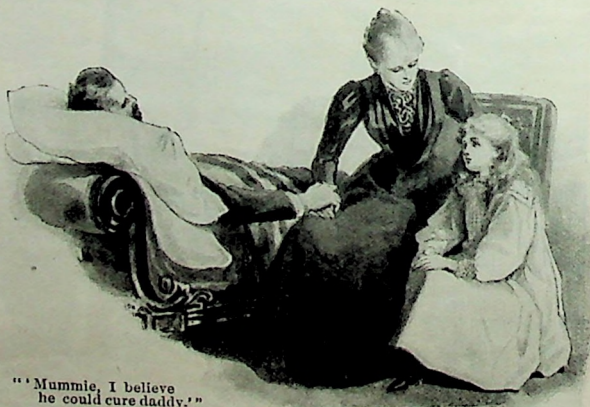
"Well, dearie," said Mr. Field, "it means this: that it is no use going on praying for a thing and doing nothing. You must *do* as well as *pray*. Will you try and remember that, Enid?"

"Yes, I will, daddy," said Enid.

But her father had very little idea how his little girl would keep her promise.

II.

"MURRAY! Murray dear! wake up *one* minute. Are you *quite* asleep?" And Enid tugged hard at her brother's bedclothes.



"Mummie, I believe he could cure daddy."

"Oh, Enid, I'm not going to get up yet—there's heaps of time!" and Murray rolled over again.

"No, I know; it isn't morning yet, Murray. It's half-past ten, and I've got out of bed. I do want to speak to you so, Murray."

Something in her voice made Murray listen.

"Well, all right, Nid; I'm listening."

"Did you pray for daddy to-night, Murray?"

Murray managed to suppress an impatient exclamation, and said, "Yes, of course; I always do."

"So do I; but, Murray, I've never *done* anything—have you?"

"What *could* we do, Niddy?" asked the boy.

"Here! Come up here out of the cold, if you want to talk." And he lifted his little sister on to his bed.

"I don't see what we could do."

"You know what dad said about my verse?"

Murray nodded. He too had made a mental note.

"Well, I've thought of a plan—a lovely plan—only you must help me. When we're at Aunt May's, you and I, I'll go and ask Dr. Preen to come and see daddy. You'll have to come with me to the door. Aunt May is sure to let you and me go out alone to do shopping, like she did last time. And then you mustn't come in, because you don't know him like me; but you'll have to wait for me outside. I know just what to say to him, and I *know* he'll come. You will help me, won't you, dear Murray?" And a very soft little pair of arms twined round the boy's neck.

"I—I—don't—know, Nid. Do you think Preen *could* cure dad?"

"Yes, he could, I *know*. Because one night after I'd gone to bed I heard mother say, 'I must get you a London opinion,' and daddy said, 'I'll have no more expense on my account; we couldn't get one down under £50, and we can't do it, dear.' You *might* say you'll help me, Murray."

"Well, we'll see," said Murray. "You go back to bed now, anyway."

III.

Six weeks later, Enid and Murray might have been seen wending their way down Brook Street.

"Are you sure you can manage, Nid?" asked Murray.

"Yes, I know just what mother always used to say, and I believe God's sure to make him nice, as he used to be. I do wish there wasn't a butler

though—he does always look so stiff and cross. D'you think, Murray, God would take the butler away if we asked Him?"

"No, I don't," said practical Murray. "He'd get turned off if he didn't do his work, and answer the door, of course; but if you're a little afraid, Nid, I'll go to the door with you, and tackle the butler!"

"Oh, no!" cried Enid, who had a very firm faith in her own powers of persuasion. "That wouldn't do at all; you spoil it. I mustn't mind the butler. You won't go far away, will you, Murray?"

With her brave little heart sinking within her, she pressed the knob of the bell. The same pompous old butler opened it. Perhaps he recognised the little girl, whom he had often seen before. At any rate,

he managed to preserve his usual deferential bearing when Enid, not without a tremble in her voice, asked him, "Would he tell Sir Arthur, please, that Miss Field wanted to see him?—she hadn't any appointment, but she would wait": and he showed her into the waiting-room with as much respect as if she had been her own mother.

The room was very full, and Enid wondered whether Murray's patience could hold out "if all these people took as long as mother used to." There were many curious glances at the little girl who sat so still by herself in the corner, and seemed too shy even to look at a picture paper.

It seemed hours to Enid before the last of the patients left the room. Sir Arthur himself came

out of his consulting room into the hall, exclaiming, "That's the last to-day, Barkman, isn't it?"

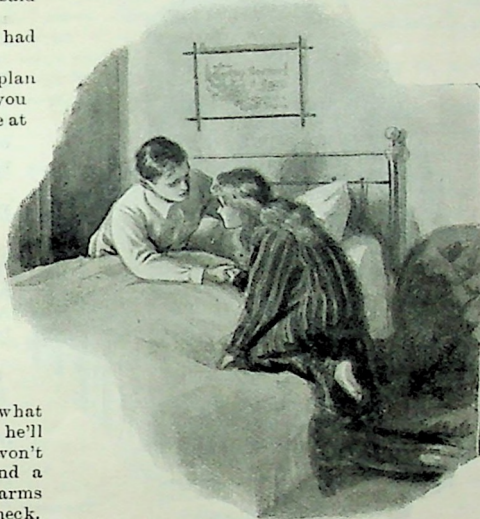
"It's all the appointments, sir: but there's a—a young lady waiting as seems to wish particular to see you, sir. It's Miss Field, sir."

"Field, Miss Field?" repeated the doctor. "I don't remember any Miss Field. Is she young or old, Barkman?"

To Sir Arthur's amazement his old servant's features relaxed into a shadowy sort of grin for a moment, but he quickly regained his dignity and answered as usual.

"She's not old, sir. I believe, if my memory serves me, she came with her mother some time back, sir."

Sir Arthur returned to his room with a sigh. "When girls come to me without their mothers it is generally to tell me they are dying of suppressed



"He lifted his little sister on to his bed."

love, or something. Well, Barkman, show the lady in. I suppose I must see her now." And Enid was shown in.

It was a terrible ordeal, that walk from the waiting-room to the doctor, behind the high official whom she so feared: and she almost wished she might run away. But as the door closed behind her, and she saw Sir Arthur's kindly face looking down on her, her courage came back, and she tried to remember the speech she had rehearsed to Murray many times that morning.

"I don't expect you will remember me, Sir Arthur. I'm afraid I've grown since I came with—"

Her voice failed her, she forgot what came next.

Oh! how she wished mother had been there. An overwhelming sense of her own boldness rushed over her as she stood looking very sweet in the little covert coat and sailor hat before the great London doctor, with her big blue eyes fast filling. But, given a moment to recover his composure, Sir Arthur rose to the occasion like a man.

"No; I can't say I do quite remember you, little lady: but that doesn't matter, you know. What can I do for you, eh? Come and sit here and tell me." And he drew Enid on to his knee.

"There, now, is that right? Yes, to be sure, I do remember you, of course. Weren't you a very silly little girl who caught cold a great many times? Of course, of course—now let me see—what was the name? Mary?"

"No; Enid, Sir Arthur."

"To be sure—yes. And what becomes of mother, my dear, eh? Did she bring you?"

"No; she's up in Cheshire with father. Murray—that's my brother—and I are staying near here with Auntie May, and I've come to ask you something. You know daddy is very ill, and he's not got any money now. We have to be so careful not to spend anything; and there's no one to tell mother what to do. I've heard her say over and over again, 'I do wish father could see a London doctor.' You see daddy's been ill five months, and he never gets better, and I know mummy would like to have asked you to come; only I suppose she was afraid you wouldn't, 'cos you see we've no money—at least, not enough, and so—and so—"

"You weren't so afraid, and you came yourself; was that it, Enid?" asked Sir Arthur, thinking truly he had heard a love story this time.

"I was a little afraid at first," admitted Enid; "but I do want to get daddy well. You see on Sunday—last time we were at home—daddy was talking to me about my verse—we always say our verses every Sunday to him, you know—and he said my verse meant it wasn't any use praying unless you *did* something as well; and you see I'd prayed ever so hard for such a long time, and so had Murray, but we'd never *done* anything; and then I thought I'd come and ask you—do you see?"

"I see, my dear," said Sir Arthur. "Was your verse 'Faith without works cannot be made perfect'?"

"That's in the chapter. I've learnt it all; but mine came at the end. I can't remember it now."

"Well, never mind. Tell me now, Enid, what's the matter with father?"

"I don't know," said Enid mournfully. "I don't think even mother knows; but *you* would," she went on more brightly, looking up into the doctor's face.

"You think I should, do you? Well, we'll see."

"Then you really will go?" cried Enid, sliding off his knees in her excitement. "I *knew* you would. And you won't mind not being paid—really?"

But Sir Arthur was busily turning over the leaves of his engagement book.

"Did you say you lived near Chester, my dear?"

"Not quite near—it's twelve miles out," said Enid; "but you can go by train, only I'm afraid they're very slow. Daddy says they are."

"I could catch the evening express home and drive

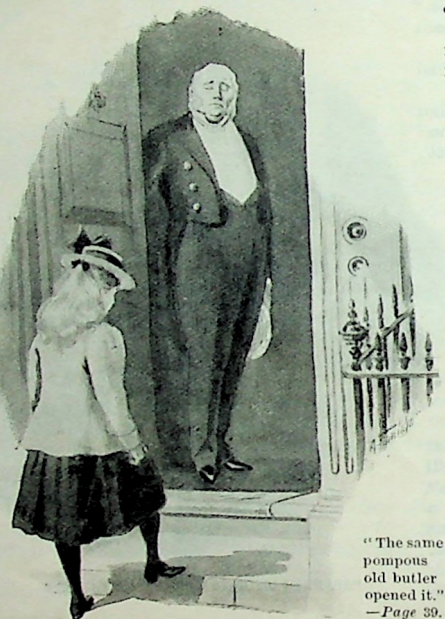
out," murmured Sir Arthur to himself. Then turning to Enid he said:—

"Funnily enough, little lady, I have to go to Chester this week anyway: on Thursday—the day after to-morrow. Now, how would that do, do you think?"

"Oh, it would be a lovely surprise!" said Enid, her eyes dancing with delight. "It will do beautifully, thank you, and I know mother could afford to pay your fare from there, too—even first-class," she added thoughtfully.

"Well," said the doctor, "I think *you* ought to do that when *you* asked me."

"I'm not sure how much it is," Enid answered gravely: "but I could ask Murray, and he would know. Of course it would be *much* nicer if mother didn't have anything to pay. You see that's all I've got left," and she laid a shilling, a threepenny piece,



"The same pompous old butler opened it."
—Page 39.

and three farthings on the big office table. "It might be enough, if you didn't very much mind going third, just that little way. It's such a pity," she added. "I had a half-crown, but I've spent it on things to take home with me for mother and dad and Dick on Thursday."

"I'm afraid that's not enough," said Sir Arthur, with a twinkle in his eye which Enid detected at once. "You see I couldn't go third."

"You're laughing at me," said Enid reproachfully.

"No, my dear, it's all right," said the doctor still laughing; "I never laugh at people. Now give me your address, and a great big kiss, instead of this money, and then you must go, for I have a lot to do."

"Thank you very very much, Sir Arthur. I'll give you as many kisses as ever you like. You'll tell mummie, won't you, that I came? She will be so surprised—thank you ever, ever so. I do think doctors are such very nice men, don't you?"

And Sir Arthur having received his fee, with interest, went off to tell his love-story to his wife.

IV.

It was nearly six on the Thursday evening Sir Arthur had fixed for his visit, when Murray and Enid got home. Their mother met them at the door.

"My little girl!" was all she said, as she took Enid in her arms. And then she told them that Sir Arthur had not long left the house, and that next week he was coming again.

"There will have to be an operation, darling," she said; "but when it is over he thinks, please God, that daddy will get quite well, and he has cheered dad so. And we shall owe it all to you, little woman."

"Oh! no, no, mummie," Enid cried. "It was just as much Murray. I couldn't have ever done it without him; and d'you know, mummie, I kept him



"Looking very sweet in the little covert coat."—Page 40.

waiting nearly an hour and a half for me, and he wasn't one bit cross when I came out; and when Auntie May was angry because we were late for lunch, Murray never said it was me, but pretended it was all his fault. Oh, no, mummie, it's just as much him as me."

"Well, you are dear good children, both of you," said her mother. "I must go and tell daddy you have come."

"Nid," said Murray, when they were left alone, "I'd began to think praying was no go. Lots of fellows think so, you know: and I'd thought I'd try giving it up. But I think it was because I didn't really see how to do it as well. You see things like that seem so much easier when one has something to do oneself. I shan't give it up now, Nid."

And many years afterwards, when Murray had become a clever doctor himself, he would turn, in times of perplexity, to a little old Bible, where he found written against a certain verse in St. James Epistle just one word—"ENID."

"Lie Still and Cough."

IN a certain humble dwelling, as I have been informed, there lives an old woman crippled and deformed in every joint by chronic rheumatism. Listen! she speaks of her gratitude. For what? Because, with the assistance of a knitting-needle and her thumb, the only joint that will move, she can turn over the leaves of her Bible.

The homely words of another poor old woman showed that she understood the service of patience. She was brought in her old age to believe in Jesus as her Saviour. Ever ready to speak of Him, she

was one who went about doing good; but in the midst of her labours she caught cold, and was confined to bed. The clergyman came to see her, and said, "I little expected to find you so patient in bed, when you have always led such an active life. It must be a trial to lie there so long."

"Not at all, sir," said Betty; "when I was well, I used to hear the Lord say to me daily, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that'; and I did it as well as I could. Now it seems as if I hear Him say daily, 'Betty, lie still and cough.'"

SINGULAR STILL.

AN elderly unmarried lady of Scotland, of a certain age, after reading aloud to her two sisters, also unmarried, the births, marriages, and deaths in the ladies' corner of a newspaper, thus moralized:

"Weel, weel, these are solemn events—death and marriage; but ye ken they're what we must all come to." "Eh, Miss Jeannie, but ye have been lang spared," was the reply of the youngest sister.



A Village Inventor.

THE EUROPEAN EDISON.

BY KENNETH AYLWARD.

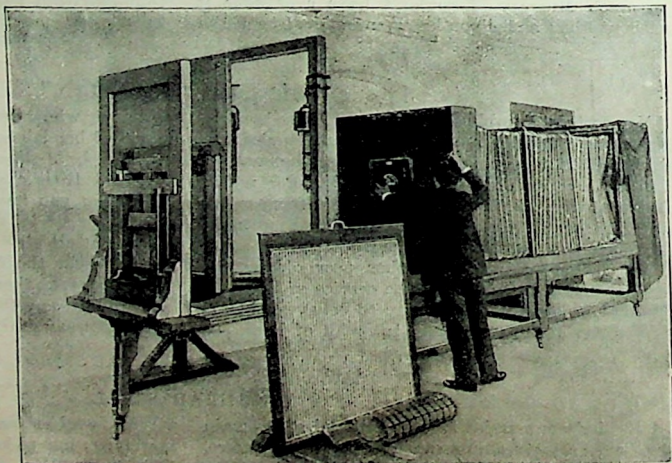
dred and one queer little contrivances which "no fellow could understand." No doubt he was looked upon as a juvenile crank. History does not tell us whether his aunt encouraged him; for her own peace of mind we may hope she did: since her nephew has showered his money on her. But it was a very long lane that eventually turned into the street called Success. Jan set out to earn his living as a school teacher, and he did not do much at it. Why? Simply because his heart was not in his work. That accounts for more than half the failures in this world. While Jan was supposed to be drumming facts into little boys' heads his own was busy with wonderful dreams of an instrument which should give him eyes to see into the far corners of the world. No wonder the school authorities thought the young master must be in love. Nor were they very far wrong. He *was* in love—in love with his dreams. "One day," he determined, "the dreams shall come true."

JAN SZCZEPANIK. You have never heard of the man—if it is a man; and couldn't pronounce his surname to save your life. If I could give to each reader a little instrument invented by Jan Szczepanik he might be seen answering in dumb show for himself. Seen? Yes *seen*, though he happens at the present moment to be living in Vienna! I will forgive you if you are saying to yourself, "I don't believe there's any such person." It is a little difficult to credit that a young man of twenty-seven could possibly perfect an invention which might enable me in London to see him having breakfast, or anything else, in Vienna.

To make matters quite clear we had better start at the beginning, and imagine a little cross-examination. First of all, who is he? Poland is his country, Krosno his birthplace. His father and mother died when he was young, and he was brought up by an aunt who lived in the village. Along with other boys he went to the little school where, no doubt, he learnt the three R's, and not much more. I should think his schoolfellows called him Jan, for his second name seems one to be sneezed at! Yet it is not really very hard to pronounce; the two "z's" and the "c" are evidently put in to frighten you, and you will not be very far wrong if you talk about Staypanik (two simple English words). To be quite correct, put an "h" between the first two letters. Second, when did he begin to invent? As a child he was extraordinarily clever at making ships of novel shape; and a hun-

At last he thought that the day must be near. He packed up his ideas—they were not very bulky, since they were all on paper—and left his boys to take care of themselves. To Vienna he went like Dick Whittington to London; but disappointment was in store. The Government would have none of his inventions. His "weaving machine," which was to revolutionise the trade; his "far seeing" machine—what were these but mere freaks of invention? For days, for weeks, young Jan walked the streets, friendless, yet ever in search of a friend to help him.

One evening he chanced to meet a certain Herr



SZCZEPANIK AND THE CAMERA USED IN HIS WEAVING INVENTION.
This is the largest camera in the world.

Kleimberg at a little coffee shop in the city. Some conversation with Jan fired the merchant's ambition. He expressed a wish to try to carry out the marvellous schemes. So impressed was he with their worth, that he nearly ruined himself during more than two years spent in vain experiment. Altogether eight weaving machines were made and all failed.

Again the old saying "Tis darkest before the dawn" proved true. Suddenly the weaving machine began to answer to the notions of the inventor, and before one could say "Szczepanik," the thing was a success.

It would not be easy to estimate what this weaving contrivance is worth to the human race, but we know the patent rights in two countries alone amounted to £100,000. It makes a pathetic picture—this homeless, almost destitute schoolmaster, tramping the streets of Vienna, almost in despair, yet with the ideas for the perfecting of inventions worth millions of pounds. It only needs to make his aunt a fairy godmother, and we have the material for one of Grimm's stories.

After the weaving machine came the "far-seer." Jan Szczepanik did not chance upon his discovery; he was no boy born with a silver spoon to help him, without effort or trouble on his own part, to all the good things of the world. He had to work unceasingly. This is what he says himself: "My technical knowledge is almost all practical. When I was preparing at Korzyna to be school teacher I used to spring problems upon the professors even in my examination papers, and they didn't like it. When I taught in the school my mind was always centred on problems, and I devoted every minute of my spare time to study." Of English works he read Dr. Smiles' *Self Help*, and Shakespeare, both in Polish, and the former was his inspiration to persevere.

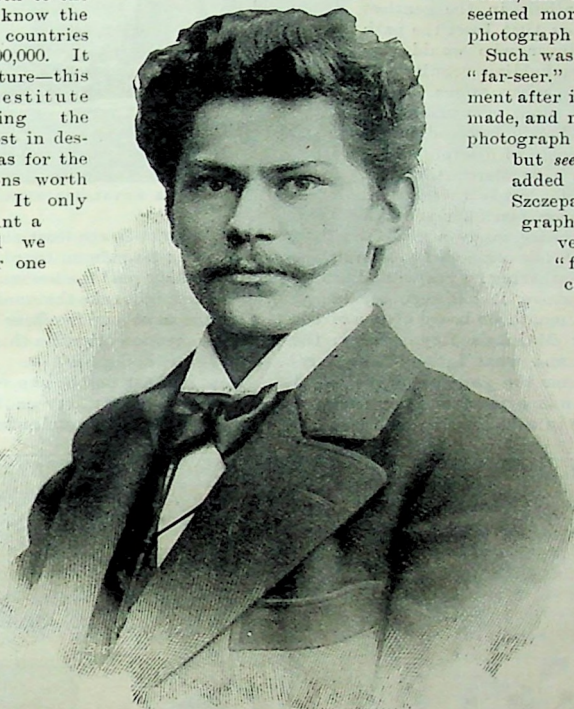
But what about the "far-seer?" I do not attempt to explain the intricate theory which made the invention possible. It must suffice to say that Szczepanik discovered the secret which had eluded Edison for years. By the use of moving mirrors the

problem was solved. It was at the end of 1896 that the first experiment was made. A box, which had the appearance of a large photographic camera, was put up before the Karl's Church, in Vienna. This box was directly connected by the ordinary city telephone wires with another box, two miles away. Inside this second box was a sensitive photographic plate, such as is used in the ordinary camera. At a given signal the lens in the box near the church was exposed. And when the plate, two miles away, was developed, there, sure enough, was the image of Karl's Church! When Professor Röntgen obtained his first radiograph of the human bones, the result could not have seemed more amazing than this photograph by telephone.

Such was the beginning of the "far-seer." Since then improvement after improvement has been made, and now you can not only photograph an object miles away, but see it. A word must be added to show that Jan Szczepanik is a skilled photographer, and among his inventions is the little "finder" in the hand cameras of to-day.

Why, it may be asked, have the British public had no opportunity for examining and testing this extraordinary invention? The reason is that the French Exhibition of 1900 has bargained for the first public exhibition of the novelty. If the inventor shows his "machine" before he forfeits one million francs. At the great Exhibition pictures of events happening many miles away

will be thrown upon a magic-lantern sheet. Thus, for example, it will be possible to see on the sheet a procession which is at the very moment passing along fifty or a hundred miles away. Had the invention been perfected three years ago, the Jubilee Procession of Queen Victoria might have been witnessed in every city in England connected with London by telephone. "I claim," says Szczepanik, "to be able to show a true picture of the object—be it a written-out telegram or the launch of a ship—with all the clearness of the cinematograph; and as to distance, theoretically there is no limit: practically, as with the telephone, it is a question of expense and expediency."



JAN SZCZEPANIK.

Sunday in the Royal Navy.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.,
AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE
'CACHALOT'," ETC.

Photographs by Messrs. HEATH, Plymouth.

LAST month it was my pleasant privilege to lay before the readers of *Home Words* a sketch of the way in which Sunday is observed in the British Merchant Service. And in order to be faithful, I was compelled to point out, albeit in the gentlest manner, the difficulties that beset the path of the Merchant skipper who would fain honour his Master by holding regular services for His worship when at sea. With the conditions of life often very miserable, owing to shortness of hands, bad food, mixed nationalities, and absence of discipline, it is unhappily the truth that Mercantile Jack is more often than not ready to see in a Christian skipper an easy mark for uncouth tricks, and, in consequence, many a good man has, with an aching heart, felt compelled to give up the attempt at a general gathering for prayer and praise.

Since writing the above, it has been my happy experience to spend a month on board of one of the largest ships of Her Majesty's Royal Navy, the *Mars*, of 15,000 tons, and what I there saw of religious matters gave me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. For it was evident at once that the observance of Sunday in a Christian manner by all



A NAVAL TRAINING BRIG.

hands did not in the least clash with the most rigid discipline; no man on board ever felt that, because Captain May read the lessons for the day, any of his audience might take the smallest measure of liberty with the most junior officer of his command. The mere suggestion of such a thing would make a naval officer stare and gasp.

Now it must not be supposed that Sunday is by any means a lazy day on board. From the first shrill call of the bosuns' mates at 5 a.m., until 9 a.m.

the men never find time hangs heavily on their hands. Saturday has been devoted to a regular orgie of scrubbing, polishing, and decorating, and on Sunday morning little remains for the 700 men to do save removing every trace of dullness on brass and steel, every vestige of disorder which may have accumulated since the cessation of work on Saturday. For at 9 a.m. the Captain, the Commander, and a grand retinue of lesser officers, all resplendent in full uniform, will march in stately procession round the ship, casting

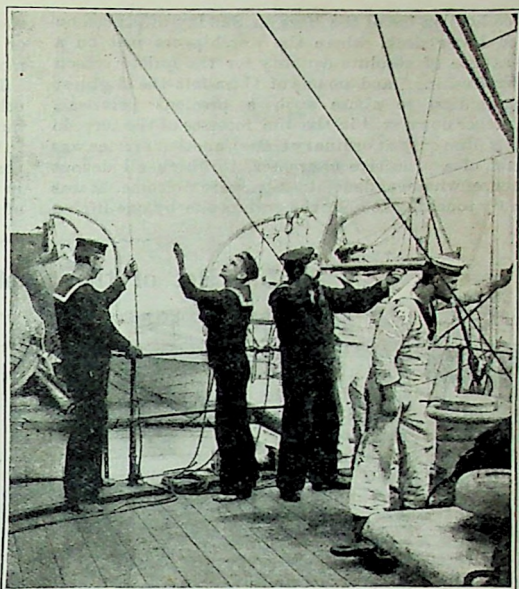


SATURDAY HAS BEEN DEVOTED TO SCRUBBING.

critical eyes everywhere, everything being laid open for their inspection, from the mess kettles to the mighty machinery of the biggest guns. It is an anxious time for all, because the carelessness of one man may spoil the spotlessness of a whole charge, and right elated do all the officers feel, when, the long march over, the Captain says, "The ship is in very creditable condition," or words to that effect.

After the ship, the men. Captain and officers muster on the quarter-deck, the ship's books are opened, and in solid companies, the whole of the ship's crew, dressed in their best according to the "rig of the day," march aft. Each company halts at a convenient distance from the place of power, while one reads out name after name from the books. As each name is spoken the owner thereof steps smartly forward, faces the Captain, salutes, recites his number, his badges of distinction, and his position of duty, wheels sharply, and marches off. So the whole crew are accounted for, the absent from sickness, duty, etc., being answered for by the master-at-arms from his book. And then is seen the beautiful toleration which ought to be, if it is not, our greatest pride. A bugle sounds, the hoarse cry of a bosun's mate follows, "Church party fall in" (this, of course, in harbour). Dissenters of all denominations parade on the quarter-deck for inspection by an officer as to their complete neatness, and are then dismissed into one of the biggest boats the ship possesses, for their journey ashore to their respective places of worship.

Hardly have they disappeared before the busy quarter-deck-men are arranging mess-benches and reading-desk on the quarter-deck for the Service of the day. Presently the ship's bell rings for Church, and a pointed flag (the Church pendant) is hoisted at the main yard arm. Then to the stirring tones of "Diademata" or a favourite hymn, the men march aft, taking up their places in orderly fashion, while four or five bandsmen, with instruments selected for the best accompaniment to Church music, station themselves in front of the reading-desk. All being ready, the Chaplain of the ship and the Captain appear. The service commences in the old, sweet way, the hundreds of rough voices, surprisingly modulated,

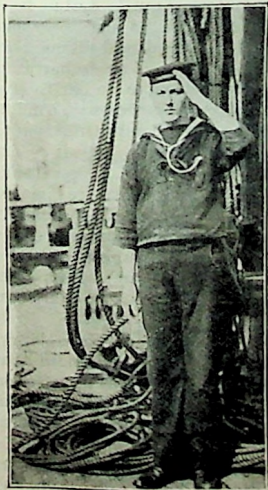


THE CHURCH PENDANT IS HOISTED.

are uplifted in splendid harmony of Venite, Te Deum, or Jubilate. Hymn-books are drawn upon for standard favourites, which the men sing in a way that makes one's eyes dim and voice break. Throughout the hallowed hour there comes continually the inspiring thought that all around the world, wherever these steadfast guardians of the Pax Britannica are to be found—and where are they not?—there also is the Lord our God being worshipped as in stately national fanes or tiny moss-grown village church at home—the same prayers, the same hymns, the same voices cry, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

Over the heads of the worshippers are stretched in striking contrast the far-reaching tubes of the 46-ton guns; but none think of them now, as they sing "The Son of God goes forth to war," for they recognise that the littleness of man is manifest under the Hand of the Most High. A short sermon from the Chaplain, the benediction and pause; and then the band strikes up a quick step, to the strains of which all the church furniture rapidly disappears, and in five minutes all hands are heartily engaged at dinner.

Except for the men stationed on absolutely necessary duty, there is no more work, nor is there another regular service at which all hands are expected to be present. But among the population of a battleship there are always many fervent souls who are glad to utilise all their opportunities for the worship of God, and these obtain cordial encouragement from those in authority. For instance, an informal but very well attended meeting for prayer and praise



A "FIRST-CLASS" BOY.

was held on board the *Mars* on Sunday afternoon on the lower deck, where the worshippers met on a platform of absolute equality for the quiet "season of refreshing," and no one of them felt the slightest inclination to abuse such a precious privilege. Farther down still in the dim recesses of the torpedo flats (dim only at ordinary times), another service was held, of a primitive character, to which all devout men, of whatever denomination, were welcome. It was truly touching to hear the sailors one by one lifting

their voices in unstudied phrase to the All-Father, or in unison, to the accompaniment of a small harmonium, singing their beloved songs of praise.

In like manner temperance meetings are held at other times, with not only the full cognizance of the authorities but their earnest appreciation, and the full result of this wise recognition of every agency that makes for righteousness is increasingly apparent in the amazing elevation of character and standard of usefulness throughout the Royal Navy.

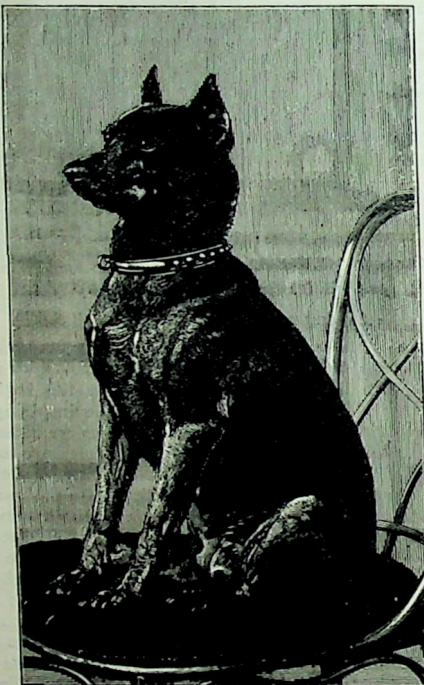
The Pet of the Convalescent Home.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

ALL children love a pet. But perhaps those who are ill and unable to play, are more dependent on a pet than the healthy and strong. At the Moseley Convalescent Home, of which I wrote a little account some time ago, there is a lovely black and tan terrier, who is a joy and delight to the youthful patients. Her name is Lulu. No child is the least afraid of Lulu. Every face brightens when Lulu comes near.

Here is a little chap who is too ill to bear much food as yet. He needs to be kept very quiet. But there is one friend whose visits do him nothing but good. When he hears Lulu's feet scampering over the floor his face brightens into a quiet, happy smile, and he brings from under his pillow some small scrap of food that has been kept for his beloved pet. She is very gentle, never makes a noise, and seems to know as much about the patients as if she were a doctor or a nurse.

Some of the children are able to be about and play. Of course Lulu scampers about with them. But she treats them with a sort of indifference; they are all very well in their way, she enjoys a romp with them as an interlude between the more serious duties of life. She seems to know that the children who are obliged to lie still, who cannot even rise up from their beds high enough to look over the side of the cot, who are too feeble to call "Lulu," "Lulu," as the stronger children do, are in special need of her affectionate attention. So she goes to them unbidden,



jumps up on their beds, gently as possible, and lets them stroke her sleek back and murmur words of affection in her ear.

The prettiest and most touching sight of all, perhaps, is to observe Lulu with a little blind girl.

This child hears Lulu's feet from afar. She loves her dearly; but she could have little or no knowledge of Lulu if the dumb animal did not, by some curious instinct, realize that to please the blind child she must come close to her. So she jumps on to her bed and *snoodles* her little black nose close up to the child's face. There the two lie, happy and content, until Lulu feels that, fond as she is of her blind friend, and pleasant as it is to be close to her, it is really time to be off to pay visits of ceremony, condolence, or congratulation to other patients.

One would expect that the little creature would get over-fed and to some degree spoiled amongst so many fond admirers, every one of whom would love to give Lulu part of his or her food. But it is not so. She is an elegant creature, as refined in appearance as she is in character, which is saying a great deal.

Many years since I stayed at the house of a clergyman in Derbyshire, who was fully convinced that animals will have a future life. He was very hot on the subject, and, I remember, rather bored me by constantly arguing the question. He was not content to let me keep my mind in a state of solution on the matter. Nothing short of making me a convert would satisfy him. I did not know Lulu then, and I have never been a great lover of dogs, so that I

did not much care whether his theory was right or wrong. But really some animals do seem so intelligent, affectionate, and reasonable, that it is hard to believe that they have no future state of existence.

I do not think there is anything against the theory in Scripture, though I cannot say that I find anything in its favour. There is, indeed, one text which seems to include the whole creation, animate and inanimate, in the effects of the Fall—I mean, of course, Romans viii. 22. If the whole creation "groans" under the effects of the Fall, must it not rejoice at the effects of Redemption?

However, I am wandering from the children's pet. I think it has for all of us a lesson. Lulu does what she can to lighten the lot and brighten the life of

her little friends. She runs and capers with those who can run and caper—that is to say, she "rejoices with them that do rejoice." She licks the hands, and shows in her own quiet way her love for those who have hardly any other pleasure than her company gives them—in other words, she "weeps with them that weep."

There are a good many people in this world who are far less useful, bring to sad lives far less joy, than the children's pet at the Convalescent Home, Moseley.

Long may to gladden of a success-friends, all are sure to her with

Lulu live the hearts sion of of whom remember affection.



A
NEW
SCHOOL
TABLE.

4 Feet make
2 Happy;
10 Fingers make
2 Happier;
2 Smiles make
2 Happiest;
and,
as we all know,
2 is Company,
3
is none.



II. GOD'S GIFT IN OUR HOMES.

IN order to maintain a high state of health, and happiness, and comfort in our homes we must put away all indolence, and take a positive instead of a negative interest in detail. It is the little things that make a sweet home, and *vice versa*. Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, said, "Trifles make perfection, yet perfection is no trifle." And very trifling may seem the things I write about this month.

For instance, whether we scrub our floors with clean water or foul may seem a very little matter. Yet one method leaves us in a "sweet" home, the other merely swamps and wets the boards: thus endangering health without removing dirt, in which lurk microbes and spores of all sorts. Pure water, and plenty of it, whether for drinking, ablution, or cleaning, is essential to the health of every household. We will take the operations in their sequence as above.

Nothing quenches thirst like water, yet within this sparkling liquid often lies deadly matter. Perhaps when most sparkling and bright it is most deadly. What are we to do, then, to purify it? Some people consider that filtering water makes it wholesome. It *partly* does so, when the filter is new, but great care must be taken to keep the charcoal clean and fresh. I have known filters used for weeks—aye, months—without any attention being paid to the filtering medium. Hence, water percolating through germ-encrusted charcoal has but gained in deadliness by its passage. Much easier and far more efficacious is a habit of *boiling* all drinking water. Filtration only removes vegetable matter. Boiling destroys animal life as well. Many people may object to the *tasteless* condition in which boiled water is left (children will never do so unless it is pointed out to them). If this be the case, pour the boiling water on to some slices of lemon, and a nice "ade" will result; or pour rapidly from one jug to another in order to aerate it again, or pour it on to a handful of oatmeal, adding a few drops of lemon essence, and you obtain a most nourishing, refreshing drink. In these days, too, boiled water, taken hot in sips, is a very favourite, reviving thing—it helps digestion, and quenches thirst far better than when allowed to get cold.

Children should early be discouraged from drinking water away from home. The fountains set up in public parks, etc., are used indiscriminately by clean and dirty alike. Water lying in a vessel quickly absorbs impurity, and water from a tank soon becomes stagnant and unwholesome. Children, of course, regard none of these things; water means "God's gift" to them wherever met with, and it needs mother's command to keep them from partaking of it to the danger of health.

A very simple and cheap chemical test can be applied to the

supply of water in our homes by any one doubting its purity. Take a cup of water and mix with it a few drops of weak sulphuric acid. Then add as many crystals of permanganate of potash as will make it of a bright purplish colour. Stand the cup aside for a few moments, covering its mouth with a bit of glass. If there be any impurity in the water, this beautiful purple will soon fade away, leaving the water colourless. If the colour continues, the liquid is free from organic decomposition. Some water contains an excess of lime and magnesia and iron. This makes it pleasant to taste. But a mother must then attend strictly to her children's digestion; constipation invariably accompanies its use.

Water, again, is often soft and lacks the essentials towards osseous deposit, as it is called. When drinking water is *very* soft, therefore, dentition is delayed and bones do not grow strong. A little homoeopathic "calcarium" supplies the missing ingredient, and should always be given.

Personal cleanliness is absolutely essential to keeping home sweet. The skin is a tissue of millions of little holes or pores, through which escapes impurity from the blood. We are told that a healthy, clean person throws off two pints of liquid daily through the sweat glands. If these be blocked by dirt there is no escape for surplus carbonic-acid gas, and many diseases ensue. It is not enough to wash our hands and faces. Every part of the skin perspires and needs cleansing. In small houses a fixed bath is often conspicuous by its absence. But water (generally) is plentiful and soap is cheap. In lieu of a large bath, I have known a cleanly friend to bathe in a *tin trunk*! and some such thing is always on hand. The wash-tub zinc pail will do at a pinch. Water to be really a cleansant must be fairly soft. If it is impossible to collect it from heaven or get it from a brook, add to it a few drops of liquid ammonia. This pungent aromatic spirit softens water at once, and turns a bath into a daily luxury. Or a handful of oatmeal tied up in a muslin bag, can be left soaking in our jug. It will have much the same effect. *Bran* water is soft water too, and in all cases of eczema should be used. It never irritates the most tender skin.

To thoroughly clean a house with hard water is an impossibility. To every bucket of it, then, when scrubbing, a few drops of ammonia should be added. Ammonia can be bought for 1s. 9d. a quart, and a quart lasts a very long time when carefully measured out. Used instead of *soda* it whitens in place of discolouring the boards of a floor. It is such a universal solvent that paint is rapidly cleaned with it without using a scrubbing brush. Windows can be kept bright with it, and a few drops sprinkled on newspaper remove fly blows, etc., from mirrors. In a future paper I will tell more of this wonderful household magician, and of what a labour saver he can be.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.
QUESTIONS.

WHERE, in Scripture, do we find the fruits of the earth—

1. Given, in mercy, by God to man;
2. Taken away from men in punishment for their sins;
3. Offered by man to God with acceptance;
4. Offered once, in like manner, but without acceptance;
5. Offered by man to man as a peace offering;
6. Refused, to their lawful owner, when undoubtedly due;
7. Sought for, in vain, by Christ Himself when on earth;
8. Promised, apparently in unexampled perfection, in the world to come?

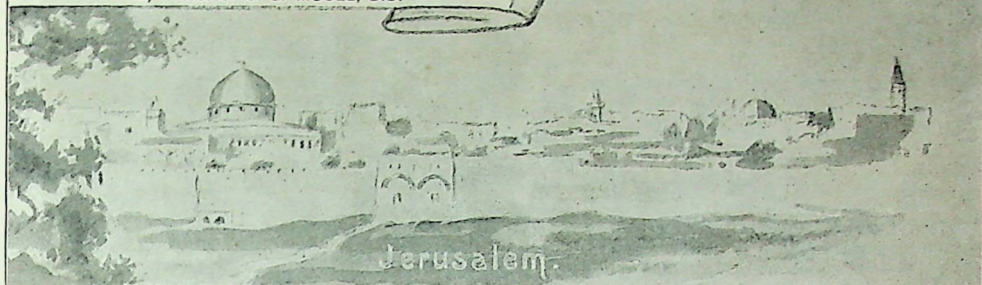
ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., 1899, p. 283).

1. Luke ii. 7, 24; Mark vi. 3; Luke ix. 58; John vi. 9 and Luke xxiv. 42; Luke viii. 3; Matt. xvii. 24-27.
2. (a) Job. ii. 16; Rom. ix. 5. (b) Luke ii. 11; Acts xiii. 23; Rom. i. 3.
3. Luke i. 35; John i. 14; 1 Tim. iii. 16.
4. Birth; born again; admission into a family not one's own.
5. 6. Jesus (Saviour); Christ (Anointed); Immanuel (God with us).
7. Isa. vii. 14; Mic. v. 2.
8. The shepherds; the wise men.

"Watch, Christian, Watch!"

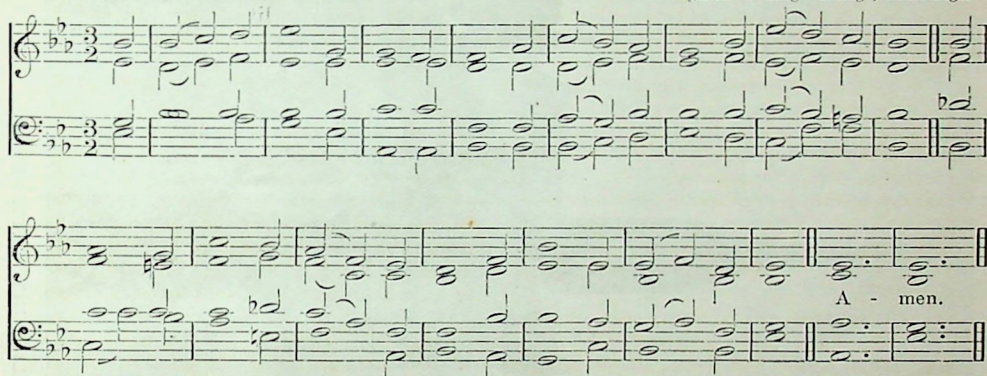
A Hymn for Lent.

By Professor C. G. MOULE, D.D.



TOBLERIA.

Music by DR. MANN,
Organist of King's College, Cambridge.



A VOICE, a call from glory, cries,
"Watch, Christian, watch—
at eve, at morn;
Lest open violence, or surprise,
Defeat thy soul forlorn."

But now—a better hope is mine;
Jesus, 'tis Thou, my life, my own;
Bid through the Word Thy Spirit
shine,
And show *Thyself* alone.

My Saviour, Master, it is Thou!
Thy voice awakes me to the strife;
Yes, let me watch—each passing now,
Each conscious pulse of life.

To see the glory of Thy Name,
Eternal Son for sinners given;
To embrace Thy cross for aye the same,
Thy Gift of Peace, of Heaven.

Yet—oh! can this unready will
At once, at every point, repel
The heart's own traitors, aided still
By energies of hell?

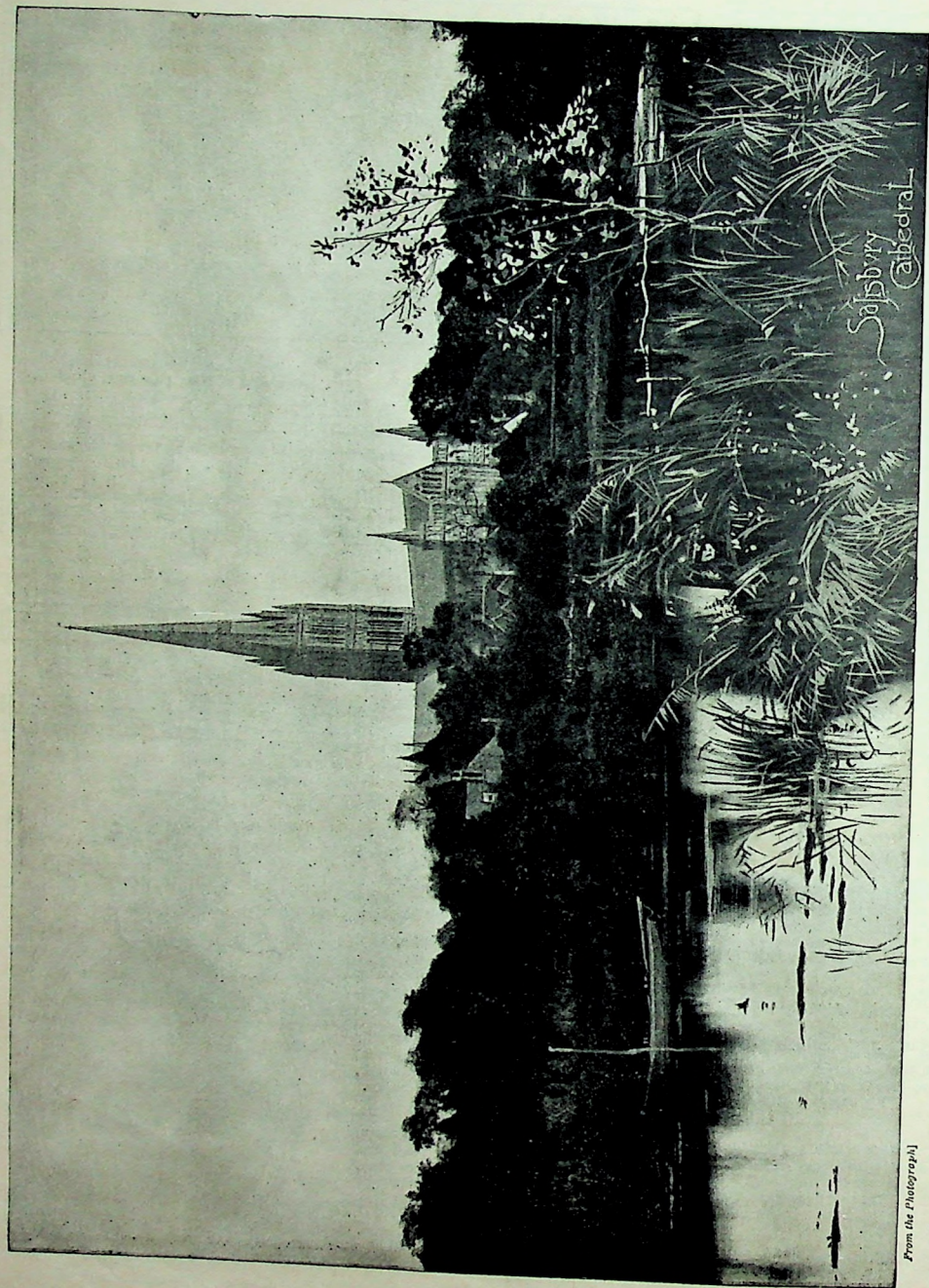
To welcome Thy great Light at length;
Thy Love unknown to trust and know;
This brings a tenderness and strength,
Nought else can give below.

A sinner's watch against his sin
I keep, with weary sighs, in vain;
In vain, on evil deep within
This anxious gaze I strain.

Then to my soul each anxious morn,
Each toiling noon, each wearied eve,
The sweet, the blissful thought be borne,
"Thou lovest—I believe."

Thus shall I learn a wakeful power
Within me felt, yet not of me;
Thus watch the foes of each new hour,
By watching unto Thee.





From the Photograph

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

By Firth & Co., Regatta.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER V.

A DISTRACTING DRIVE.



MRS. FORREST.

O WEN tried to lengthen the drive by going slowly; but against this the mare protested, and

he remembered too that Margot was in need of her tea.

Now and again he cast a furtive glance at the face by his side. Mrs. Handfast had described Margot as "a bright sort of girl, rosy, with dark eyes"; but instead of being rosy, her face was the colour of chalk, and not in the

least bright. The features were set, and her gaze was fixed resolutely in one direction, exactly between the mare's ears. She glanced neither to right nor to left.

Owen wondered. Was she vexed with him? Had he seriously annoyed her? Or did she simply look down upon him as not worth attention. He had no especial wish to talk, being by nature a silent man; but he wanted to do his duty, and the desire for a smile from her grew upon him. She had smiled on him twice, just for a moment each time, and he wanted her to do so again. Presently he ventured to say:—

"That's Barrow Hill, yonder."

Margot's lips trembled. She bit them and said nothing.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get your luggage. It's to be sent for later."

Tears poured in a rush. "Oh, why did you
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talk? Why won't you leave me alone?" cried Margot. "I thought I *could* manage not to cry any more."

Owen was confounded. "I'm sorry. I didn't know—"

Margot clenched her hands on her lap. "I won't cry—I won't—I won't," she said fiercely. "It's so silly. I'm *not* a cry-baby. It isn't my way. If I hadn't that—horrid—lump in my throat! But I won't—I won't—I won't—I won't," and the last word became a shriek of laughter.

The mare set her ears forward, and made a bound. "Take care, she's easy startled," remarked Owen in his deliberate fashion. "It don't take much to make her bolt."

Margot stuffed her handkerchief again between her teeth, and tugged at it furiously, with audible gasps. For the moment she conquered anew, put the wet rag down, clenched her hands, and stared straight ahead as before, with wide open eyes. How pretty she looked! Owen's head was being fast turned. The mare was excited, not being accustomed to hysterics behind her.

"You don't mind me talkin' a bit to Bess, do you?" asked Owen, with deep anxiety, for he found this particular specimen of womankind difficult to fathom. "If it don't disturb you, it keeps her quiet, you see. She's used to bein' talked to a bit. Whoa, old girl—so, so!—don't you flurry. Whoa, old girl,—whoa,—whoa a bit!—steady!—stead-ee!—stead-eee!"

Margot went off into a fresh convulsion. "O dear, O dear, you'll kill me," she gasped, and it dawned again upon Owen that he was affording infinite amusement. He grew once more fiercely hot, while Margot bent forward, every inch of her shaking like an aspen in a breeze. Owen had not the smallest doubt that she was in fits of laughter, and that he was the subject of her merriment. He sat still, enduring his misery as best he might, and vaguely wondering what he could have said that was so ridiculous, till she lifted herself up, and showed a face drenched in tears. All at once her manner altered.

"I'm sorry," she said gently, looking at him as she had done at first with a strange little smile, and the air of one making a confession

to an old friend. "I'm very sorry. It's so stupid of me—so silly. But it—does feel so horrible. I can't get over it."

Owen longed to say something, and did not dare. Nothing that he could think of seemed right for the occasion. He might make her cry again. Worse still, he might make her laugh at him again. She scanned his troubled face.

"Don't mind about me, please. I didn't mean to be unkind; I didn't, really. I didn't mean all I said. You mustn't mind." A tinge of colour came, and Owen was so fascinated as to be in danger of driving into the ditch. Margot bit her trembling lips.

"It's—I think it's the feeling—that I might have been the one—not *her*! I think it's that, you know. I was in that very seat—only a few minutes before. And she didn't feel well, and she asked me to let her have the seat. And I didn't want to do it. I liked that corner best, and I very nearly said 'No.' If I had, then I should be dead now, and she would be alive. I didn't know what it meant for us both, of course; but if I had said 'No'—"

Margot's face worked. Owen was very thankful that she had not said "No." Before he could re-

solve to assure her of this, she was off on a fresh tack. She had suddenly passed into a talkative mood.

"And the poor thing asked me to hold the boy for her. He's a nice little boy. I'm not so very fond of children generally—at least, not when they're troublesome. I've had to do with some little spoilt creatures lately, that I couldn't be fond of. But he's a dear good little boy. And it does seem, oh, so sad—that his mother should be dead."

She looked towards Owen, tears running down her cheeks.

"If I had been the one killed, it wouldn't have

mattered so much, perhaps. Nobody would have minded." Margot sighed. "O dear, *can't* you say something? I don't want to have time to think."

Owen made a desperate effort. "I'm sure somebody would have minded. I should have minded," he said, losing sight of facts.

"You!" Margot opened her eyes more widely than Owen would have thought possible, and then went off into convulsive laughing. "Why, how could you? You'd never seen me in your life!

You are the very drollest of men! O you are funny, funny, the funniest man I ever came across."

As before, the laughing ended in violent crying. Owen, in utter despair, left her to have her cry out. Whatever he might say was sure to be exactly the wrong thing. He had never had so low an opinion of himself as he had that hour. He almost made up his mind there and then never again to speak in the presence of Margot James.

While matters were thus, — Margot sobbing, and Owen glum, — they arrived at Sutton Farm.

Mrs. Handfast was on the look-out. She had heard of the accident on the line, and of one woman

being killed, — a woman with a child, so she knew that Margot was not the one. But Margot might be among the injured. It was a great relief to her motherly mind to see Owen driving up, with the girl by his side.

Margot's hysterical condition did not seem to surprise her at all. "Quite natural—after such a fright, poor dear!" she said, taking Margot into her large comforting embrace. "It'll be all right now. Don't you mind, Owen. I'll see to the child. And you can come again by-and-by,—or to-morrow. Yes, that'll be best. Not till to-morrow. I'm very much obliged to you for your help. I can't think how ever I should have managed,



"Margot opened her eyes more widely than Owen would have thought possible."—Page 62.

if it wasn't for you. Lavinia isn't downstairs yet. Now, now, my dear, you needn't cry so,—there's nothing to cry for."

"Is that man gone? He is the funniest,—"
were the last words which reached the ears of the retreating Owen.

CHAPTER VI.

IF OWEN MEANT TO MARRY.

FOR more than two hours Mrs. Forrest had been seated at the window, watching for her son. He had told her that a small business called him away, but that he would be back by a few minutes after four, at the latest. Punctually as the clock struck four Mrs. Forrest set herself at the front window.

It never occurred to her to do as Mrs. Handfast would have done in a like case—to go round and see for herself that the men in the hayfield were hard at work. Perhaps it was as well that she did not. A cheery word from Mrs. Handfast, always kindly and always popular among the farm people, would make the men toil harder any day. A discontented grumble from Mrs. Forrest, always fretting and always unpopular, might have had an exactly opposite effect.

But if she did not act, she was sure to talk. That possibility never failed her. During over two hours, from four o'clock until past six, her tongue had given herself and Lily no rest.

"He didn't tell me what it was he'd got to see after; nor you neither." This for about the fifteenth time. "Well, I don't hold for my part with bein' so mysterious. I never was a mysterious sort, nor I don't like it. It's your father he takes after, not me. I don't mind who knows when I've got a thing to do. I'm not ashamed of it. That's Owen's sort, 't isn't mine—always keepin' his notions to himself, and never tellin' nothin'. You're sure he didn't tell you, Lil, what it was he'd got to see after?"

"No, mother."

"Nor you didn't ask him?"

"No, mother."

"It wasn't as he was goin' to Sutton Farm?"

"He didn't say so." Lily wondered whether this chance shot might have hit the mark. Had Owen come to a clear conclusion with himself as to Lavinia?—and was he about to speak out? Lily thought this not unlikely. She had long believed that her brother was attached to Lavinia, whom he had known from her childhood. Anybody less slow and cautious than



"Margot's hysterical condition did not seem to surprise her."—Page 52.

Owen would have spoken out much earlier.

"And if he asks her she'll have him," thought Lily. "She's dreadfully fond of Owen, I know. She thinks there's nobody in all the world like him. And I like Lavinia, too. I'd rather have Lavinia for a sister than anybody else I know."

"There's somebody or other a-comin'. Look sharp, Lily. I can't see. My sight's gettin' that bad, I shan't see nothin' soon. What a lot o' troubles there is in life. Who is it that's comin'?"

Lily came nearer to the window. "It's not Owen anyway. It's a woman," she said. And presently, as the figure drew nearer—"I believe it's Mrs. Pyke."

Mrs. Pyke and her son were new arrivals in the village, and the neighbourhood was still in doubt whether to approve of the pair or not.

"She isn't *my* sort," declared Mrs. Forrest, who was wont to make up her mind quickly, and to stick to what she had said.

"I don't think I mind her much. I like her better than her son, anyway."

"He isn't *my* sort neither. What's the woman comin' here for?"

"I don't know, mother."

The woman in question advanced straight to the window where Mrs. Forrest sat, planting herself on the little border outside, and resting her arms on the window-ledge. "Good-day," said she in a rather shrill voice. "I thought you'd maybe feel anxious, so I'm come to tell you."

"Whatever should I be anxious about?" demanded Mrs. Forrest, too much disgusted with the other's coolness to take alarm easily. But Lily at once exclaimed:—

"What's the matter? Not Owen?"

"It's nothing wrong with your brother. But there's been an accident on the line. Train run into something or other, and a reg'lar smash, and one or two folks killed outright. And my Fred he says to me, 'You go an' tell them Ash Farm people,' says he, 'for Mr. Forrest was on his way to the station to meet that very train: an' if they're expecting somebody to come,' says he, 'they'll be all in a worry about 'em.' That's what Fred says to me. Fred's got a kind heart of his own, though you mayn't think it." This doubtless was in reference to the fact that Mrs. Forrest had turned a persistently cold shoulder to Fred Pyke and his mother since their arrival at South Ashton. "So I've come to tell you. And there's nobody killed but a woman with a child. I'm not sure if the child's killed too. Anyway, there's nobody else killed, so you needn't be in a fright."

"I'm not in a fright. Whatever should I be in a fright for?" demanded Mrs. Forrest. "I've got troubles enough an' to spare, without that. I'm not expectin' nobody by train, and my son's not gone to the station to meet nobody neither. He's got a lot too much to do. It's somebody else your son must ha' meant."

"Now that's odd, isn't it? But Fred was sure. He didn't speak of it doubtful-like. He saw your son there at the station; and his dog-cart was waiting outside. I know it, 'cause Fred does admire your mare. Fred made sure as it was somebody coming to stop here, and he thought you'd be frightened."

"There isn't any one comin' to stop. So there!" Mrs. Forrest's manner was combative.

"I shouldn't wonder if Owen heard of the accident, and went to see if he could be a help," suggested Lily.

Mrs. Pyke shook her head.

"No, 'twasn't that neither. Your brother was there, on the platform, waitin' for the train. He was there when they heard o' the accident."

"It's nothin' o' the sort," said Mrs. Forrest tartly.

Her manner hardly invited a prolongation of Mrs. Pyke's presence. Mrs. Pyke seemed to feel this. She straightened herself slowly, removing her arms from the sill.

"Well, anyway I come with the best intentions, an' I don't see for my part why ever you should cut up so short. I thought you'd maybe like to know. Your son isn't back yet, I s'pose? No, I thought not. Fred saw him after driving straight for Sutton Farm, with a young woman by his side. An' we s'posed as she was the one you was expecting to arrive. We s'posed as they'd got to go round by Sutton Farm to leave something. No, it wasn't Miss Lavinia Handfast that he'd got by him. Your son's uncommon fond of going to Sutton Farm. I shouldn't wonder if we was soon to hear of some'thin' in that direction. Looks uncommon like!"

Then Mrs. Pyke took herself off: and Mrs. Forrest panted forth, "You hear, Lil; that's what he was after."

"Yes, mother. I don't see that it matters what Mrs. Pyke says. Owen's old enough to choose for himself."

"She says he was at the station. He'd gone to meet somebody. An' he didn't tell us. He didn't tell you nor me. An' a young woman!—somebody as we don't know. O deary me, what a world o' trouble it is. If it isn't one thing, it's another. I'm sick o' life, for my part. I wish I was out of it."



This had long been a favourite utterance of Mrs. Forrest; but when she fell ill she was the last to wish to "get out of" her trials in that fashion.

"She says Owen was at the station,—an' not a word from him to say he was goin'. And

"You go and tell those Ash Farm people," says he."—Page 54.

a young woman—as nobody knows nothin' about! What a peck o' troubles I've got to put up with!"

"Mother, if I was you I'd scorn to listen to Mrs. Pyke's gossip."

"But she said she knowed. She said her son saw him. And some-thin' to come about — with Sutton Farm. It's Lavinia she means. Owen's always been fond of Lavinia."

"Yes he has, mother. And you and I too—we're fond of Lavinia. You'd like her better than anybody for Owen's wife. I know you would."

"Maybe I should. Better than anybody. That isn't sayin' much. It'll mean leaving the old home. Bein' turned out o' this, an' nowhere to go to. And whatever in the world 'll become of us I don't know."

Mrs. Forrest's voice was reaching the uttermost stage of lugubriousness.

"Things can't go on always the same. There has to be changes," urged Lily.

"It don't matter to you—you're young. It'll pretty near kill me to have to turn out!"

"We don't know yet that it's going to be. Owen don't say so. I wouldn't care for other folk's gossip," repeated Lily.

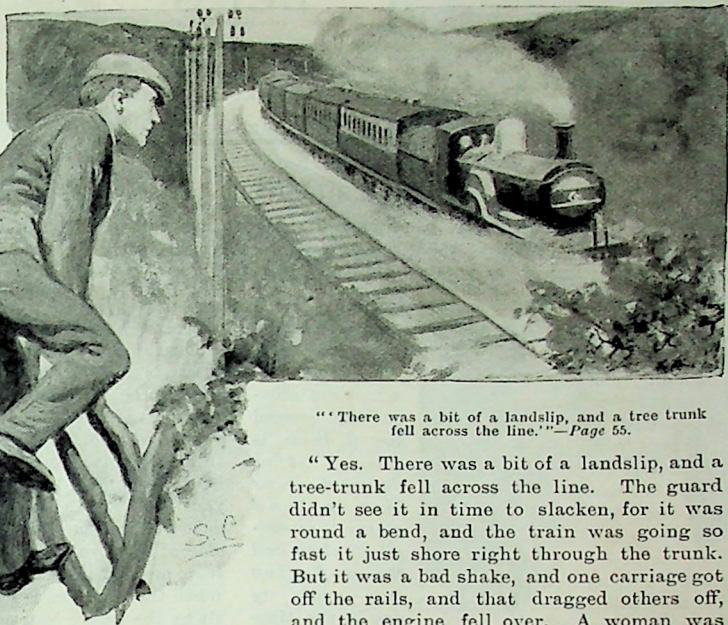
Then Owen was seen coming towards the front door. He had taken his trap to the yard. When he caught sight of his mother he came outside the window, as Mrs. Pyke had done.

"Well, mother."

"Whatever did you go to the station for?" she asked petulantly. "You'd ought to have been in the field looking after the men."

Owen's eyes went to Lily, as if for explanation.

"Mrs. Pyke has been round here. She says Fred Pyke saw you; and she says there's been an accident."



"There was a bit of a landslip, and a tree trunk fell across the line."—Page 55.

"Yes. There was a bit of a landslip, and a tree-trunk fell across the line. The guard didn't see it in time to slacken, for it was round a bend, and the train was going so fast it just shore right through the trunk. But it was a bad shake, and one carriage got off the rails, and that dragged others off, and the engine fell over. A woman was hurt so badly she died in less than an hour, and several others were hurt."

"Did you go to the station because you heard of it?"

"No; I went before." Owen wished now that he had made no secret of his intentions. "Mrs. Handfast didn't know who to send to meet her niece that she was expecting, and I said I would."

"The Handfasts has got men enough of their own. They've got no call to be comin' to us to do their work for 'em," grumbled Mrs. Forrest.

"Mrs. Handfast didn't know I went on purpose. She wouldn't have let me if she'd thought that." Owen looked worried, Lily thought. "I must go now and see how the men have got on."

"They won't have done just nothin', that's sure. You'd ought to have been with them all day, if you'd wanted to have the hay in. It's blowin' up for rain now, and I don't believe they'll scarce have done nothin' at all. An' we've had losses enough, I'm sure, without no more."

Lily saw that not a word said by Mrs. Forrest reached Owen's understanding. He stood in the attitude of one whose thoughts are far away.

"Well, I must go and see," he muttered, and moved off.

"Has he asked Lavinia, and has she said she won't have him?" was the only explanation which occurred to Lily.

(To be continued.)



LENT

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to me, saith One, and coming
Be at rest."



A Voice from the Cross.

BY THE LATE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS,"
"THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.



A VOICE which comes to me from the Cross, to which are affixed the pierced feet of Jesus, is this — "*Let us do what in us lies to tend others — especially the lone and the suffering ones — while we can*"; the time

may come when we cannot, but must stand helplessly by. Our Lord Himself says, "The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always."

No ointment could be poured on His feet when on the Cross—the time had passed for that; they who would have anointed those feet with their life-blood if they could, can now do no more.

But even as regards earthly love and its tender ministration, the Cross condescends to teach this lesson. It says, "Show love while thou canst. What thou hast opportunities in abundance to do to-day, thou mayest soon be debarred from doing for ever." Even in such little things as these, what bitter thoughts may we lay up for ourselves. Slowly and painfully we saw some dear one drag one leg after the other; a long day's journey now from the bed to the sofa, and from the sofa to the bed again. How glad we should now be to walk miles with him; but we recall the time when we refused to go here or there at his request to gratify him. With eyes half closed some dear one lies the livelong day, and when they are opened it is wearily and languidly, to be closed again without having taken any notice; and we sit by the bedside and think how we refused, at some time or other, to show him something, or to gladden that eye with a cheerful look or smile. Perhaps, even in the matter of the day's food we cared but little to make it palatable; and now we lay dainties beside the sick one's couch: but it is too late, they are untasted—even untouched; the

time for being able to minister has passed. Its season was in daily life; but we knew not the time, and now it has slipped away beyond our reach.

The Cross, in its graciousness of teaching, condescends even to these things, and says, "In common life-love let it not be so." I would echo the voice of the Cross. I would say, Lay up for yourselves, so far as it may be done in and by things of this life, strong consolations by a life-long ministry of love. Be sowing seed every day you live, which shall sprout, and ear, and be garnered by the bedside, by the coffin and graveside, of those you love. Those who sow thus shall reap memories; and memories shall do wonders when the time comes for them to act. They will sit by the lonely hearth and people it; they will come into the desolate heart and sing in it; they will command the desert to blossom as the rose, and turn the dry ground into water springs. Fresh herbage carpets the roadside of the one who has yet many milestones to pass alone; and however dusty and hard his daily walk, he may turn aside and journey onwards amid the freshness of the dew of herbs; every loving word and deed in the past is like a grass blade—each one distinct—all offering themselves as a velvet pile to his tender feet. If to dwell in unity be like the dew of heaven—like what dew, in its sparkling and refreshing, must it be to have dwelt amid perfect and unwearied ministries of love!

But enough of ourselves; we must turn back again to Christ. The special voice of teaching from the Cross bids us "tend His pierced feet while we can."

And He Himself has told us how this may be done. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Let us picture to ourselves what our feelings would be if we were now to see the feet of Jesus nailed to the Cross. As we stood by Him and looked up into that pain-stricken yet patient Face, we should say, "What can I do for the One hanging there for me?" We should say, "What could I ever have done which I have left undone?" We should question ourselves, and no doubt condemn ourselves too.

But we are more favourably circumstanced than this. No doubt we have much to condemn ourselves for: for we have left undone that which we should have done: but as yet there is time to do. Yes, we may, as it were, give comfort to the One upon the Cross; we may spend upon Him, we may tend Him. Let us do so while we can. The day will certainly come when we can do so no more; not because Jesus' feet are wounded afresh, but because we shall have passed out of the sphere in which it is appointed that such things may be done. We believe that there will be plenty of glorious service in the life to come; but we believe that all such as is connected with fellowship in Christ's sufferings must cease.

Much of present service is of this character; if we would perform such ministrations of love, we must do so now.

No doubt the so doing will bring its own peculiar reward. That reward will probably connect itself with the sweetness of memory's retrospects. We need no vivid imagination to picture it to ourselves. Just think for a moment of looking at those feet in glory with the marks, the ineffable marks of the nails in them; and of being able to hold sweet talk within ourselves about what we did for them and to them. The time will have passed for all such sayings as "When saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee; sick, or in prison, and visited Thee?" We shall know all about that; it will be explained to us how it was,

and we (knowing then the connection between Jesus and His people) shall understand it. And we shall feel, "O how sweet to think that I did not neglect those precious feet once pierced for me; that I eased them, that I honoured them, that I anointed, washed, wiped them; that once I rested them, and ever, dust-covered as they were, honoured them!"

Would it not be heaven just to go about saying that to ourselves? And oh, how much more a heaven to hear Jesus saying it to us; and, perhaps, to meet with others, now this one and now that, and to hear from them what they did, and to tell them what we did!

"Stay!" perhaps the reader says; "this will foster pride. Did not the accepted ones say, shamefacedly, that they had done nothing at all?" Ah, yes; but as we have said, the time for this has passed; they believe what Jesus spake, when He said how they had done it to His very self; they have no false modesty any more than foolish pride; all things are now seen in their real light, and they shall know the full value of what they did, and rejoice in it, and perhaps hold sweet communion with each other about it.

With the close of this life, and our passage from this scene of sorrow, ends the opportunity for all this. Let us lay up, then, for ourselves this treasure in heaven—sweet memories, ever to be renewed at the sight of the One who was pierced for us.

[Since this paper was in type, the beloved and venerated writer—"a holy and humble man of heart"—has been called "Home." He "walked with God," in simple loving trust and faith; and those who "knew him best, loved him most." The gifted Author of "The Oiled Feather" will not soon be forgotten.—THE EDITOR.]

QUESTIONS FOR LENT.

BY THE VERY REV. D. HOWELL, B.D., DEAN OF ST. DAVID'S.

THERE are questions, of a personal and searching character, which we shall do well to apply to ourselves at this Lenten season. Self-ignorance is not the least of the dangers of professors of religion. The temptation is to take for granted that we are what we profess to be. An eminent minister once said—"Is there any hope for people who take their forgiveness for granted?" Not without a deep meaning did our Lord close His Sermon on the Mount with the parable of the two builders. We shall, therefore, do well to look at ourselves in the mirror of our Lord's life and teaching. Is it my meat and drink to do the will of God? Do I cultivate the consciousness of the presence of God? Am I self-seeking, self-pleasing, and self-trusting, abhorrent to me? Am I poor in spirit and lowly in heart? Can I with sincerity say—

"Make me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone?"

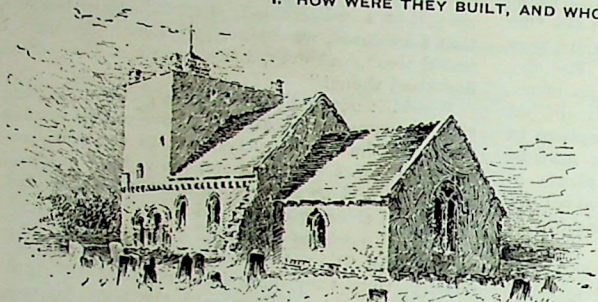
Are my bodily senses, powers, appetites, sanctified and controlled? Do I seek grace more for God than for myself—preferring the *Giver* to the gift? Do I ever take that glory to myself which belongs to God? Do I crucify *self* as well as sin? Do I deal more leniently with my own faults than with the faults of others? Am I unselfish in the home God has given me? Do those that know me best take knowledge of me that I am increasingly Christ-like in temper, disposition, and character? Is it my constant cry—"O God! fill me with Thy Holy Spirit"?

Some such simple, practical questions as these will help us to arrive at such a knowledge of ourselves as to lead us to Him, "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." So shall the end of this Lenten season find us better fitted for whatever may await us—"growing in grace"—and in meetness for His service.

Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON.

I. HOW WERE THEY BUILT, AND WHO BUILT THEM?



ANCROFT CHURCH, NORTHUMBERLAND.

It is always delightful to look upon an old church and trace its history back to the days when it was first built, especially if it should happen to be our own parish church, either in town or country.

Though old and grey and weather-scarred now, we know there was a time when grass grew on the site, and it was a matter of moment for the founder to decide exactly where it should be built, and in which direction it should be staked out. And, simple as this little preliminary business seems to us, it was fraught with decisions that puzzle our most learned antiquaries at the present day. It used to be taken for granted that churches were always placed to face the east exactly, in recognition of the fact that the Holy Land, the scene of our Lord's life and death, was in that direction; but very careful examination of a great number has disclosed the fact that much more frequently they incline a little to the north or south of the aspect that is due east, and clever antiquaries set themselves to discover the reason of this deviation.

They have brought forward various attempts at explanation. Some say perhaps the sun rose at that particular point on the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated; another authority suggests that perhaps there was some old rule among these long-ago builders to face the rising sun on the morning they began their task, irrespective of the exact position of the east, and hazards the suggestion that this custom may have been a survival from old sun-worshipping times. Then, again, it has been observed in some old churches that the chancel is not in a precise line with the nave (or body of the church); and, once more, antiquaries can come to no very certain conclusion as to the cause of this departure. One has suggested that it was to avoid some ancient grave or other obstacle, or perhaps to include it within the walls of the building, that the exact line of direction has not been kept; another remarks that it may have been given purposely to perpetuate the idea of the drooping of the head of our Lord

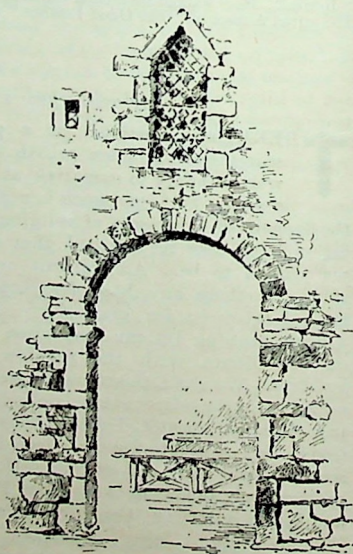
when on the cross; and others take up the same explanation as that applied to the direction of the main building.

Be that as it may, the settlement of the position of the building was followed by the digging of the necessary trenches for the foundations of the walls. We can picture the labourers at work in the trenches, till the skilful masons came and lowered the foundation stones into the wide and deep cuttings. Then we can follow the gradual raising of the strong walls, with spaces left in them for doors and windows—that the art of the carver was to make beautiful according to the taste of the

day. We can fancy we see the clever masons, too, not one of whom, probably, could write his name, or possessed a surname, chipping, smoothing, shaping and placing the stones; the carpenters raising and making safe the mighty beams; the stalwart smiths hammering out the iron work; the active plumbers rolling out the leadwork on the roofs.

There was a time when there was no glass to put into the windows, for one of the useful things the good King Alfred did was to invent lanterns, which, an old chronicler who lived in his time tells us, he did because the wind came in at the windows by day and by night and blew the candles out. The first church to have glass, another early chronicler has told us, was Jarrow Church, near Gateshead-on-Tyne, and the founder, Benedict Biscop, sent to Gaul for glassworkers to glaze it.

It must be understood that all old churches are not of one date. Some were founded in Saxon times; others by the Normans; more in the days of the Plan-

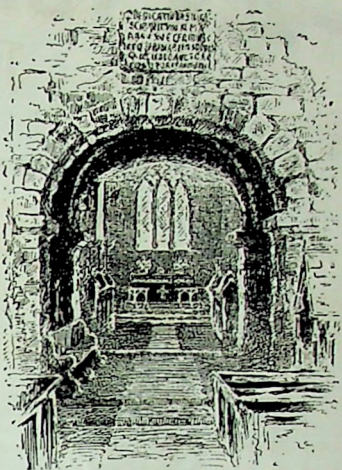


LONG AND SHORT WORK.

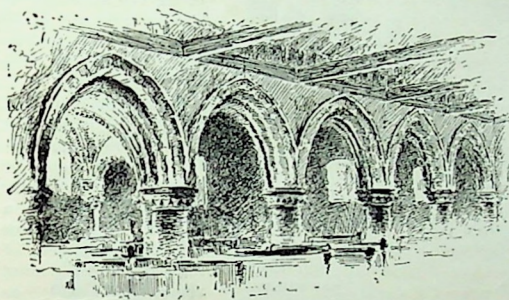
tagenets; and some not till the Tudors were reigning. It is most interesting to make out from examination in which period any particular church was erected.

We may know the work of Saxon masons by the way they placed their stones at the angles of their buildings. They took a long stone and stood it on end; and then they took another and laid it longways, part of it resting on the upright, and the remainder running into the rougher stonework of the rest of the walling. They then raised another upright one on these, and placed another one longways on that. In this way they went on, placing them longways and shortways alternately, till they attained the height they required. This is called "long and short" work. In some cases they used narrow pilasters at intervals with curious effect. They also had a way of laying their stones called herring-bone work, in which one row slanted in one direction and that above it in the opposite one.

The Norman masons did neither of these things. All their stones were about the same size, easy for a



ST. PAUL'S, JARROW.



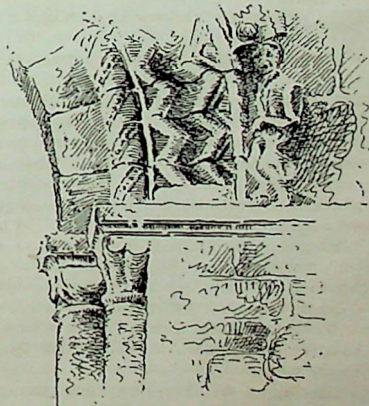
NORMAN AND POINTED ARCHES, ALDINGBOURNE.

man to lift, and they were laid in even rows; and their arches, doors, and windows, were very frequently handsomely carved with various kinds of ornament.

Masons in the days of the Plantagenets left off using the semi-circular curves of the Norman and Saxon builders and discontinued their zigzag and other carvings, and made pointed arches for the arcades opening into their aisles, and windows and door-heads. In the course of a century these pointed arches, which at first were plain, were made more ornamental (Decorated is the word by which they are known); and eventually, when the Tudor succession was established, masons took four centres to make a particular low-shouldered arch, and their style of work became what we now call Perpendicular.

Thus, on looking at a church where there are fragments of long and short work, or of herring-bone work, we may be sure it was originally built in the far-off days of the Saxons, however much it may have been altered or enlarged; and when we see a semi-circular-headed doorway or window, or a pillar

with zig-zag and lozenge and similar ornament incised on it, we may know it was the work of a Norman mason. Again, if we find tall plain narrow lancet lights, so called because they are of the same form as lancets, or doorways with pointed arches of recessed mouldings, we may assign them to the period called Early English; or if we see pointed arches much enriched with ornamental work, we may take it for granted they were wrought and placed in the fourteenth century, and are Decorated work; or should we come upon low-shouldered arches in the midst of a marvel of ornamentation, we may know them as the work of masons in the fifteenth century.



NORMAN ZIG-ZAG, AT BURPHAM.

OTHER FOLKS PARISHES



THE VALUE OF VISITING CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED.

III. IN MEAN STREETS.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY, AUTHOR OF "A MAN AND A BROTHER," ETC.



IS it possible to contain a hundred gallons of water in a pint pot? In some thousand words I have undertaken to give some idea of what a "mean street" parish is like, and it has just dawned upon me that the feat is as impossible as the pint pot problem. Still, let me do the best I can with the small measure.

Some of us may be inclined to thank God that we never could be as the London larrikin; but if we lived where he lives, slept in the sordid, repulsive tenement where he sleeps, woke to his spell of monotonous labour, it is, at least, questionable if we should be better or nobler than he. All good habits and good thoughts seem to have been crushed out, just as the grass has long disappeared from Bethnal Green. There are now mean streets where there were country lanes, and mean streets too often breed mean men and mean women.

Some time ago a well-known author attempted in a story to describe a "mean street" parish. Women, unworthy of the name, indulged in furious street fights, egged on by brutal husbands; children were

Old habits and old companions do not easily loose their victim. In overcrowded rooms, where human beings huddle more closely than the lower animals, it is impossible to obtain quiet or solitude."

A short time ago, when street ruffianism was very common, the London police admitted that the temptation to crimes of violence cannot be removed without the destruction of houses no longer fit to be homes. Our first thought, then, is to better the surroundings of "hooligan" or "larrikin," when once his heart has been touched.

Who can calculate what street preaching has done? "I was speaking one Sunday night," a city missionary told me, "when two men came up, one carrying a large black bag; but at the time I knew nothing about them. Some days after I was stopped by one of these men, who called after me: 'I want to give you something.' 'What is it?' I asked; 'anything good?' 'No, not very. A few things I have got.' Presently he showed me a large bag of burglar's implements. 'Why do you want to give me these? Are the police on your track?' 'No, sir, I am a changed

brought up to a dishonest living almost from babyhood — the very air seemed to reek of intoxicating spirits. We asked a London clergyman, who was familiar with the exact district, whether such terrible scenes were not overdrawn. He read the book, and his comment was brief enough: "This is horrible; but, alas, it is true!"

Yet it was not all the truth. My friend was too self-forgetting to add that he, and others like him, were patiently and perseveringly labouring to bring the sunshine of God's love to those who sit in darkness. How bravely is this being done!

Another devoted clergyman, in telling me of some of his difficulties, added that he thought it was nearly impossible to live a Christian life in some of the "mean streets" of his parish. "We must remove," he said, "as soon as possible, those who are influenced for good from their hideous surroundings.

man. I have chucked the whole game, and here are my tools, as nice a lot as ever man got together. I shall never want them again. If I bury them, I shall know where they are, and can dig them up; but if I give them to you I know they will be all right.' So I have them all in my possession—skeleton keys, brace and bits, jemmy and crowbar."

"In one street in my parish," Mr Watts-Ditchfield writes "when it was first visited, teeming as it was with human life, only three people were found who even occasionally entered a place of worship." To what does he attribute this sad fact? Briefly, to drink—there are over 20,000 public-houses in the Metropolis—to overcrowding, to gambling, and to

crime. "There are," he says, "a million people in darkest London living in families whose average income from all sources does not amount to a pound a week."

A Chinaman is reported to have said on one occasion: "We want men with hot hearts to talk to us." How such a man may succeed in winning even "mean streets" for God may be illustrated by the number of coins put into the offertory bags at a collection in a Bethnal Green church: Four half-crowns, three florins, six shillings, fifty-three sixpences, twenty-two threepences, one thousand and sixteen pence, four hundred and ninety-one halfpence, and ten farthings—total £7 19s. 4d.!



OPEN AIR
PREACHING IN
"MEAN STREETS."

My Voyage up Country.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" ETC.
WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. TWIDLE.

THE *Fairy Queen* was by no means an uncomfortable vessel as ships go, but like many another young and foolish sailorman, I suddenly made up my mind, while she lay alongside the railway pier at Bluff Harbour, New Zealand, to run away from her and try for work up country. It is the peculiar prerogative of sailors to be careless and without foresight, the exceptions to this rule being very rare; and therefore I had only to mention my idea to my chum, Bill Sherman, a London lad about my own age (nineteen), to find in him an enthusiastic fellow-deserter. Neither of us owned a chest, nor were we over-burdened with a supply of dunnage, so that when our bags were packed with all that was useful to us they did not bulk largely.

Now my idea was to keep a vigilant eye on our watchman, who was very partial to a cosy corner in the galley after all hands were soundly asleep, and as soon as he was safe, to pass the bags overside and conceal them somewhere while we fossicked around for the best way of weathering any too-vigilant policeman.

Everything favoured us: a dark night, half a gale of wind blowing, and right abreast of the ship an empty railway truck stood invitingly all alone. Without a thought, except that it was a good place to hide our bags for the present, I took them from Bill and pitched them into the said truck, whispering up to him that I would get into the truck and wait while he filled his pockets with such odds and ends of food as were comestable. Then clambering aboard of my novel craft I sat down on my belongings and waited his arrival.

Suddenly I felt her move, and at the same moment Bill's head appeared over the edge.

He dropped alongside me shaking with suppressed laughter, and whispered to me that, acting upon impulse, he had lifted the brake, to see if she would move. She did move, so suddenly that he had only just time to get aboard: and here we were, flying off through the night before a wholesail breeze, with the prospect before us of getting so much way on her that when she did come butt up against something, as she was bound to do sooner or later, she would probably collapse

like a concertina, and effectually conceal her passengers among the wreckage.

Still, the main fact for our consideration now was that we were moving at such a gait that, bar accidents, we should soon be well beyond the reach of effectual pursuit. And the motion was so smooth, the air so exhilarating, our sensations so novel, that our spirits rose higher and higher as our craft put on more and more speed, until we were fain to shout and sing like two first-class lunatics. Oh, but it was a great experience. She flew round the town, which lay in utter silence and darkness, just an occasional glimmer of a kerosene lamp flickering upon the gloom as



"An empty railway truck stood invitingly all alone."—Page 62.

we sped past, away like a hunted thing into the open country, with its long unfamiliar scent of loam, of hay, and of green things; and a strange sense of something lacking in the absence of all the briny odours of the sea-shore.

We quieted down as these subtle breaths of Mother Earth brought back to us many memories of days spent questing among English hedgerows and coppices, of ravishing great armfuls of may-blossom and honeysuckle; and there was a queer little tremor in Bill's voice as he asked me for a light. Then, with pipes aglow, we lay back with a feeling of great content, and the future troubling us absolutely not at all.

Still we flew on at increasing speed, until Bill, peering over the side, said, "Say, ole man, she's goin' 'bout a mile a minnit, I sh'd think." I had a look and replied, "All I hope is she won't hit nothin'. If she does there won't be 'nough left on us t' know us by." "Oh, what matter," murmured Bill drowsily. "We wanted to go up country, didn't we? This soots me right down t' the ground. I feel a reglar farmer a'ready. Don't the mould smell good, hay?" And with that he composed himself to sleep, and I, lulled by the monotonous rumble of our wagon wheels, followed suit. But even in my dreams I was wondering how it was that we could have found the line so clear for such a distance as we had undoubtedly come. And then all was blank until we both started into wide-awake consciousness. Our voyage was ended. The truck had stopped.

"All change!" shouted Bill gleefully; but his voice reverberated hollowly among the thick-spreading branches of a forest that grew closely up to both sides of the railway line. Nevertheless, he grabbed his bag, and, tumbling over the side of the truck, disappeared from my sight. "Go slow, whatever you do," I shouted. "It's as dark as the coast of nowhere, an' fust thing y' know, you'll be fallin' down some prespice or other an' breaking half a dozen legs."

Thus admonished, my chum crawled cautiously along the track, lifting his feet high to avoid the prominent sleepers. I followed him painfully, wondering intensely what our next move would be, and recalling all the yarns I had ever heard of being lost in the bush. I forgot entirely for the moment that it would be quite impossible for us to lose ourselves with such a landmark as the railway line to fall back on; but the eerie quiet of the night, and the queer wailing of the wind over the topmost branches of those closely-packed trees, made any fancies excusable. One thing, I remember, comforted me greatly; there were no wild beasts or venomous snakes in this favoured country, and it is astonishing what a real sense of security that knowledge gave.

Suddenly Bill pulled up and said, "I'm an easy man to satisfy, an' I guess I've had all I want of this 'ere country walk. So 'eres off to starboard; I b'lieve I saw a light a twinklin' among the trees."

He had hardly spoken before I too saw the gleam of light, apparently through a window, at some distance to the right of us; and feeling quite jubilant at the discovery, I stepped off the track at right angles in order to make for it. Unhappily, I reached vacancy where I had expected solid earth, and the next instant Bill (who had followed my lead) and myself were rolling over

and over our bags and each other down a slope almost as steep as the side of a house, and tearing up all sorts of botanical developments, such as fern roots, thistles, etc., in the frantic attempts we made to stop ourselves.

In a much entangled heap we reached bottom at last and lay for a while stupidly endeavouring to realize what strange thing had befallen us.

When at last we regained our mental equilibrium and struggled to our feet, we found that, with the exception of a luxuriant outcrop of scratches and bruises, no damage had been done. So pulling ourselves together, we set off through the dense undergrowth in the direction of (as we supposed) the light. For several minutes we fought and struggled steadfastly onward with all the uncertainty attaching to our progress that belongs to walking in thick darkness through primeval forest. Occasionally we would step upon a mound of rotting leaves, and slide thence down into quite a pit of mould and fibres and crawling things. It was hard work, and we got very warm, until, without a word of warning, we both plunged headlong out of a dense mass of fern into a brook of icy cold water, bags and all.

With a vast amount of splashing and ejection of weeds, we struggled out upon the farther side, the stream being nowhere more than a couple of feet deep.

I have no doubt we should have discussed our misfortunes at some length, but just then we caught sight of our friendly light close before us, and almost immediately our ears were assailed by



"Say, ole man, she's goin' 'bout a mile a minnit."—Page 63.



"In a much entangled heap we reached bottom at last."—Page 63.

the agonised barking of a dog, who seemed to be trying to atone by his energy now for remissness in not having reported our approach sooner. Undaunted by his noise, we made towards the window, hardly pausing to smear off the mud and weeds that clung to us, although I heard Bill mutter:—"This sorter thing's bad fer my complaint; ef it's usual I don't know as I sh'll trouble this country much." Although I quite agreed with him I said no word in reply, but drawing a deep breath, raised the well-known cry of "Coo-ee." In a couple of minutes our hail was answered, and the voice immediately continued, "Stay where you are till I show ye a light."

Obediently we remained, for we had no wish to hurt that dog's feelings by coming suddenly upon him out of the night. Presently we saw the gleam of a lantern and heard the rattling of a chain, followed by a voice saying, "Come straight on till ye reach the fence, 'n then walk roun' t' the left; the dog's chained up now."

We were soon by the speaker's side, finding him to be a pleasant-faced man of about forty with full brown beard and hair, and plainly dressed in cotton shirt and moleskin trousers. He led the way into the house, ushering us into a large, barely furnished room, with a glorious fire roaring upon its wide hearth, and a stout, motherly-looking

woman with a sleeping child upon her lap sitting in a high-backed Windsor-chair by its side.

Dragging forward a couple of rough seats, our host said, "If you'll excuse us we'll finish our fam'ly worship before hearin' your yarn." So we bowed our heads shamefacedly while the good man offered up an extempore prayer for the well-being of his household, not forgetting the two strangers so recently and suddenly arrived under his roof. And this he did in the most natural and unaffected manner in the world, as if we, wretched heathen that we were, had been accustomed to such a sacred practice all our lives. The sensation of awe that stole over us quite overbore the more prosaic feelings of wet and cold and smart that had begun to be vigorously unpleasant.

Then, seeing that he turned expectantly towards us, we told him our simple story (truthfully, for the spell of that prayer was upon us), and the account of that journey in the truck made the good pair first gasp with astonishment and then fairly roar with laughter. When we had finished, our host said, "Well, as it's very late, p'raps you'd best lie down 'n try 'n get some sleep; an' we'll see wut can be done for ye in th' mornin'. Will ye hev anythin' t'eat 'r drink first?" No, that we wouldn't, with many thanks. So, making up a rough couch for us on the floor near the fire, he retreated with his wife into an inner chamber and left us. We were very soon asleep and oblivious of all things.

When we had been thus happy for about five minutes it seemed, our host's voice aroused us by saying that it was six a.m. We sprang up, and after a refreshing sluice at the icy spring that bubbled out of a rock behind the house, we gratefully accepted his invitation to share a pot of coffee with him. As we sipped it he told us that we were full forty miles from the Bluff, our place of embarkation: that while he was comfortably off as far as property went, owning several hundred acres of land of various qualities, a dozen cows, twenty pigs and two horses, he was not in a position to employ much labour yet, especially unskilled labour. So that while he was willing to employ one of us, he must endeavour to get the other work at a neighbour's some three miles away, if we did not object to being separated for a time. As to the wages, he added, they had better remain unsettled for the present, until he could see what we were able to earn, as he supposed we were quite new to farming work. It hardly needs saying that we accepted his proposals gladly; and Bill and I, after a talk to decide which should remain with our host, settled it that I should do so. Therefore Bill shouldered his bag and trudged off with Mr. Alken, after bidding me good-bye till Sunday, when we promised each other we would meet again.

Agreeably to the farmer's instructions I shouldered an American axe (for the first time in my life), and eagerly attacked a huge stack of *manuka* timber, piled near the house, for the purpose of splitting kindling wood for domestic use. This wood is simply delightful for a novice to work upon, the grain being so straight that it cleaves with the greatest ease; and under my vigorous efforts the wood-pile had taken on goodly proportions by the time my mistress coo-ee'd for me to come in to breakfast.

I found quite a large family of small children at breakfast—five boys and three girls—of whom the eldest might have been twelve years of age. They all stared shyly at me, as if I were some strange barbarian, and I daresay I was so to them. A mighty dish of porridge was poured out, and a pint basin of milk stood by every platter, whereat my eyes brightened; and when presently the farmer came in, asked a blessing, and we all fell to, I gave rein to my appetite until I felt quite ashamed of myself. After porridge, home-made bread, butter and honey, with a bowl of very weak tea, wound up one of the best meals I

had eaten for many months, and I felt fit to tackle anything that might come along.

The mistress, after a whispered colloquy with her husband, now laid claim to my services, and I presently found myself turning the handle of a churn under her direction, a monotonous occupation that didn't appeal to me in the least. Whether it was the calling into play of a quite different set of muscles to what I had been accustomed to use or not I don't know, but methought that butter would never come. I think it must have taken longer than usual though, for she paid many visits to the churn, taking the handle from me herself for a minute or so, and occasionally pulling out a sort of vent peg, letting a little of the contents run out and examining it. At last even my unaccustomed senses warned me that some change had taken place, for instead of the swash swash of liquid within as I turned that wretched handle, I now heard a sullen lumpy sound, as of masses of soft matter being dropped one upon the other. And when I saw the beautiful pale butter being taken out of the churn (for the first time in my life), I felt as conceited as if I had just mastered some intricate problem.

(To be continued.)

Only "If."

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE TAPERS," ETC.



IF lads weren't such a foolish lot,
So reckless, weak, and blind,
And wouldn't go and tie the knot
Before the nest was lined;
And if when times were ripe to wed,
They'd choose with thought and care
The girl that had the longest head,
And not the frizziest hair;
And, being married, if they'd try
To look a bit before,
And put the hextra sixpence by,
And pass the public door;

If wives, likewise, would do their part,
And mind this 'ere advice—
The way to keep the husband's heart
Is—keep the kitchen nice;
And if they'd have the children neat,
And learn to boil and stew,
And know as spoiling butcher's meat
Means spoiling tempers too.
If both on 'em would live with care
When times was bright and gay,
And dock a comfort here and there
Agen the rainy day;—
Though now and then in spite of thrift,
Things might go cross and wrong,
I tell you, fair, we'd mostly shift
To shove our way along.



AT THE LOOM.

WHILST the Japanese are proverbially polite, it is often among the country-folk that one finds the perfection of good manners and kindly hospitality. During an expedition in the neighbourhood of an almost uninhabited valley, the only accommodation I could get was at a solitary bath-house (of which I shall have more to say later). On my arrival with a request for shelter, I was received by an old grey-haired man of three-score and thirteen, who combined the dignity of a prince with the simplicity of a peasant. During the two days I spent under his primitive roof, he treated me with a courtesy and attention that could not be excelled. His only anxiety was that I should find the accommodation too rough and rude. Without my wishing it, he turned out (as I subsequently discovered) the people who were in the best room he had. He always contrived to let me have the public bath (this, I may mention, was planted just outside the front door) to myself. He made me a present of cakes of sulphur deposit to take home to use in my own bath! The only favour he asked me was that one evening, at dinner-time, he might be allowed to come upstairs and sit at the top of the ladder in the open doorway, to see how and what the foreigner ate at dinner.

When I was leaving I asked him what I had to pay for his hospitality. How puzzled the old gentleman was! Shaking his head, he said he really didn't know, as he had never entertained an "honourable Mr. Foreigner before." After much pressing to name his own price, he finally ventured to murmur, with an air almost of shame at the exorbitance of the demand, "Well, really do you think 5 sen (1½d.) would be too much?"

On another occasion, when planning an ascent of another peak hitherto unclimbed by any foreigner, I found there was no inn within two days' journey of the mountain. The nearest house was that of the *soncho*, i.e., headman of the district. To my astonishment, when I arrived there at the close of a summer

"THE HONOURABLE MR. FOREIGNER," In Japanese Villages.

BY THE REV. WALTER
WESTON, M.A., F.R.G.S.,
*Author of "Mountain Exploring
in the Japanese Alps."*

afternoon, it turned out to be a country villa worthy of the suburbs of Tokyo. Though I was a perfect stranger to him, the *soncho* received me most cordially. With many apologies for (as the Japanese conventional phrase puts it) "the disgustingly filthy accommodation," he placed a lovely pair of guest-rooms at my disposal. As we sat on the verandah overlooking the garden, discussing cakes and tea, I told him my plans, to which he listened with the politest attention. Then hunters were sent for to act as my guides, and everything was done to further my wishes. The next morning an additional surprise was in store. The son of the *soncho* himself volunteered to share my expedition, which was ultimately brought to a successful issue on the third day. Evening drew on as we approached the house on our return. To my surprise, the young man suddenly left me without a word, and hurried on in advance into the family quarters. For a while I felt decidedly uncomfortable, thinking I had unconsciously



offended him. By-and-by, however, a domestic approached, and begged me to "honourably condescend to enter into the honourable hot bath." I then realized my friend's haste had simply been owing to his desire to show hospitality by having my bath ready on my arrival. It was a little bit of spontaneous kindness which showed that getting into hot water is not always a proof that one has "put one's foot in it" with one's friends. The following day we said good-bye, and reluctantly turned away, with the reiterated "Please honourably deign to come back again," still ringing in our ears, and mingling with the regrets of a sweet-voiced childish farewell.

A word now of these hot baths to which I have referred. The Japanese have a passion for hot-water

bathing. Cleanliness is one of the few original items of Japanese civilization. Nearly all their other institutions have been introduced from China excepting baths; for the Celestial sarcastically tells us that only such dirty people need to wash so often. But, in spite of the fickleness usually ascribed to the Japanese, their original love for hot water has never grown cold. In the mountains, therefore, wherever hot mineral springs are found, as they frequently are, we find the peasantry resorting to them with a double object in view. Invalids come for the sake of the healing virtues of the waters; their healthy friends come to keep them company. The *yuba*, i.e. "hot-water houses," as these bathing establishments are called, usually nestle at the bottom of some deep ravine, or occasionally are found perched high up on the slope of one or other of the great volcanoes. The bath itself consists of one or more wooden tanks, 10 or 15 feet square, fed by water conducted from the mineral spring through bamboo pipes. Overhead is a roof of shingling, but the sides are open to the free air. The temperature of the water varies from 100° to 130° Fahr. In the humbler classes of *yuba*, the bathers are accommodated in long, roughly-built shanties divided into cubicles some 10 feet square, each of which is inhabited by six or more persons. For room-rent and the use of the bath, each pays about a halfpenny a day, but food and bedding are not supplied.

The Japanese in these out-of-the-way resorts indulge their taste for bathing to an incredible extent. In one place I know of, when the water is just about blood-heat, a man will stay in practically for a month

on end, taking care, however, to place a heavy stone on his knees, to keep him from floating or turning over in his sleep. The caretaker of this particular establishment, a cheery old man of some seventy summers, himself stays in the bath the whole winter through. In the case of another spot famed for its thermal springs, the inhabitants apologised to a friend of mine for what they called their dirtiness, when he happened to visit their neighbourhood on a holiday tour. "For," they said, "it is the summer-time, and we are too busy to bathe more than twice a day." "How often, then," he asked, "do you bathe in the winter?" "Oh, then we have more leisure, and we can bathe four or five times a day, and the children get into the water whenever they feel cold!"

During the summer months the one occupation which absorbs the attention of the majority of people dwelling in the plains is the culture of the silkworm.

The plateau of Shinshū, on the east side of the Japanese Alps, is the chief silk-producing district in Japan. There is very little cattle to tend, as pasture land does not exist; but the mulberry tree is grown over all these regions, and in the hottest weeks of summer the silkworms require constant attention, so voracious are their appetites.

It is then often difficult to get porters for one's expeditions, even at high prices, as I have constantly been told that all the men's time was fully taken up with feeding the *o ko sama* ("the honourable Mr. Baby"), as the silkworm

is sometimes fancifully called.

On one occasion a country policeman (!) volunteered to accompany me on a climb. For four delightful days he proved a cheery companion. He was only five feet high, but his dignity was very great and commanded respect wherever we went; even to the summit of our mountain he insisted on wearing his two-handed sword and dirty white cotton gloves. He was always imperturbably good tempered, and even when I fell out of my hammock in my sleep when in camp, and landed on him, as he happened to be lying beneath, he would never make any further reference to the inconvenience than to offer the humble apology, "*O jama wo itashimashita*" ("I am sorry to have been in your way").

One could not but feel how well deserved the title still is by which this kindly people once delighted to call their country—"The land of gentlemen."



A COUNTRY MAN IN HIS RAIN-COAT.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

BY H. ST. JOHN KEELING, AUTHOR OF "TWO HOURS IN A TUNNEL."



MR. F. D. BEHR.

any considerable distance; and, happily for its passengers, it does stop somewhere, generally at its destination, within a minute or two of the time given in railway tables. Are we to travel faster than this in the New Century? It has been admitted that with our present engines and permanent way exceedingly slight improvements can be made so far as speed is concerned. In fact, the tendency is for the speed to decrease. Every year our mammoth cities extend, and more frequent and heavier trains have to be run to meet the needs of the crush of passengers. Ground cannot be purchased for the extension of lines without enormous expense, and the result is that some of our railway managers are at their wits' ends to devise a remedy for the state of things which now obtains.

Are we, therefore, as the population grows, to travel slower and yet more slowly?

Some imaginative people, who, in passing from one century to another, think they are leaving an old worn-out planet for a new world, dream of aerial machines. It seems to me that such dreams, if they are ever to come true, need not be expected to turn into realities before the year 2000. Is there no more reasonable hope for the immediate future?

Two inventions, which we may say are in their babyhood, and still too helpless to walk alone, may grow to giants before the New Century comes of age. The first is the single-line railway, as planned by Mr. F. D. Behr; the second the use of solidified air as a motive

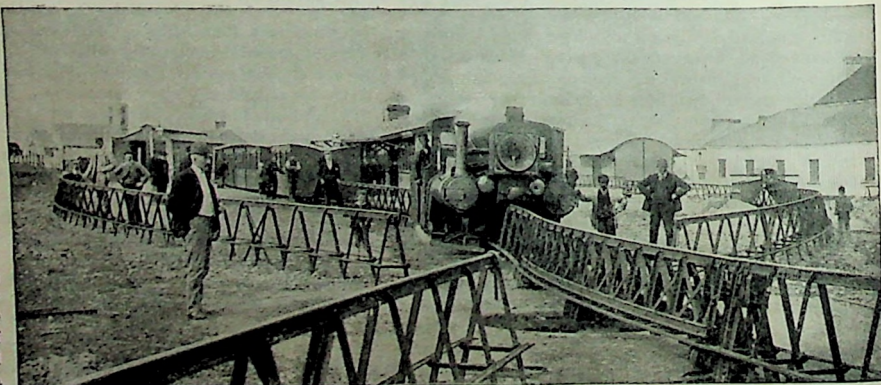
TO-DAY we have the express train, which, in the humorous language of the modern porter, "does not stop anywhere"; it runs between fifty and sixty miles an hour as a

power. This month we will deal with Mr. Behr's Lightning Express. It may not be widely known that this ingenious engineer has undertaken that in a couple of years, if he is given the necessary money, he will connect Liverpool and Manchester by means of an elevated single rail on which trains shall run at a speed of at least ninety, and probably one hundred, miles an hour.

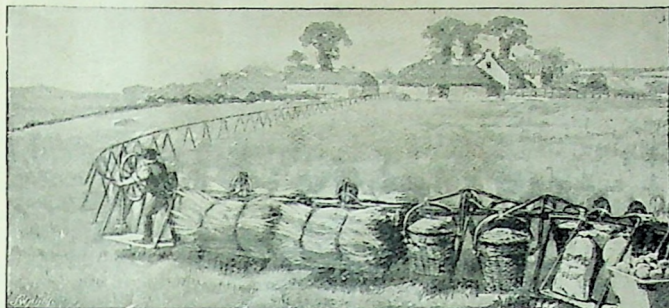
Mr. Behr does not claim that his idea is entirely original. He owes the first notion to a French engineer, who proved the old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," to be a true saying. He was engaged in transporting esparto grass from the Algerian plains to the main lines of communication but owing to constant sandstorms the ordinary light railroad was frequently buried. He determined to think out plans for a raised line over which the sand could not drift, and it is said that a caravan of camels, laden pannierwise with goods, was his inspiration. The line worked admirably, but, like many another inventor, the French engineer was quite satisfied that it had served his purpose, and never thought of elaborating the idea for general use.

In 1886 Mr. Behr heard of the novel railroad, and was so impressed with it that he set to work to construct one, on his own plans, for passenger traffic. I well remember seeing this line, with its queer-shaped engines, working at Westminster, and was not surprised when Mr. Behr obtained an Act of Parliament allowing him to construct a railway over the ten miles between Listowel and Ballybunion, in Ireland. Over this very difficult piece of country a high average speed has been obtained.

Yet, strangely enough, Mr. Behr has had to fight hard for any recognition of the value of his invention. Critics smiled at his enthusiasm, but, at best, only regarded him as a very ingenious toy-maker. It was not until 1893 that he really startled people



STATION ON THE BALLYBUNION RAILWAY.



TRANSPORTING AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE, WORKED BY HAND.

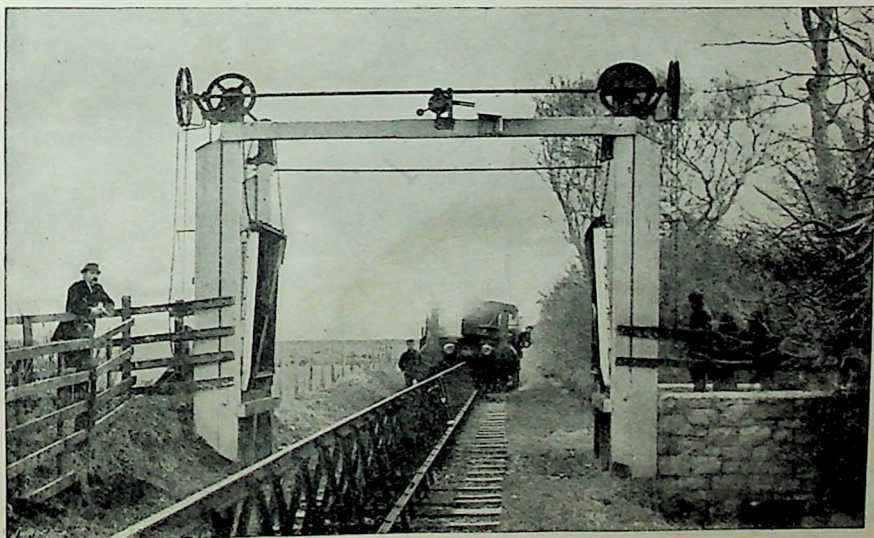
town and country, will seem to creep close to each other; for when Manchester is but twenty minutes' rail from Liverpool (though thirty-three miles apart), it will not be long before other cities and towns become neighbourly. It has been truly said by a leading journal that we are on

the eve of a revolution in railway travel almost as remarkable as was the beginning of that travel itself seventy years ago. It means that a London business

man would be able to live in the Midlands or in the South-Western counties, and yet reach his office in the City in as little time and with far less worry and irritation than are now involved in a journey to town from a London suburb. One could live as far away as York, and yet be in London in an hour and three-quarters. Roughly, a ring could be drawn around London of about fifty miles, and every person within that radius who lived on or near to the "single-rail" railway would know that he could be in town in half an hour.

And again, how true it is that this rapid travelling may mean renewed health and strength to city workers! The greatest loss, it has been said, which the working classes have suffered is the loss of pure air, trees and flowers, of great spaces suffused with sunlight and cleansed with winds of heaven—the most health-giving gifts of God.

Despite this triumph, Mr. Behr has had to wait seven years for an opportunity to show that his scheme is practicable (for an express service) in England. At last his patience has been rewarded, for the magnates of Liverpool and Manchester have agreed to give the new system the fullest trial. What the railroad and rolling stock look like may be better judged from our striking illustrations than from any written description. The interior of the saloon cars is like the interior of the saloons on our most luxuriously furnished ocean liners, save that they are on a small scale. Vibration is said to be very small, the carriages gliding along on their eight following wheels, the motive power being electricity.



A BRIDGE ON THE BALLYBUNION RAILWAY.



"GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER, WHITHER DO YOU WANDER?"

(Specially drawn for this Magazine by WM. F. EVANS.)

The Young Folks' Page.

HOW GEESE MARCH.



WO months ago the Bishop of Caledonia told us some amusing stories of wild geese, and he has promised more. In the meantime we have a word or two to say about geese marching. As a rule we think of the flight of wild geese, not guessing that they very often march long distances. Years and years ago, before the days of railroads in Britain, history tells us that once nine thousand geese marched from Suffolk to London, a distance of one hundred miles; that for this long march but one cart was provided to carry the geese that might fall lame; the owners knew how well the geese would walk.

Only a few months ago a flock of three thousand geese, in charge of three gooseherds, were driven down the quay at Antwerp and up the gang-plank aboard an English vessel. There was a narrow canvas side to the gang-plank. They walked sedately aboard and crossed the deck, going down an inclined board to the lower deck into an enclosure made ready for them. It is said that a flock of geese can march ten miles a day. Thirteen miles a day is the regulation march of a German soldier.

A traveller in the Arctic regions says that he has seen the wild geese marching in those regions. They chose leaders, who direct them as well as lead them. They walk about ten in a line, but in a column, and carry their heads high. At a signal they spread out and feed, but at another signal from the leaders they fall into line again. These geese, when they cross water in their journey, swim as they march, in a column ten geese wide.

"HAT IN HAND."

SPENCER THORNTON (one of the famous Dr. Arnold's pupils), when at Rugby school, was the first at his lessons, as well as the first in every game—full of fun and frolic—a boy whom you couldn't but like. But he was more than that. Dr. Arnold said of him, "I would stand to that boy hat in hand." And one of his schoolfellows tells us that in his presence bad boys felt ashamed. "I have known boys check themselves," he adds, "when about to use bad words, if he was near." That is the beauty, the power of holiness, of truth in the heart.

WHAT THE TELEGRAPH IS LIKE.

Two Highlanders of a very inquiring turn of mind, and given to discussion, were conversing together, when the conversation turned on the subject of the electric telegraph. Tonalid wondered if the message was tied on the wire and thus conveyed along. But Tugald tried to explain it thus:—"Do you see the collie dog at Macfeet? Weel, suppose it could streech itself as far and a great deal farther; suppose it streeched from Topermory to Glasca; weel, if its head was in Glasca and its tail in Topermory, and I trampit on its tail in Topermory, it would bark in Glasca! That's like the telegraph."

THE PRICE OF A BIBLE.

THE historian Stowe informs us that, in 1274, a Bible, in nine volumes, fairly written, sold for fifty marks, or £33 6s. 8d. About this time, the price of wheat averaged 3s. 4d. a quarter, and a labourer's wages were 1½d. a day. So it would have taken the

earnings for 5,333 days to obtain one. What is our Bible worth to us? David reckoned the Word of God "more precious than much fine gold."

THE GRASSHOPPER.

DID you ever read about the grasshopper? There was a grasshopper, and he had been about all the summer, eating, drinking, sleeping, chirping, being very merry; but when the cold weather came, the grasshopper had nothing to eat, and he was very miserable. So he went to the ant's nest, and he said to the ant, "Do give me something to eat." "What have you been doing all the summer?" said the ant. The grasshopper replied, "I have been chirping, eating, drinking, playing, sleeping, and now I have nothing to eat." The ant said, "Those who will be chirping, and eating, and drinking, and playing, and sleeping all the summer, must expect to starve in the winter." R. S.

"HE NEVER KNEW IT."

THE parents of a lad in Glasgow, after his death, received the following letter from one who had been at school with him, but whom they had never seen:—

"I owe to your son," said the writer, "what I never can express. He brought me to God, and yet he never knew it. The way was this: A good many of us slept in the same room at school, and I slept next to your son. I wondered why, sometimes, when I was longer in going to sleep, I heard him rise from his bed and go to the chair on which his clothes were laid. I found out why—it was to pray. So quietly and simply was this done,—no show about it,—that I felt it go to my heart. He taught me to think and pray. How I loved him! how I bless God for him!"

A LESSON FOR LENT.

BY CANON TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

ALPINE travellers have a guide who cuts their foot-path in the ice and snow as he mounts the precipice before them. But sometimes the way is so slippery, or the path so narrow and dangerous, that the guide ties a rope tight to himself, and then it is tied again around the waist of the traveller who is following him. So that if the traveller does slip on the path he is saved from falling over the precipice to destruction. As long as the rope doesn't break he is safe.

The cord that binds us to our Lord Jesus Christ is love. Thank God, not our love to Him—for oh! how weak that often is!—how often that cord would snap!—but it is His great strong love to us. That bond we can depend upon.

Remember that, boys and girls, now, in the little though trying temptations that come to you in youth. Remember it in the terrible temptations that will come to you as you grow older. Even if you do fall on some slippery path, or on some rough rugged road of sin, you need not be lost. The great love of your Saviour still binds you to Himself. Pray to God continually to keep you close to your dear Master, to show you His footsteps, to give you the grace and the strength to walk in them—to follow them through valley and across mountain, in storm and tempest as well as in the hours of sunshine—until at last you reach the City of God and of the Lamb, from which His redeemed ones shall go out no more for ever.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. FIND four texts which teach us to pray for our friends and ministers, and also instances in which God has answered the prayers of those who prayed for others.
2. Give three examples of men who refused payment for God's gifts.
3. Who was a model of early rising?
4. To which two Apostles does "The Acts" especially relate?
5. Where do we read of joy at the creation of the world?
6. What was the "girdle" considered a mark of amongst the Jews?
7. Who asked the question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

ANSWERS (See JANUARY No., p. 23).

1. Exod. xii. 2.
2. David (Ps. xc. 10).
3. Gen. xx. 17.
4. A broken vessel (Ps. xxi. 12). An eagle (Job ix. 26). Foam upon the waters (Hos. x. 7). A shepherd's tent, soon removed (Isa. xxxviii. 12). A swift post (Job ix. 25). A handbreadth (Ps. xxxix. 5).
5. Tit. i. 2.
6. Deut. viii. 3 and Heb. v. 8.
7. Eph. i. 4; Matt. xxv. 34; 2 Tim. i. 9.
8. Barnabas. Acts iv. 36; xi. 22-24.



III. ECONOMY IN THE HOME.

A NEED for economy exists, alas! in nearly every home in the present day. Most people think that economy must, perforce, be written in the blackest of characters. This is not the case. True economy is incompatible with a grey household horizon. It in no sense turns the "purest, sweetest, healthfullest, wholesomest air in the world" into a fog!

Real economy necessitates the employment of a liberal hand, a generous heart, and a practical use of common sense. It recognises a need for sunshine all the year round in our mental, as well as in our physical, life. It provides things pleasant, therefore, and things recreative, as well as things plain and things useful.

A great thinker has left on record that "Political economy consists in spending a pound to save a penny. Household economy consists in spending a penny to save a pound." We all know that a halfpenny herring offers more nourishment for a given sum than any other kind of food. To be strictly scientific—a fresh one weighing $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. contains 240 grains of carbon, and 36 grains of nitrogen. I have told you this, I think, before. Yet it would not be true economy to feed our families on nothing but halfpenny herrings! Again, a farthing dip affords light. Yet it would be the worst economy to strain eyesight by using nothing but farthing candles. Real economy consists in using the best possible means to maintain the standard of health in our homes at its highest. The object of true economy is proper preparation of the bodies committed to our care, for whatever behest God may lay upon them.

In dealing with household economy it is well to remember that cheap things are not always the cheapest in the long run. For a good thing one has generally to pay a good price. Bargains are not to be met with every day, or we should cease to value them. Glitter always proclaims the purity of real gold. Yet all is not gold that glitters. If we buy gold, we must pay current prices for it. Economy is shown in buying copper to take its place, when copper will answer practical purposes.

A brass kettle, for instance, looks just as well as a silver one on our breakfast tables. It costs much less and wears twice as long. Again, a serge dress, well fitted, is far more suitable to most occasions than a flimsy silk one. It costs about half, and is more durable. A watch is a necessity in a punctual home. A gun-metal one keeps just as accurate time as a chronometer.

To do without necessities is the worst economy of all! We may save a few pence when we refuse to buy warm underclothing for our children. What a long doctor's bill is often run up in consequence! In our humid, foggy climate, to do without a fire is no real economy. Colds are caught, influenza invited, illness of all sorts courted, when a shilling spent in coal would have discouraged such advances. Real economy will consist in washing the Jaegers scientifically, so that they will last long, and in so mending a fire that we shall get the maximum of heat out of a minimum of fuel. On both these points I shall have more to say in a future paper.

In order to keep a home really "sweet," wall papers must occasionally be changed. Many women do not know that there is as much a fashion in wall papers as in dress. This year's designs are twice as expensive as those of last year. Flimsy 6d.

paper is hardly worth hanging. But if you ask for a paper which was copyrighted twelve months ago, you will get one worth originally 1s. 6d. for 9d. Hanging a wall-paper is by no means an impossible job for a woman. Take two lengths at

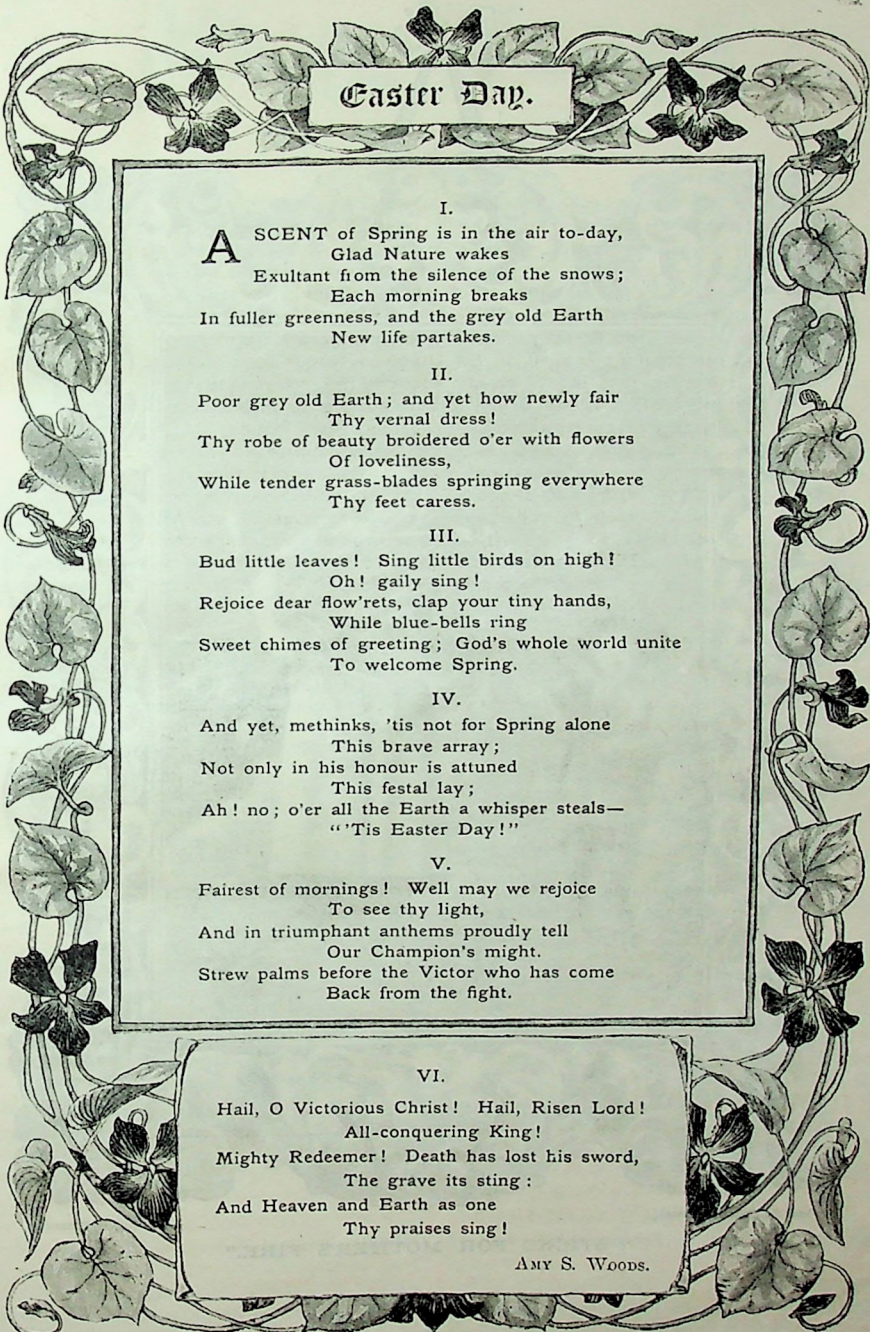
once and cut from them. There will be no difficulty, then, in making the pattern fit. Use ordinary paste, laid on with a whitewash brush. Hang from the ceiling downwards.

One often finds, when a need for special economy arises, that a woman will commence the operation by stinting in food. How unwise and extravagant this really is, can only be realized by those who have seen the consequences. Good food, and a varied dietary, is of vastly more consequence than almost anything else, especially for working adults and growing children. Meat does not necessarily enter into a household menu; milk does. Never begrudge payment of a large milk bill every week. Let the children, the girls, the boys, the goodman, have as much pure, fresh milk as they can drink. Boil it, of course, in hot weather, or when any epidemic is abroad (*for infants always*). If your milkman's account alarms you, look at the decrease in the one sent by the butcher; for, when a family has unlimited milk, meat may be somewhat conspicuous by its absence. Milk and meat should *never* be taken together, not even by children. Skim milk contains all necessary ingredients for growth and health; it is deficient in fat alone. Puddings may always be made with it. A tiny bit of shred suet, or a scrap of butter, laid on the top before baking, restores more than its right proportion of cream. Economize by not buying tea or coffee for the children. They will grow up far stronger and bigger if they never indulge in these.

Every would-be economist must make herself the master of ordinary details in economics. One who has to look well to the ways of a household must learn the relative value of foods, etc. When she goes to a grocer's, she must realize that rice at 14d. a stone is just as nutritious as patna at 3d. a pound. Sago costing 1d. is as fattening as tapioca at 5d. Tail end of cod fish is as appetizing as head of same; there is less waste in the tail, and it costs several pence a pound less. Peas, beans, and lentils, give more flesh-forming ingredients than an equal quantity of meat.

We must remember that health cannot be obtained without a proper supply of food. Owing to greater exertion on the part of the workers in life's hive, they need more food than indolent folk. The man who labours with his hands all day must be properly fed at night. Get the goodman a good supper when he comes home tired. Give him a dish of well-made porridge for his first course at breakfast. Do not grudge a plate of fat bacon on the top of that. Serve him up home-made wheaten meal bread instead of trashy baker's stuff. Let the fat left in the fry-pan be used to provide a nourishing meal for others by frying stale slices of bread in it. My children call this "pig's honey," and delight in it.

As a last bit of advice regarding economy, save as much as you can at the brewer's and spirit stores. Sit down and calculate how many pints of milk, how many little fires, how many warm neckcloths and vests, how many bits of meat, one month's abstinence from alcohol would enable you to purchase! The result will surprise your economical soul! Keep brandy only for medicine. Perhaps you may never want it!



Easter Day.

I.

ASCENT of Spring is in the air to-day,
Glad Nature wakes
Exultant from the silence of the snows;
Each morning breaks
In fuller greenness, and the grey old Earth
New life partakes.

II.

Poor grey old Earth; and yet how newly fair
Thy vernal dress!
Thy robe of beauty broidered o'er with flowers
Of loveliness,
While tender grass-blades springing everywhere
Thy feet caress.

III.

Bud little leaves! Sing little birds on high!
Oh! gaily sing!
Rejoice dear flow'rets, clap your tiny hands,
While blue-bells ring
Sweet chimes of greeting; God's whole world unite
To welcome Spring.

IV.

And yet, methinks, 'tis not for Spring alone
This brave array;
Not only in his honour is attuned
This festal lay;
Ah! no; o'er all the Earth a whisper steals—
" 'Tis Easter Day!"

V.

Fairest of mornings! Well may we rejoice
To see thy light,
And in triumphant anthems proudly tell
Our Champion's might.
Strew palms before the Victor who has come
Back from the fight.

VI.

Hail, O Victorious Christ! Hail, Risen Lord!
All-conquering King!
Mighty Redeemer! Death has lost his sword,
The grave its sting:
And Heaven and Earth as one
Thy praises sing!

AMY S. WOODS.



From the Price Photograph

[by Miss F. ROCHESON.]

"STICKS FOR MOTHER'S FIRE."

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER VII.

LAVINIA—OR MARGOT?



NOT till supper was on the table did Owen reappear, and he was absent-minded and silent. Mrs. Forrest questioned, talked, complained, and had either the briefest replies or no replies at all. Lily believed that he did not so much as hear what was said. She put at length an abrupt question in a low voice, not meant to reach Mrs. Forrest's ears,—

"What's the matter to-night?"

But people who are rather hard of hearing generally seize upon ex-

actly those remarks which are not intended for them. Mrs. Forrest at once chimed in with,—

"Yes, it's easy to see something or other has gone wrong? Whatever is it, Owen? You're not like yourself, not one bit."

"The matter!" Owen grew red. Not because of the question; for he was quite capable of checking interference on the part of his home folks. That was not what brought a flush into his face. It was because the question recalled afresh the cause of his moodiness. He seemed again to hear Margot James' peals of laughter, to see her again stuffing her wet pocket-handkerchief into her mouth, to be crushed again under her merciless exclamations, "He is so funny! . . . He's past everything! . . . O dear, you'll kill me. . . . You are the very drollest of men! Oh, you are funny—the funniest man I ever came across." It was exactly as if a little imp were seated in a corner of Owen's brain, repeating these utterances over and over, sounding them ceaselessly in his ears. And all the time he could not be angry

with Margot, as he might have been angry with anybody else. He could only think what a pretty little face hers was. He could only be miserable because he had not made her like him.

He had always known that he was not a particularly "clever" man. He had often called himself "dull" and "stupid," had done so even with a touch of complacency, because he had known that, if not clever, he had other good points. He had known what it was to be liked and respected. He had not known what it was to be the butt of a girl's reckless merriment.

If Lavinia had laughed at him, he would not have cared. He would have been able to give her as good as he got,—so he told himself. But Lavinia never did laugh at him.

Margot's laughter had stung him deeply. He could not get over it. And since he had never in his life come across a case of hysterics, he made no allowances on that score, and solemnly believed that Margot had meant to its fullest extent every word that she had spoken.

These things drifted through his mind, as he slowly repeated,— "The matter!" He looked heavily at Lily and at his mother. It took him a good half-minute to make up his mind what to say next. "Why should anything be the matter? What is it you mean?"

"I don't know. You look as if things weren't right."

The young man gave vent to a brusque laugh. "How you women do fancy things!"

Lily wisely held her tongue, and wished she had done so sooner. Mrs. Forrest, once set off on a particular tack, was not so easily turned aside.

"Whatever in the world made you think o' goin' to the station to-day, when you were wanted at home?" she demanded.

"I told you what I went for, mother—to meet Mrs. Handfast's niece. That was all."

"Why ever didn't you say it was there you were goin' to?"

"Why should I say anything of the sort? There's bother enough as it is, without making more bother."

The manner was bluff, and Mrs. Forrest collapsed after her usual fashion. "Oh, deary me! there never was nobody with such a lot o' worries!"

Nobody to care whether I'm pleased nor whether I'm not! An' me a widder with only one son, as ought to be the comfort o' my old age. An' he don't trouble, not one scrap——"

Mrs. Forrest paused for the usual contradiction on his part. For once it failed to come.

"Nor nobody don't care, nor don't tell me nothin'. I'm sure if I'd ha' known when my poor dear husband were took, I'd never ha' thought I could ha' put up wi' things as they are now. Such a peck o' troubles! An' things always an' for ever a-goin' wrong. I'm sure it's no wonder, none at all, as I've left off to be religious. I was used to think a lot o' such things, an' I've got no time now, nor no heart for nothin' o' the sort. I've got such a deal o' worry an' trouble an' bother, —it's all as much as ever I can do to get along wi' what I've got to bear. It'll be a mercy when I've done with it all, and when I'm laid in my peaceful grave, wi' nobody to worry no more."

"Nonsense, mother," the young man said, not unkindly though still brusquely. "You don't mean all that, you know, really. Why must you fuss about nothing?"

I don't mean any harm, but I can't promise always to tell you every single thing beforehand, as if I was a little boy at school. It isn't reasonable."

As if in revenge, though certainly unconscious revenge, she looked at him with watery eyes, and asked in a succession of sniffles,—

"Are you a-goin' to marry Lavinia Handfast?"

The question took him by surprise. Mrs. Forrest had never asked it of him before, often as she had discussed the possibility with Lily. Her dread of any such event had given her the self-control to abstain from saying what might serve to suggest it to him. But something in what Lily had said made her take a different view of the matter. Undoubtedly Lavinia would be far preferable to most of the girls in the country round. If Owen's marriage were a necessity, then

Lavinia would be the wife whom Mrs. Forrest would choose.

"'Cause if you are I'll not stand in the way. It'll be a bad day for Lil an' me if we have to go away from the old home. It'll pretty near be the death o' me. But if so be you're set on marryin' somebody, why, I'd a deal sooner it should be Lavinia—a deal sooner. I'd put up with her if you was set on it. Lavinia's a nice sort o' girl, an' she wouldn't be contradictory nor contrary. And there's a many I wouldn't put up with—not if you were to ask me on your bended knees."

This speech gave Owen time for thought. As with a flash of lightning, the conviction came to him that, happen what might, he never could and never would marry Lavinia. He liked Lavinia.

Yes, certainly he liked her. He was even fond of her in a quiet fashion. But if he should marry anybody, that somebody would not be Lavinia Handfast. No, not even for Lavinia's mother's sake. He would have done a good deal for the simple pleasure of being able to call Mrs. Handfast "mother." He had not before found out how much that



"'You look as if things weren't right.'"—Page 75.

prospect had had to do with his tentative half-pursuit of Lavinia. But he knew better now. One thing at least had become clear—that he did not wish to make Lavinia his wife.

He did not say even to himself, "If I marry, I shall marry Margot James." It was too soon for any such definite decision with a man of slow movement like Owen. He only knew, as he had not known a few hours earlier, that what he felt towards Lavinia was insufficient. He only saw, dimly yet truly, what love might be, as compared with his friendly liking for Lavinia.

"Whatever made you think I was goin' to marry Lavinia?" he asked, when a break occurred in Mrs. Forrest's monotonous outpour.

"Lots o' people say it. Mrs. Pyke this very evenin' was a-talkin' about you. Mrs. Pyke she see it fast enough. You're always an' for ever

a-goin' to Sutton Farm." Mrs. Forrest spoke in injured accents. His frequent visits to the Handfasts were a standing grievance; and the fact that he did not always mention when he was going made an additional grievance. Anything that touched Mrs. Forrest's self-love annoyed her.

"Of course I go. They're friends of mine. Mrs. Handfast is the best friend I've got. That don't always mean marrying. A man isn't bound to marry his friend's daughter, I s'pose." Owen reddened, with a sudden sense that if Margot had heard him say this she would certainly have laughed.

"Maybe you've asked her already——" began Lily. The words slipped from her without thought. The next moment she knew that she had been wrong to put the question.

Owen frowned again.

"If I had, that wouldn't be anybody's concern but mine. But I haven't asked her, and I'm not going to ask her. When I marry, it won't—it won't be Lavinia."

A breath of astonishment broke from Lily. "Why, Owen, you said you didn't know——"

Owen cut her short. "That'll do. If I didn't, I know now."

"Then whoever is it you are a-thinkin' of marryin'?" fretfully inquired his mother. "I'm sure there isn't another girl in the country round as I'd want to make my daughter. A set of empty-headed minxes, that cares for nothin' in life but gettin' their own way and amusin' themselves. If you go an' marry one o' the Simmonses or the Waitses——"

"Mother, it's no use you an' Lily going on like that. There's been enough said. I'm not going to marry one of the Simmonses nor one of the Waitses. When I do mean to marry I'll tell you all about it."

Owen got up and walked out of the room; and Mrs. Forrest might be congratulated on the possession of a bran-new worry, which she could air to any extent.

So long as she had expected Owen to marry Lavinia, she had hated the prospect and had bewailed the possibility. Now that she had his clear assurance of no such intention on his part, she saw how very much worse it would be if he should choose somebody unknown to herself, perhaps somebody disapproved of by herself. At once she swung round to the opposite side; and from that moment she would—in theory—have given anything to be aware that his affections were safely fixed upon Lavinia.

Of Lavinia's side of the question Mrs. Forrest did not think at all. Lily did, however.

Owen had said to Lily the day before, "I'm not going to have Lavinia made the talk of the place." A praiseworthy resolution. But what if, unwittingly, he had already made her so?

He had been very often in and out of Sutton Farm. That was undeniable. He always had been used, from boyhood, to go much in and out there; but his visits had been more frequent lately. People might not readily accept the theory that his main attraction had been, not the daughter but the mother.

Lily herself might find it not so hard to believe, for she knew how fond Owen had always been of Mrs. Handfast. Still, even she was much puzzled by the sudden change of front on his part. Until this day he had at least seemed to like Lavinia with a particular liking; he had at least not denied the possibility that he might some day wish to marry her. Now his mind was evidently made up; and Lily was at a loss to imagine what could have occurred to bring about his decision. Why should he this evening be sure of that which he had not known twenty-four hours sooner?

If now he suddenly drew back and went no more to the farm would not people say that he had treated Lavinia badly? Would not Mrs. Handfast think so? Would not Lavinia suffer? "Lavinia is fond of Owen," thought Lily. "I



"Owen had time for a good look at them."—Page 73.



"Mrs. Handfast left the half-kneaded bread to lead her away."—Page 78.

know that, and I can't help knowing it." Lily was quick-sighted as well as impulsive, and it distressed her to think that Owen might be blamed.

"And yet if he doesn't mean ever to ask her, there's nothing else to be done but for him to keep out of the way," she decided. "I s'pose they'll understand."

But to her astonishment, the very next day Owen went to Sutton Farm. He did not at home make any mention of what he intended to do. None the less they heard that he was gone; and on his return Mrs. Forrest taxed him with it. He did not deny the truth of the report, but he refused to discuss it. He had wanted to ask a question, he said. He looked vexed and bothered still Lily thought.

He went indeed for the simple purpose of inquiring after Margot. The thought of her haunted him constantly, and he could not get her face or voice out of his mind. So, busy though he was, he found time to ride over, and to walk into the spacious kitchen, where Mrs. Handfast, with bare hands and arms, was making bread, kneading and talking merrily.

The two girls were with her, and Owen had time for a good look at them, before they saw him standing in the doorway.

Margot was smiling; and, though still rather pale, a pretty tint had begun to appear in her cheeks. Lavinia's face was reddened and swelled by her severe cold. Margot was daintily dressed in a pink cotton gown, neatly fitting her trim figure, and finished off with spotless collar and cuffs of white linen. Lavinia wore a shawl, to ward off draughts, and it dangled loosely round her in an ungraceful and unbecoming style. The contrast of the two was marked. Owen could not but notice it. He wondered how he had ever managed to think Lavinia nice-looking.

To his dismay, when he stepped forward Margot went as white as chalk, and sat down, panting for breath. Instead of shaking hands with him, or replying to his inquiry, she burst into tears; and Mrs. Handfast left the half-kneaded bread to lead her away. Lavinia explained that Margot was still very much upset with the railway accident. The doctor had advised that she should be kept extremely quiet. The moment anybody spoke of the accident she began to cry. Lavinia supposed that a sight of Owen had called up the scenes of yesterday; and she believed that Margot was to see nobody except themselves for a few days, until she felt better.

Lavinia explained all this placidly, without the dimmest notion that it could mean anything to Owen. "I wish we'd known you were coming, and then we could have hurried Margot away," she said.



"I don't think it is your business."—Page 79.

"The doctor's sure she'll be all right soon, only he doesn't want her to be made to think about the accident. It's just a shake she's had. She wanted to go and see the little boy: but when she asked it, she cried so, that of course mother wouldn't let her."

Owen had some difficulty in hiding what he felt. He did not wish to sit and talk to Lavinia, for fear of the action being misunderstood; yet he could not resolve to go away until Mrs. Handfast should return. He had a faint hope still that Margot might reappear also. But Mrs. Handfast came alone.

"Poor child,—we daren't talk about yesterday," she said, attacking the bread afresh. "You came to ask after her, I suppose. I'm sure I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble you took. It was good of you. Seeing your face seemed to bring up the whole thing in her mind, and she's upset again. I knew you'd be all right here with Lavinia"—and Mrs. Handfast's smile was full of genial meaning—"so I didn't hurry back. The doctor says it's no use to struggle with Margot, but we're just to keep her quiet, and not let her see anybody for a few days that'll make her think of what she saw."

Owen shortened his visit considerably after this. He felt not a little glum. Moreover, that look of meaning in Mrs. Handfast's smile worried

him. Had *she* been expecting him to marry Lavinia?

He never could. That now was at an end. He would have to be very careful, so as to disabuse people's minds of any such budding error. And he meant to be careful to any extent—except the extent of staying away from Sutton Farm. He wanted to go there more than ever. His one hope of seeing Margot lay in visiting Sutton Farm.

When he first got home he was met by his mother with fretful surmises as to why he had gone, and what could have been his object. Having escaped from her, he next found himself alone with Lily. She took the opportunity to say in resolute tones,—*"I daresay it's no business of mine, and you won't like me to interfere; but I think you're wrong to go to Sutton Farm, if you mean nothing by it. People are talking a lot already. And if Lavinia hasn't begun to think that you're after her, she's pretty sure to begin soon."*

Owen opened his lips twice, and twice shut them, before he could decide upon an answer.

When he did speak, there was a note of anger in his voice.

"I don't think it is your business. You're right enough there. You can't possibly know my reasons."

Lily wisely said no more.

(To be continued.)

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

NATIONAL RELIGION.—"It is a remarkable fact, that the farewell address of the famous American statesman, George Washington, contained this passage: 'Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principle.'

"Daniel Webster, also an American statesman, of later date, said: 'Religion is the only solid basis of morals, and moral instruction not resting on this basis is only building upon sand. It is a mockery and insult to common sense to maintain that a school for the instruction of youth, from which Christian instruction is shut out, is not atheistical and infidel.' God deals with nations as they deal with Him."—*Bishop Ryle.*

The Communion Service.—In the *Long Exhortation before Communion*, our own "*damnation*" means (see margin, 1 Cor. xi. 29) "*our own judgment*," the Lord's stern chastening of His people. In the *Confession*, "*The burden . . . is intolerable*," means that we could never bear it; it must be cast on Him, who alone can put it away.—*Professor Moule, D.D.*

Our Liturgy.—"Our Liturgy well deserves the appellation of the Book of 'Common' Prayer; for it is not unmeet to be the Common Prayer-Book of the world. As simple as it is sublime; as chaste as it is fervent; as artless as it is majestic; as minute as it is comprehensive; it comes down to every understanding, and home to every heart. It is universally suitable because truly Scriptural. Every worshipper, whether the intellectual and refined native of Britain, or the newly-converted and half-civilized Hottentot, or the half-tamed and humanized Caffre amidst his wild woods—all may find in this rich form of prayer utterance for their heart's inmost wants, a channel for their heart's deepest woes. All may offer up, as one, the incense of praise and supplication before their common mercy-seat, and through their common Mediator, by their common Comforter, to their common Father; so that not only with one *mind*, but with one *mouth*, they glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*The Rev. Hugh Stowell.*

"Sittings" and "Kneelings."—The late Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, once said that in place of inquiring as to the number of "*sittings*" in churches, it would have a better sound if it were asked how many "*kneelings*" there were.



EASTERTIDE

"Arise, Shine!"
FOR
"Now, is Christ Risen."



THE EASTER PROMISE.

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.

"YE shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." This is the crowning blessing of the risen Christ. Without this all would be of no avail. If the Master is going, we must have the other Comforter, who will abide with us for ever. Wait, then, in prayer and patience for the fulfilment of this promise; for He will come, He will not tarry.

O Blessed Master, fulfil these Thine own promises unto us, we pray, upon this bright Easter Day. We would see Jesus, not so much to confirm our faith—for we do trust Thee—but to satisfy our hearts. Grant us Thy presence always, all the days, until the day we are ushered into Thine eternal presence in heaven above; and then grant that we may know what full salvation means, not only from the punishment, but from the power and love of sin. And give us power to cast out devils, first out of our own hearts, and then out of the hearts of others. And keep us from the evil, and make us a blessing to the world. And for all this vouchsafe unto us Thy Holy Spirit, for Thy great Name's sake. Amen.

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."—Col. iii. 1.

If we have with Jesus risen,
If we do enjoy His Love
And have broken from our prison,
Let us seek the things above.
Let us fix our whole affection,
Not on toys of fleeting clay,
But in right of Resurrection,
Seize what cannot pass away.

We must ask of Christ the Living
Which is promised by His own,
And the graces in His giving
With His Power and Presence grown.
And our life must then be hidden
In His sunshine, to be free;
If from fruits that are forbidden,
We would through His Goodness flee.

Help us, Father, toward the laying
Every passion down in dust;
With Thy sweeter Glory, slaying
All the snares of lingering lust.

With Thy greater Beauty show us
What is worthiest of our love;
Let the earthly keep below us,
Let the heavenly rise above.

CHRIST THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP
OF DURHAM.

THE raising of Lazarus was nothing more than the translation of an eternal lesson into an outward and intelligible form.

The command of sovereign power, "*Lazarus, come forth*," is but one partial and transitory fulfilment of the absolute and unchanging Gospel, "*I am the Resurrection and the Life*."

In these words Christ turns the thoughts of His hearers from all else upon Himself. The point at issue is not any gift which He can bestow, not any blessing which He can procure, but the right perception of what He is.

The Galileans asked Him for the bread from heaven; He replied, "*I am the Bread of Life*." The people were distracted by doubt; their leaders were blinded by prejudice; and He said, "*I am the Light of the World*." Martha, after touching with sad yet faithful resignation upon aid apparently withheld, fixed her hope on some remote time, when her brother should rise again at the last day; and He called her to a present and personal joy. He revealed to her that death, even in its apparent triumph, wins no true victory; that life is something inexpressibly vast and mysterious, centred in One who neither knows nor can know any change; that beyond the earth-born clouds which mar and hide it, there is an infinite glory of Heaven in which men are made partakers.

GOD'S SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME."

EASTER is in a special sense God's Sunday—*Dominica Gaudis*—the Lord's Day of joy. Chrysostom styles it "the desirable feast of our salvation, the day of our Lord's Resurrection, the foundation of our peace, the occasion of our reconciliation, the end of our contentions and enmity with God, the destruction of death, and our victory over the devil." And our own George Herbert sings:—

"Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss—
There is but one, and that one ever."

The influence of the day on our hearts and lives is the thought which should be paramount in our observance of it. In primitive times it was a practice among Christians to use to each other on Easter morning the glad salutation, "Christ is Risen," to which the response was, "Christ is Risen indeed." Our own Church calls us in this same spirit of joy to unite in our Easter anthem, "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." All nature, too, seems to share in the song of victory. The deadness and dreariness of winter are forgotten in the greenness of leaves, and the varied hues of flowers; the song of the bird, and the gambol of the lamb.

"See the fresh beauty of the new-born earth:
As with the Lord, His gifts, anew, come forth."

But the glory of Easter counts not so much in the light it sheds upon life here, as in the light it alone sheds upon the mystery of death, and the pledge it gives us of our own Resurrection. The question which troubled the loving, but mistrusting disciples at the Saviour's tomb, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" has, in its universal application, ever perplexed the wisest of men. Walking only by

the light of nature, no answer can be given; but it is the glory of Christianity to solve this mystery. Standing, as it were, at the grave of our common humanity, wondering if a man die shall he live again, the eye rests upon the Risen Saviour; and from His lips we hear those marvellous words, which none but the God-man could ever have uttered—who can doubt for one moment the Divine origin of the Book that contains them?—"I am the Resurrection and the Life"; "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

The religion which failed to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre would not meet our need. It is Easter which proclaims the truth, which, like the light of the sun from heaven, indicates its Divine source. Once believed, it alters our lives. "Sooner shall God be no longer God, than 'the children of God' fail to be 'the children of the Resurrection.' Live, then, as citizens of the immortal Empire. Let the impress of the eternal country be on your foreheads. Let the angels see that you know yourselves their fellows. Speak, think, and act as becomes your high ancestry; for your Father is in heaven, and the First-born of your brethren is on the throne of God."



BY A LAYMAN.

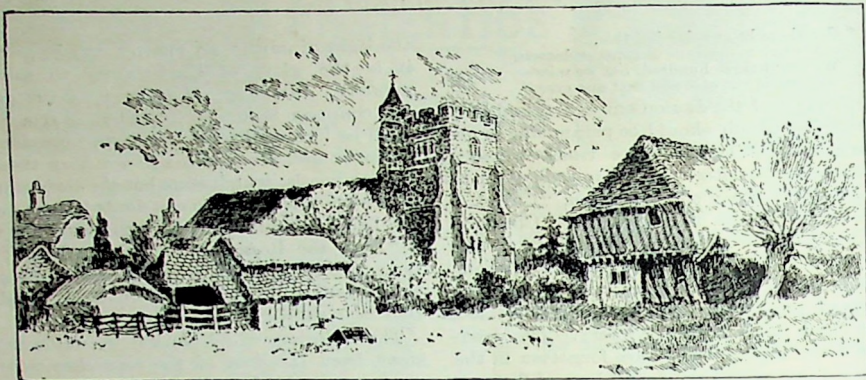
SOMETIMES I, as a layman, wish that my parish church were unbuilt, or, at any rate, but half completed. Nothing would please me more than to be able to have a hand in raising the grand tower, standing four-square to every wind that blows. But the tower has grown old, very old: and so well was the work done that I am not called upon to touch so much as a single stone.

I am, I believe, a handy man at building, and I confess that I envy the old Norman workers, who never hurried over their task or scamped it. They say the church was two hundred years building, and generations of workmen helped to beautify it before it was completed. Three wars forced the men to leave their village, but at the end of each they were found busy at the church again.

I am sure other working men feel as I do, that the parish church would seem a deal more our own if we could leave our mark on it, as our fathers did. But if we cannot build up in this way, there are other ways. At this Easter season our thankfulness and

rejoicing will be worth very little if we do nothing to show it. If we cannot add supports and buttresses to our church, we can, at least, be supports to our vicar or rector. The churchmen no less than the church need building up. We owe part of our time and money, just as our fathers and forefathers did, and, like them, we should count it no debt but a privilege to work "to the honour and glory of God."

Therefore let our Easter offerings be twofold this year,—offerings of willing service as churchwardens, Sunday school teachers, or in the humblest capacity; and offerings of money, as God has prospered us. Let it not be said of us, as it may be said of some past generations, that we were too busy with our own business to care for our parish church, and those who minister to us. The very least we can do is to add a stone, a pillar, possibly an arch to the support of our church, which, though it stand four-square, is not yet complete. For a church is not only a building but "a congregation of faithful men."



Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF OUR ANCIENT CHURCHES."

II.

THERE are very few of our ancient churches that are the exclusive work of one period. Most of them have been altered and enlarged in various centuries. Specially rare are examples of Saxon churches. Curiously enough there have come to light recently cases of two such churches having been preserved almost intact through having been deserted. One is at Bradford-on-Avon and the other at Escomb, near Durham; and both were abandoned as places of worship for the reason that larger and more commodious buildings had been erected for the purpose at no great distance from them. The Bradford church was deserted several centuries ago, and, surrounded by sheds and similar out-buildings, was quite lost to memory, till a recent vicar of the parish, looking down upon it from some high point, was struck with its likeness to a church; and following up this impression with close examination and consultations with authorities, made the discovery that this was the identical Saxon church mentioned by a chronicler as having been built by Aldhelm, in the 7th century.

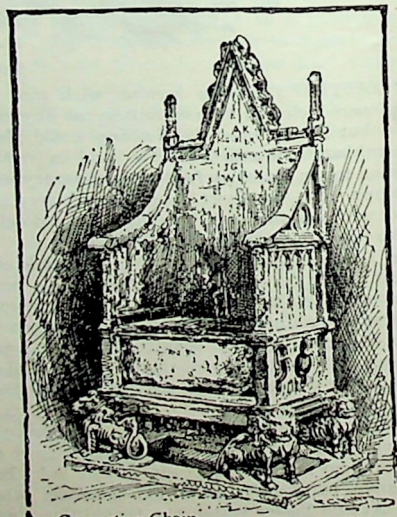
The Escomb example was not deserted till the beginning of this century, and had consequently not escaped alteration in a few particulars, such as enlargements to some of the windows. But there were the original sturdy walls, the tall narrow chancel-arch, some of the first windows only a few inches wide, and the general proportions. Moreover, those who looked closely found that the Saxon masons had worked in several inscribed Roman stones that they had found in a Roman camp ready to their hands.

These two examples give us a very certain knowledge of the appearance and dimensions of Saxon churches. But there are more than a hundred churches in the land in which we may see portions of the old edifices of Saxon builders.

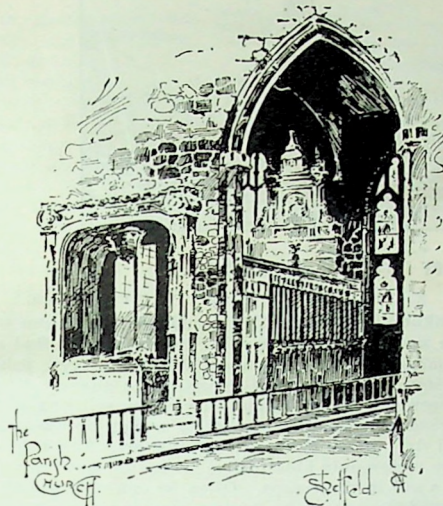
Our examples of the work of Norman masons are much more numerous. Many of their doorways are magnificent. Some of their windows (these have been called the eyes of a building, in the same

fanciful way that doorways have been called the mouths) pierced through their thick walls, small without, but deeply splayed so as to be wide within, were, in some fine examples, grouped together, in couplets and triplets. Fifteen of our cathedrals have considerable remains of Norman work, with vast columns in their arcades sometimes cut with their characteristic zigzag and lozenge ornament, as at Durham, and sometimes left in massive simplicity and severity, as at Hereford; and an untold number of smaller churches still bear testimony to the piety, industry, and achievements of the conquering invaders.

When the change came to the use of the pointed arch (see A) there was no sudden departure. Here and there the new form was introduced in association with the old. In some cases a tier of round-headed window-openings (see B) was surmounted by a row



Coronation Chair



that was acutely pointed, and on these again was placed a tier to correspond exactly with those below. The intermixture of the two modes is called Transitional work. Eventually, the tall narrow-pointed arch superseded the low massy semi-circle everywhere.

Every time a building was altered, it was always to make it more beautiful, more spacious, or more convenient, till after the Reformation, when curtailments of size took place in numerous instances.

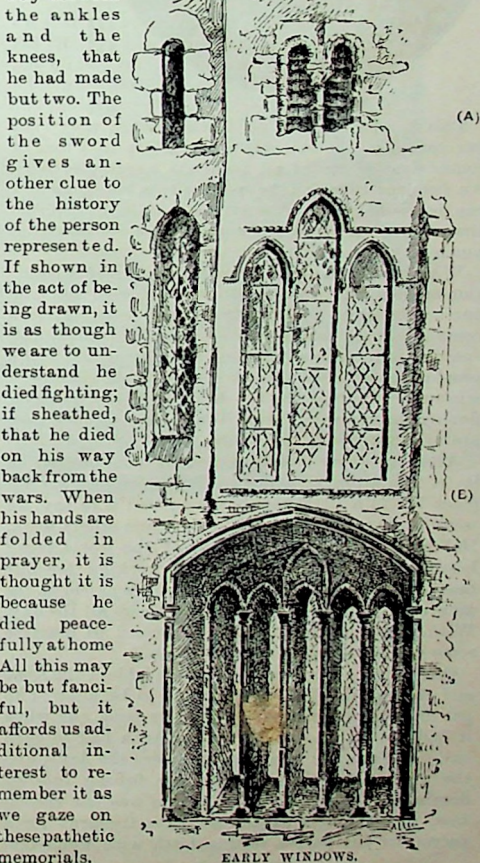
Those most competent to judge set a high value upon the work of the thirteenth century, generally called Early English. The purity of the style, at first almost devoid of ornament, the excellence of the masonry, the light and lightness giving an air of spaciousness, appeal to them. The fourteenth century brought more enrichment, and the fifteenth century saw the Perpendicular period begun.

Some of our old churches have most interesting items in them. In Hendon Church, Middlesex, for instance, there is a richly carved font that tradition has associated with the baptism of Edward the Confessor; in St. Martin's Church, Canterbury, there is another that is said to have been used when King Ethelbert was baptized. In Jarrow Church stands the time-worn and wrinkled chair of the Venerable Bede, more than a thousand years old. In three Northamptonshire churches we may see the great iron hooks which, affixed to poles, were used to pull the thatch off burning houses, or those adjoining them, to arrest the progress of fires. In Hexham Abbey Church there is the ancient frid-stool that gave sanctuary to any one who seated themselves in it in Anglo-Saxon times.

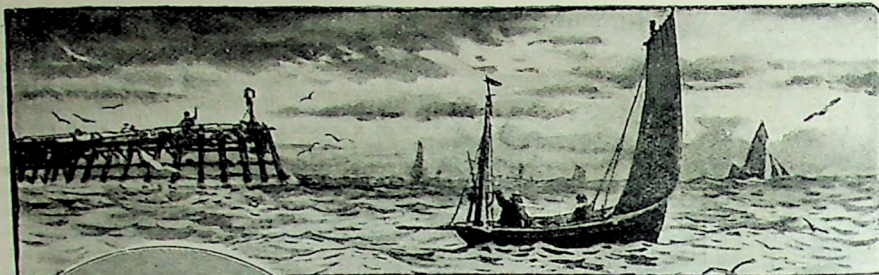
Our cathedrals have numerous articles of great value preserved in them. Westminster Abbey has the Coronation Chair, among others. In Canterbury Cathedral there hangs above the tomb of the Black Prince the embroidered velvet jupon that he wore, as well as his gauntlets. In York Cathedral is a carved

ivory horn that Ulphus, Prince of Deira, presented, in token that he gave that edifice all his possessions.

But besides special objects like these, there are others of a more general character that are well worthy of study. There are the carvings in wood as well as in stone; the iron-work spreading gracefully nearly all over some of the doors; the brass-work—eagles, memorial brasses and candelabra; the stained glass in the windows; the ancient bells with their legends; countless life-sized effigies of dead people and their dames, some of which are sculptured in alabaster and stone, and others made of wood and latten, and most of which have their life stories. There is an impression that the attitudes in which the knights and barons are represented inform us of the number of times they took part in crusades, or journeyed to the Holy Land. If the legs are crossed at the ankles, says this tradition, the person thus indicated had made but one pilgrimage of the kind; if they are crossed at the knees, it is because he made three of these journeys; and if midway between



the ankles and the knees, that he had made but two. The position of the sword gives another clue to the history of the person represented. If shown in the act of being drawn, it is as though we are to understand he died fighting; if sheathed, that he died on his way back from the wars. When his hands are folded in prayer, it is thought it is because he died peacefully at home. All this may be but fanciful, but it affords us additional interest to remember it as we gaze on these pathetic memorials.



Other Folks' Parishes.

BY THE REV. A. N. COOPER, M.A., VICAR OF FILEY, YORKS.

IV. A SEA- SIDE PARISH.

“WHAT-
EVER
do you
do in the
winter?”

This is what all the visitors ask when they visit our parish in the season. They ask it in a tone of commiseration too, of all tones the hardest to bear. An insolent tone can be resented; a mocking one can be replied to; but few things are more difficult than to find the right reply to one who bestows upon you a pity you do not need.

What we do in the winter is a matter of speculation to those who come and enjoy our cool summer, our sea breezes, and our glorious sands. After a compliment to our climate comes the inevitable enquiry. Upon seeing the church packed with people, they ask, “Whatever congregation is there in winter?” On noticing the busy work in the shops during the summer, they will add they suppose they are all shut up in the winter.

After the above it will be obvious what our parish is; it is a watering place in Yorkshire. In such a place life is a little topsy-turvy; that is to say, we work while others play, and play while others work. Holidays, which to nine-tenths of the world mean leisure, to us mean a chance of working for our bread. This makes us appear to others as odd as the man who works all the night and sleeps all the day. With this introduction I will proceed to describe some special features of our parish.

Our parish has seen acted out the fable of the Arab and the camel. The camel asked to be allowed to put its nose inside the tent, then its head, and when it had got its whole body in, the Arab had to turn out. With us the fisherman has been the Arab, and the visitor the camel. Once the fishing interest dominated the place. Dried skate was our special line, and there is extant an advertisement for a parson for our parish, setting forth with wonderful

frankness the fact that he would have little else to live upon. To-day you might as well try to find a mammoth as a dried skate. What once were fish-curing houses are now granaries or stores. The women who used to make a living by splitting and drying the fish, now earn their money by washing and drying the clothes of the visitors. The fisherman is now only able to live by taking out visitors for a sail in the season. Often he can only pay the rent of his cottage by letting a room or two in the summer. The visitor has effectually turned him out of his home, just as the camel did the man in the old eastern fable.

The advent of the visitors has completely transformed our parish from a most primitive village to quite an up-to-date town. We can now boast an Urban Council, an Act of Parliament for improving the place, and last season we actually had a burglary! This may seem a queer proof of progress; so it must be said that not so many years ago, when all the inhabitants were related to one another, there was not a lock and key in our parish. Folks went in and out of one another's houses and took what they wanted as a matter of course. Crime was all but unknown. If any one offended, there was a penalty at hand far more dreaded than any rigours of the law. The fisherwomen *ran the culprit into the sea*. Joining hands, like children at play, only making an unbreakable chain, they chased the offender down the cliffs to the very edge of the sea, and there drove him again and again into the waves, until the women thought he had been ducked enough. Now if we have new crimes, we have new penalties to match them.

It may be imagined that formerly the great event of the year was the return of the fishing fleet. Now the arrival of the visitors is the looked-for occurrence. Darwin tells us that nature dislikes anything *per saltum*, or “all of a sudden,” and brings about events gradually. So the visitors come. Like the first streaks of dawn before sunrise, so there are signs of what is coming before the season bursts upon us. Strangers are seen on the look-out for lodgings, and strangers in May are as easily detected in a watering-place, as a Chinaman in the streets of London. Then rumour spreads that so-and-so is let, and the fact is confirmed on Sunday by the appearance of visitors in church, when considerable interest is

felt in finding out "who's who." Then more lodgings are taken, the shops engage extra assistants, the postman gets later on his rounds as his bag becomes heavier. Then trains become later on account of the traffic, omnibuses for which one horse sufficed now must have two: and so the signs of the coming deluge increase, until at last the band on the esplanade begins, and everybody knows the visitors have come.

What the reindeer is to the Laplander, the visitor is to us. Without him we must die of despair. We live upon him while he is with us, and what he leaves behind tides us over the winter. We expect him to be made of money, and ready to part with it

ings are sent down for her to dry; still less is it easy to adjust matters between the party upstairs, who "cannot bear a sound," and the party downstairs, who has a daughter who must practise for her examination in music. No, it is not every one who can succeed as a landlady: but then, as many of them have bought their houses worth more than a thousand pounds, it is obvious there is money in the trade.

Those who enquire what we do in the winter are surprised to learn that we spend our spare time in trying to decide which season we enjoy the most. It is quite true. In the summer we see the visitors, and in the winter we see one another. Otherwise we



WINTER AT THE SEA.

too. Our old postmaster rightly hit off the situation when he replied to a visitor who had discovered a penny wrong in his change, "Oh, if you have come to make a row over a copper, we don't want you here."

Our staple industry is of course letting lodgings. A clever man once said choosing a trade was like choosing a wife; it did not matter whom you chose so long as you stuck to it. Letting lodgings is a capital trade if you stick to it. What other business is there which will enable you to rest eight months in the year after working only four? That is what a successful landlady does. It requires a great art to be a landlady. Not everybody can cook two dinners at once as she does, nor look pleasant when a dozen pairs of wet shoes and stock-

should never see our neighbours, who are engaged all the season in waiting on the visitors. We have so much bustle in the season that we are glad of quiet and seclusion. At times this seclusion may have drawbacks. One winter in our parish a woman who lived alone in one of our big houses fell down a whole flight of stairs and broke her thigh. All that day, and all that night, and far into the next day she was lying where she fell, for her neighbours lived in their kitchens and did not hear a sound. The milk boy, on seeing two ha'porths of milk had not been taken in, was the first to guess something was wrong, but when the poor body was discovered all aid was too late.

But, in spite of occasional drawbacks, we do very well in the winter at the seaside.

My Voyage up Country.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF
"THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" ETC. WITH
ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. TWIDLE.

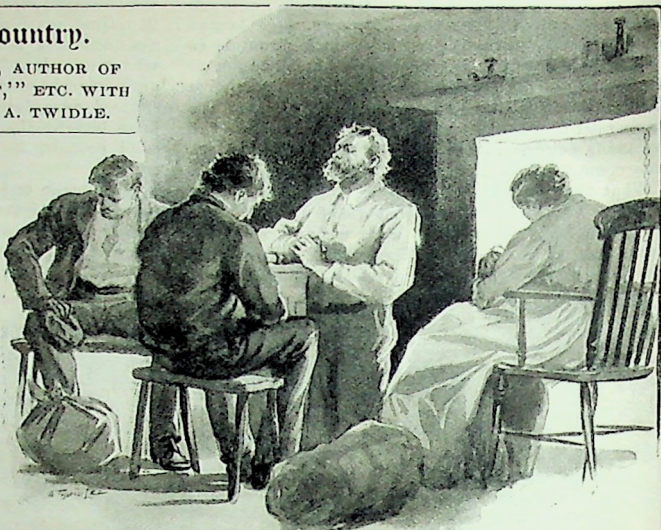
II.

MY new duties once begun the farmer gave me no pause. He said he had a field of turnips ready for pulling on a distant part of his farm, and he thought the job would just suit me. Away we went, across fields where the short stubble, standing amidst numbers of tree-stumps, puzzled me much to know however such land could have been cropped, much less ploughed: and through belts of uncleared land, where the vegetation made a tangle so dense that, as the farmer said, it was necessary to keep chopping away at the path through it, or in a few days it would become impassable.

When we reached the turnip patch, the view was very grand. Mr. Alken had sown his turnips all down the side of a hill that overlooked a magnificent stretch of landscape, while in the distance the blue shoulders and hoary crests of towering mountains dominated the lonely land.

Left to myself, with a few simple instructions for pulling up the bulbs and covering each heap of them with their own leaves, I fell to work: but after a little while I felt the solitude lying heavily upon me. It seemed almost impossible to realize that there were human beings within a mile or two of me, and the tameness of the birds filled me with wonder. A gorgeous bird, something between a cock pheasant and a Dorking fowl, strutted up to my side and pecked in the holes I had left; smaller birds, brilliant in hue and of unfamiliar appearance, crowded round for the same purpose, taking hardly any notice of me, and when I sat down on a stump for a smoke, perching upon my head, shoulders, and knees.

I enjoyed myself, after a fashion, but yet I was not sorry when across the silence came pealing Mrs. Alken's shrill coo-ee, summoning me to dinner. I lost no time in obeying, and found on arrival a mound of boiled potatoes, and a great mass of stewed beef. It had been simmered almost to a jelly, the bones taken out of it, and then turned out into a dairy pan to



"We bowed our heads shamefacedly while the good man offered up an extempore prayer."—See page 64.

cool: so that now it could be cut into like a cheese, and it was all eatable and nutritious. I couldn't help thinking that it was a splendid plan for utilising the rough cuts of meat that are so tasteless and tough when just boiled or roasted. For economical reasons Mrs. Alken never bought any prime joints when any of the neighbours killed; and this jellied beef or mutton, served the same way, with an occasional mutton ham, formed the staple of our flesh food. Our combined appetites were something terrible to behold in their ravages, and I could not help thinking what a blessing it was that food was so plentiful and good.

But on the next day, my experiences were so quaint, that I began to wonder whether I was marked out for the sport of accident. On my departure for the scene of my morning's labours, my mistress, pointing to two large pails of skim milk, told me to take them to a certain part of the adjoining wood, where I should find some calves that needed feeding. She warned me to take a stick, as I should find them very eager and pressing, and without great care on my part some would be overfed and others would get none. I assented, wondering what difficulty there could be in handling a few calves, timid gentle creatures, that would scamper for their lives if you only looked at them (as I imagined).

Thus thinking, I staggered off with my double burden, finding upon arrival at the wood that by reason of the stumps, fallen trees, interlacing

vines, etc., it was no easy place to traverse, especially loaded as I was.

While struggling and stumbling along, wondering however I was to find the calves in this maze, I heard the crashing of undergrowth, and immediately afterwards I was surrounded by six well-grown calves, whose horns were just budding, and who seemed to care as little for my cudgel as they did for me. The centre of their heaving, striving bodies, with all the heads battering at each other to get into the pails at one time, both hands occupied in the endeavour to hold those utensils upright, it struck me that I was in a perilous plight. But I still held on, and shouted myself hoarse, an absurd waste of energy, since they minded me not one atom.

At last, the most energetic of them all, coming behind me, thrust his great head between my legs and into the pail I held before me, getting his horns well under the handle. Finding myself in such jeopardy, I, seated astride his neck, kicked most vigorously at his ribs, when, to my dismay, he took fright and galloped off with me, pails and all. The milk flew in all directions, as with the instinct of self-preservation,

I let the pails go and clung to the rough neck of my strange steed, who, frightened beyond measure by the clattering of the iron vessel hung round his neck, which he could by no means get rid of, rushed blindly onward, to my imminent peril.

I don't know how I got off, whether I fell or was knocked backwards: but when I had quite recovered, the calves had all gone, and one pail lay on its side near me with a disconsolate and used-up air.

I returned to the house, smarting under a sense of injury, to be received by Mrs. Alken with a wide-eyed amazement. Ordinarily she was a placid woman of few words, but for this occasion only she was rather voluble. When she had quite finished her address, I was anxious to leave her presence without replying—I had no answer ready, and I don't think I had ever felt smaller in my life.

For the rest of the day I went about, after I had discovered the runaway pail in a seriously disorganized condition, doing odd jobs, without any great enthusiasm, and flushing hotly whenever the thought of my morning's exploits returned to me. The children too, I could see, were having a considerable amount of fun at my expense, and, altogether, I felt that my first experience of farming was not what any one could truthfully term a shining success.

Yet it was but the beginning of sorrows. Sent by the farmer next morning to bring home the cows for the milking, I first of all lost myself in the wood: then, when I had found the cows, the boss of the gang, after looking me calmly over, decided that I might safely be ignored, and in

some mysterious manner conveyed her opinion to the rest: so that when I attempted to drive them they simply faced about and drove me. Had not the farmer come to see what on earth had become of his new assistant, I should probably have remained there all day. As he quietly drove off the herd to the cow-house, I humbly implored him to say nothing about my failure,



"Left to myself, with a few simple instructions for pulling up the bulbs."—Page 86.

as I did not feel competent to endure another dressing down from his good lady, at which he laughed most heartily, assuring me that he would make an expert farm hand of me yet.

In pursuance of his intention, he proceeded there and then to give me a lesson in milking, having first taken the precaution of fastening a halter to one of the cow's hind legs and hauling it well back to a post astern of her. But no effort of mine could extract from that cow a squirt of milk. A few drops I did manage to squeeze out, under an overpowering conviction that I was doing the poor creature serious bodily harm. At last, my employer came to the conclusion that if any milk was to be obtained that morning he would have to take me off the job; and with a reluctant sigh he sent me off to my solitary turnip patch again.



"Coming behind me, thrusting his great head between my legs."—Page 87.

In the peaceful seclusion of that little wilderness, I communed with myself and nature, but none of my musings gave me any encouragement to persist in my apprenticeship to agricultural pursuits. I began, in fact, to long for the leafless trees of the ocean again, and the question, so often asked on board ship, "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?" didn't seem nearly as ironical as I had always considered it to be.

In due course the recall sounded, and I returned to dinner. When the meal was over and I was about to depart again, I received instructions to bring with me a sack of turnips, as much as I could carry. Pleased to have something given me to do which I felt competent to execute, I made up a good load, and when the gloaming came, I hoisted my burden on my back, after a desperate struggle, and tottered off towards the house through the rapidly darkening woods. Presently I reached a large open space, across which I needs must go.

It was now so dark that surrounding objects, unfamiliar enough in daylight, assumed all kinds of fantastic shapes; but I was in nowise superstitious, and the only thought in my mind was of getting home with my load as speedily as possible.

Suddenly, as out of an ambuscade, heralded by the thunder of many hoofs, came galloping a troop of monsters, charging down upon my lonely figure (as I imagined) with fell and furious intent. To my credit be it set down that I did not immediately drop my sack and

flee, but kept steadily on, persuading myself that it was not me that vast herd of wild buffaloes was in pursuit of. But when they came within ten yards my courage forsook me, my burden slid from my back and I sank down upon it, expecting nothing less than to be trampled into the soil by those frantic beasts. In fact, I closed my eyes and waited for the shock.

To my surprise and no small relief, the company slowed down, opened out, and gravely pranced around my recumbent form, as if weaving weird spells. Then by some mysterious impulse they all faced inwards towards me, coming nearer and nearer, until their snortings would have blown my cap off had they all been heading in one direction. That ring of big, horned heads, so closely set around mine, those many wide, inquiring eyes, made a deep impression upon me; and it was with quite a thrill of



"Gently insinuating my hand beneath me, I withdrew a turnip."—Page 89.

joy that I remembered that cattle were not carnivorous—that in any case they wouldn't eat me. Also, it came into my mind that they loved turnips. They might accept a peace-offering! I would try. So, gently insinuating my hand beneath me (while the band squeezed one another in order to get closer to me, and I thought I heard them saying to one another, "Now then, not so much of your pushing; I can't see him a bit; you've been looking long enough; him no-

(To be concluded.)

Under the Temperance Flag.

BY N. L. HENDERSON.

THE Most Famous Guide.—Mattias Zurbriggen, the Swiss guide, who was the first to climb to the top of Aconcagua, the highest mountain yet completely ascended, says: "As to diet, I would say to all and sundry who climb: for lunch or dinner what you like—chicken, ham, or beef—anything, *only avoid spirits, which ought to be taken only at a hard pinch and as a last resource.* I keep spirit as a doctor keeps a poison, and never use it except in very small quantities."

An English Specialist.—"Do you know how many hours a day Dr. B. works?" a hospital nurse asked me the other day.

"No," I answered; "but if, as you say, he is making

several thousand pounds, I suppose he takes things easily."

"Easily!" she exclaimed. "Do you know he never does less than sixteen hours a day, counting railway journeys. Operation follows operation; and I have seen him start off by a night train after twelve hours here, and get home next morning, after attending to a case in the country, ready to go his usual rounds. And," she added, "he will tell you his secret is never to take any stimulant."

The next day I asked him for myself, and his answer I shall not forget: "But for my habit of abstinence, I could not do half the work I can now manage without fatigue of brain and body."

"Tell Her So."

BY A MARRIED MAN.

AMID the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
You who value your sweet wife—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and friends are few,
She has her troubles, same as you;
Show her your love is ever true—
Tell her so!

In days of old you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favour of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress
A hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers are made to bless!
Tell her so!

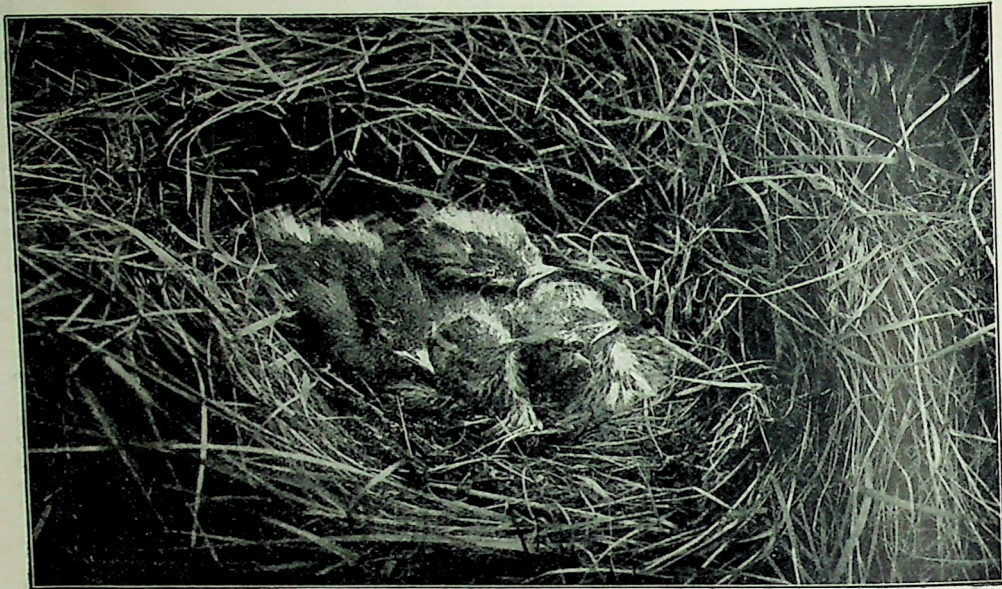
You are hers and hers alone—
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;



She is worth her weight in gold!

Tell her so!



Photographed by]

THE NEST OF MEADOW PIPIT WITH YOUNG BIRDS.

[CHAS. REID, Wicheita, N.B.

Family Mansions.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

I.

FEW of all the multitudes of men, women, and children living upon the earth are entirely homeless. Rich and poor have usually some place to which they can betake themselves for shelter, and which they cling to and call their home. A small number of savages, inhabiting such dissimilar countries as the cold extremity of South America, the north west of Australia, and the tropical regions of Africa, are content to find a resting place anywhere, and a new one every night, but they are striking exceptions to the general rule. Wherever there is any civilization at all houses of some kind are erected, even wandering tribes having their tents, their wigwags, and their shelters of leaves and boughs; while nations which stand in the front rank are distinguished by the stateliness and beauty of their architecture, and by the comfort of their homes. Animals, like men, are house-builders, and between the ape, which constructs a platform for himself on some convenient tree, to the worm perforating a hole beneath the grass, are to be found architects of endless styles and degrees of excellence.

Mammals are at the head of the animal creation as regards their organization and intelligence, but they are by no means distinguished as masons and carpenters. Hosts of them, such as whales and seals, living all their time, or most of it, in the sea;

and land animals, like wild cattle and many species of deer, have no homes, and simply sleep where night or fatigue finds them. Lions, tigers, and most of their flesh-eating brethren, which move about and hunt in the darkness and sleep as long as daylight lasts, are content with caves, dens, and temporary lairs.

The best house-builders mammals can produce are found among the ranks of the rodents, or chisel-teeth tribes, to which rats and rabbits belong. Rats and rabbits, indeed, are mere sappers and miners, driving their tunnels with astonishing perseverance and cleverness through hedge and bank and wall; but their relatives, the beavers, stand almost at the head of the building profession. With their sharp teeth they cut down suitable trees, and with their paws they build them into walls so as to form large ponds, into which all the back doors of their houses may open. They are brethren dwelling together in unity, forming co-operative building societies, but not on the limited liability principle; for all the members care for and work for the community as much as for themselves.

The smallest of the mammals found in Great Britain is a rodent, and a noted builder of houses. The harvest mouse is only two inches and a half long without the tail, and two mice are not much heavier than a halfpenny. This tiny creature, selecting a thistle, or a bean stalk, or some stems of wheat, as the upright beams of the house, weaves out

of blades of wheat a round, oval, or pear-shaped nest, the size of a cricket ball; in which, at the proper time, she deposits her eight children. When the wind blows the pretty little cradle is rocked; but, to prevent the babies from falling out, the careful mother closes the entrance so securely that it is difficult to distinguish it from the rest of the nest.

Birds are pre-eminent house-builders, exhibiting among their many species an astonishing variety of styles and the use of most diverse materials. Here the fact may be recalled that hardly any birds, and very few animals of any kind, make houses for their own use. In almost every instance their skill and diligence are exercised for the good of others, generally their own offspring. That is to say, the nursery is considered to be the most important part of the house.

Whether a bird's nest be rough and ready or ingenious and elegant, the style adopted is inherited; and, as a rule, a bird is known by the house it builds. The house-sparrow, under the hot tiles or in the cool hedge, gathers straw and hay from the fields for the frame work, and feathers from the poultry yard for a soft lining; the jay loves ventilation, and makes a loose nest through which the eggs can be seen; the beautiful goldfinch takes lichens and moss and fashions a home of felt, which it lines with soft thistle down; and the gold-crested wren weaves a downy couch for its young out of moss and spider's-web and feathers, and so tucks in the bed-clothes that the young when hatched appear stifled with the warmth of their bedding and the heat of their apartment.

Cuckoos solve the question of the housing of the poor simply and dishonestly by employing wagtails, hedge-sparrows, titlarks, and red-breasts to hatch and feed their young, and forgetting to pay them when the work is done. Sparrows often eject house-martins from the nests they have laboriously plastered; and, occasionally, are themselves turned out from their own homes by the swifts, the powerful relations of the martins. Most birds, however, are quite honest, and when they want a nest set to work and build it, or only take possession of other people's premises when the original owners have no further use for them.

The little sand-martin, with its weak bill and claws, tunnels a horizontal and serpentine hole for a couple of feet into the sand or

earth of a cliff or cutting, and places her nest of grass and feathers in the dark and secure recess at the end. Puffins, with greater sagacity or more laziness, avail themselves of the labours of others by appropriating the disused holes of rabbits; and, sometimes, stock-doves and daws follow their example. The nut-hatch prefers a hole in a tree to one in the earth, and, if the entrance is inconveniently large, she plasters it up to the right dimensions.

Sparrows are remarkable for other things besides impudence. They attach themselves to man as no other bird does, becoming tenants with him of new houses and farms, making themselves at home on the lonely hill-side or amidst the roar of machinery in the crowded city, eating cheerfully and without invitation of his bread and drinking of his cup, and



GOLDFINCHES.

[By ARCHIBALD THORBUCK.]

constituting themselves his companions if not his friends. Sparrows seem to love powerful neighbours. For example, they attach their nests to the underside of those of rooks, and thereby secure themselves from molestation, and, at the same time, enjoy the pleasure of high society.

A more powerful bird—the magpie—is able to guard its nest when sitting, and has devised an original method of keeping off thieves when compelled to go abroad. She places a covering of thorns over the nest, through which no bird burglar can break.

Animals, like human beings, love society, and

often manifest this trait by making many homes in the same locality, and even under the same roof. Rooks, perhaps, afford the examples most familiar to us, but house-martins are quite as fond of neighbours as rooks. Only last summer I saw seventeen martins' nests all in a row under the eave of one house, and a friend counted, within five minutes' walk, no less than forty under another. It was not that these eaves were specially suitable, for there were many as good unlet hard by, but that the birds love to live where they might enjoy the company of their kind, and have a little gossip when the day's work was over and the children safe in bed.

Above the Clouds.

BY H. T. INGRAM, AUTHOR OF "THE DAWNLIGHT."

"**W**HAT did ee want to go, sir, to such a miserubable, damp place? Minds me o' stayin' out all day with the washin' and no sun to dry so much as a pocket hankey."

I always have to tell dear old Betsy—Betsy Banks of our parish, who had me tied tight to her apron strings years and years ago when she was nurse at the House—all about my wanderings. She knows "puffickly well that young master's been up to some sort o' mischief," and sure enough, when I come home from my travels I find myself confessing to old Betsy. And I believe I am quite as clever at making excuses for my misdoings as I used to be when I marched about in my first knicker-bockers.

"Yes, Betsy," I said, "I have been following the example of the lady who rode on a broomstick to clear the cobwebs from the sky. Last month I was up above the clouds."

Betsy looked round to make sure of the safety of

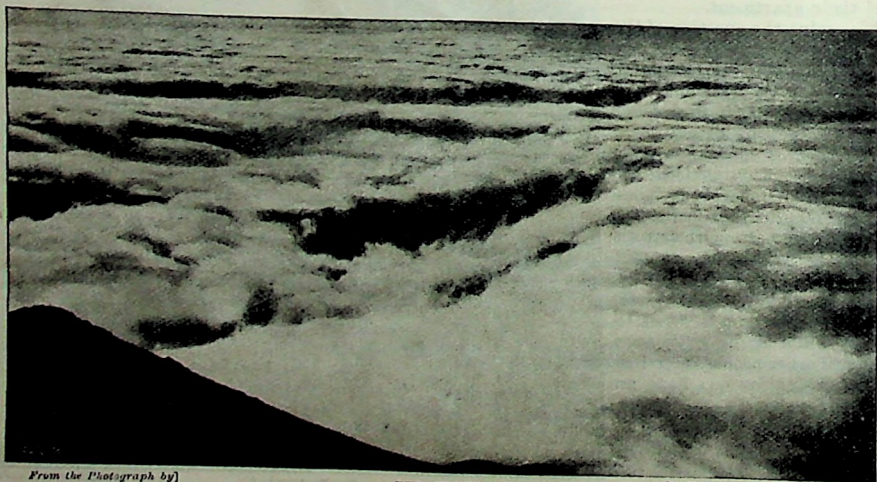
her brooms. Satisfied on this score, she prepared a big question:—

"Was there any cobwebs, sir?"

If I had been able to say there were, I believe Betsy would have volunteered for the front, even if the front happened to be a nasty damp place above the clouds. For Betsy hates a cobweb nearly as much as she hates a cockroach.

To Betsy I have to tell all the truth and no short measure. There were no cobwebs at all, and no openings for brooms and scrubbing-brushes.

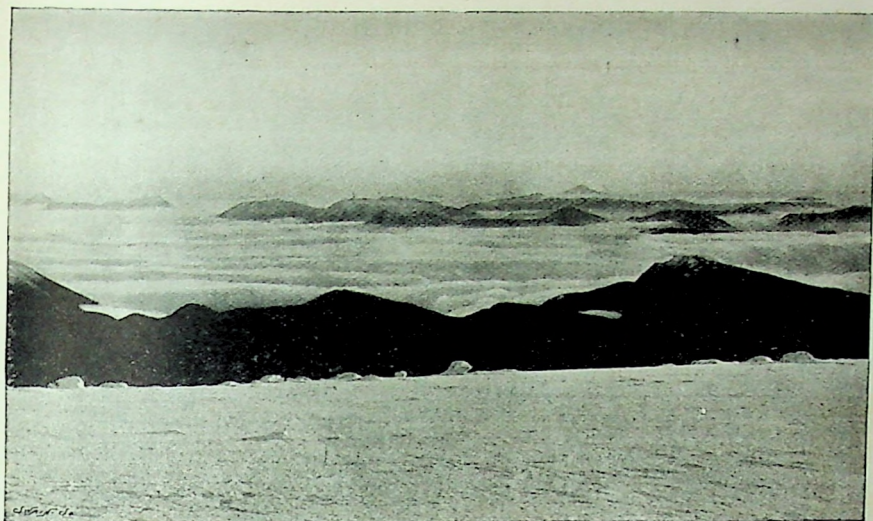
"But wait a minute," I added, "and you will be able to judge for yourself. One night we found ourselves in a tiny wooden cabin, which is perched far up a great mountain like a cock sparrow on a big rock. We had climbed twice the height of Spion Kop—which, maybe, you've heard of—to reach it. Now whenever I go up hill I can't help thinking of bullets and shells whizzing and whistling down from above. But that night it was only hailstones we had to face."



From the Photograph by

THE CLOUD SEA.

[O. VAN BERGEN, San Francisco.



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS.

"When I got to the cabin I was soaked through. Did I change all my clothes? Of course I did, my dear Betsy. I remembered all your instructions. I put on two brown woollen guernseys, neither of which was meant for a pair of trousers; then I stuck my chilly toes into a couple of gauntlet gloves. I can tell you I frightened my friends until they roared with laughter as I climbed down a ladder to fetch some soup for supper.

"All night, till one o'clock in the morning, we had rain and hail and snow by turns; then it cleared overhead, and we found ourselves above the clouds."

Betsy wished to be informed what they looked like. "You see," she explained, "Vicar, he give me this bit o' verse, and I wants to know if 'tis correct:—

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining."

"Wait a minute, Betsy," I answered, "and you'll see. At four o'clock in the morning the snow outside the cabin was firm enough to let us start. Frost works fast at 10,000 feet. Away we went, with a perfect roof of blue sky overhead, and down below, covering up the green valley and the villages and towns, a tide of clouds washing slowly upwards." I showed Betsy the photographs which illustrate these pages.

"They're jus' like a tumbly sea," said Betsy, "or maybe like my washtub when there be a sight o' suds."

"Not so wet, Betsy," I laughed, "or you'd never have seen me back again. When we'd climbed as high as we could, we had to come down right through the

clouds, and they were exactly like a thick mist blown here and there by the wind. But I must tell you of one curious sight we saw when we were looking down on the cloud waves. Suddenly a rainbow of beautiful colours formed just where the sea of clouds seemed to break against the mountain side. It was quite a baby rainbow, like an arch standing alone. That was our reward for climbing up above the clouds—a rainbow of hope. And then over the rippling wavelets the sun launched a fleet of sunlight ships which went sailing far away, and yet more sunbeams came and more and more, until the clouds looked like a wonderful golden sea. That was the 'lining' of our clouds.

"Down in the valley the people we had left behind were complaining that the clouds looked heavy and black and threatening, that the sun had forgotten to rise. They could only see the underside of the clouds. So you see, Betsy, if we can't manage to turn our clouds inside out, as the verse says, we can, at any rate, climb up through them and take a peep at the other side where the sun shines."

How can we find the way through the clouds, through the troubles which hem us in sometimes on every hand? Ah! we should never be without our great Guide. He can lead us through, until we see the glorious side of our clouds. I think David must have felt that his troubles were like clouds. "In the morning," he says, "I will look up": he longs for "a morning without clouds." But if that does not come, he looks to his Guide to lead him. "The Lord alway before me" is his watchword. Then he knows that his "footsteps will not slip," for God has "enlarged his steps," and he can depend upon "the saving strength of His right arm." "I have trusted," he says, "therefore I shall not slide."



Drawn by]

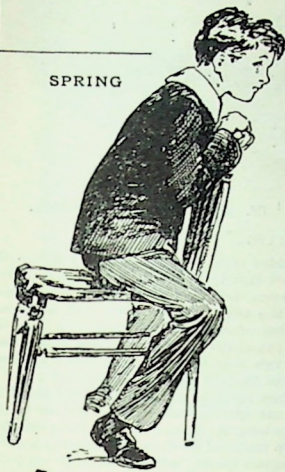
[CREDIT ALBIN.

SPRING CLEANING.

"Better be cleaned the wrong way than not at all!"—Page 95.

The Young Folks' Page.

SPRING



7/3

CLEANING.

POLLY will make a good housewife one of these days, and if *somebody* is thinking of setting up for himself in another dozen years, he need not look any further than Polly for a good home-maker. How do I know that? Well, for one thing, she has begun well. There are many people who are anxious to keep all the white, or cream-coloured, or grey things in the house clean because they *show the dirt*: it is only the thorough, out-and-out housewife who scrubs the black corners and cleans the dark furniture. She

knows that cleanliness is cleanliness all round, holes and corners—aye, and black doggies included.

I don't say Polly is going quite the right way to work, but it is a good attempt. Carlo can be clean as a new pin without being whitewashed, but better be cleaned the wrong way than not at all.

Make "Spring Cleaning" your motto for these young months of the year, and you will never regret it. It is told of the great American editor, George W. Childs, that when he first began work, as a boy, in Philadelphia, he would get up very early in the morning, go down to the shop, and wash the pavement and put things in order before breakfast; and in the winter-time would make the fire and sweep out the shop. When books were bought at night by auction he would go for them early the next morning with a wheelbarrow; and he once said that he never outgrew this habit of doing things directly and in order.

He had to work hard too, and he was perfectly willing to do so. He meant business from the start. Nor was the tradesman who employed him long in finding this out. He discovered within two weeks that he had a treasure in his new errand-boy, and there sprang up between them at once a strong mutual regard. George proved efficient in all work about the shop, and did thoroughly whatever he undertook. Early and late he was at his post of duty, with as much interest and enthusiasm as though the shop had been his own. That was the secret of his success—spring cleaning, in other words keeping things clean in his early days of effort to succeed.

R. S.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

A GREAT scholar was next-door neighbour of Dr. Adam Clarke, when the latter had made his name as a writer. On the same evening both saw a copy of the Greek Testament of Erasmus

advertised. As soon as the scholar had swallowed his breakfast, on the next morning, he hastened to the book-shop to purchase the volume. "You are too late; the book is sold," replied the bookseller, to the inquiry of the gentleman. "Too late!" exclaimed the scholar, in surprise; "why, I came as soon as I had eaten my breakfast!" "Yes, but Adam Clarke came *before breakfast*," responded the merchant.

GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL.

THE first hint which Newton received leading to his wonderful discoveries came from a child's soap bubbles. The waving of a shirt before the fire suggested to Stephen Montgolfier the idea of a balloon. Galileo observed the swinging of a lamp in the temple of Pisa, and it suggested to him the most correct method of measuring time. The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper. The telescope was the outcome of a boy's amusement with two glasses in his father's shop, where spectacles were made, varying their distance between them, and observing the effect. A spark of fire, falling upon some chemicals, led to the invention of gunpowder. Brunel learned how to tunnel the Thames by observing a tiny shipworm bore through timber with its hard little head.

RETRO.

"JOYS AWAIT THE HOLY."

BY THE REV. THOMAS DAVIS.

Joys await the holy,
None as yet may know,
Though they taste the earnest
As they homeward go.

Love is here a fountain,
Sweet above all price;
Love is there a river,
Watering Paradise.

Yet the heart that gloweth
Most on earth with love,
Best hath learnt how blessed
Are the saints above.

Would we taste the river
In the world of bliss,
We must prize the fountain,
Dear to them in this.

Here the love they cherished
Must within us glow;
Then the life immortal
We, like them, shall know.

"AT THE HELM."

THOUGH it is wise in our passage over life's sea to distrust our own power of resisting the waves of temptation, let us never forget that these waves will be stilled, if, having Jesus in the boat with us, we cry to Him for help. Once there was a little boy whose father was mate of a vessel, and as his ship was going to sea, he took his son along with him. A terrible storm arose, and the great waves rolled over the deck. All the sailors were filled with terror, expecting every moment that the ship would spring a leak, and that they should lose their lives. While all was confusion and alarm, the little boy remained perfectly calm and fearless, to the utter astonishment of the crew; and when they asked him why he did not tremble at the danger, he looked at them with perfect composure and exclaimed, "My father is at the helm." Cannot we say the same? R. T.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. SHOW, both from the Old and New Testament, that the custom of celebrating birthdays is a very ancient one.
2. In what parable does our Lord set forth the duty of earnestness in prayer?
3. What words of the prophet Haggai show God's displeasure at His people for their neglect of the temple?
4. Which is the only parable containing a proper name?
5. Give two examples of a man being slain by a lion in punishment.
6. Who are said to see "light in the darkness"?

7. Who said: "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from Heaven"?
8. What grandmothers are honourably mentioned in Scripture?

ANSWERS (See FEBRUARY No., p. 48).

1. Gen. i. 29.
2. Exod. x. 15; Hag. i. 10, 11.
3. Lev. xxvii. 30.
4. Gen. iv. 3.
5. Gen. xliii. 11.
6. Matt. xxi. 34.
7. Matt. xxi. 19.
8. Rev. xxii. 12.



Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY."

IV. BEAUTY IN THE HOME.

ALL women love and crave for beautiful things; this is a Divine attribute. All yearnings after the beautiful are legitimate, for God has implanted this love of the lovely in human hearts. It is nothing to be ashamed of or fought against. The great Creator of

"All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things rare and wonderful."

Himself led the way in this matter. When designing the Tabernacle intended as a model for all times, He built it according to the rules of beauty and glory. Look at the description of the golden candlesticks, with their almond-shaped knops and elegant branches. Examine the curtains of scarlet and blue and purple; look at the embroideries, the twined linens, the bells and ribbands, the fringes and pomegranates on Aaron's dress. Think of the snuffers, spoons, ouches, bolts, rings, and staves, all of pure gold; then you will no longer think it needs excuse if you spend some of each day in beautifying the sweet home God has given you.

Loveliness in a house is of real economic value. Meats are much better digested if partaken of in a bright cheery room, and at a table decked with blossom. Now in order to have a pretty dining-room we need not spend much money. Real beauty consists in fitness for service required. Plainness is not ugliness. Simplicity, careful keeping, and radiant cleanliness, should be the keynote of beauty in our homes.

It is as easy to buy things that go together as to get things that clash.

Simplicity is our primary object; therefore do away with over ornamentation. In choosing wall-papers, see that you get a good background for any pictures you may possess. You do not want a lot of garden stuff in perspective! That would be sadly out of place on a sitting-room wall! Plain brown packing paper forms as good a background for cheap mezzotints, or prints, as you could want. A fashionable frieze can be added by your own hands at any time. In it you can indulge in garlands of flowers or rows of little dickey-birds. They will not be obtrusively evident.

On the plain brown walls everything will look well. Oleographs cut out of an ordinary magazine, and bound with scarlet braid, light it up splendidly, or a few better engravings will be welcome. Furniture in the room may be of the severely plain form. If well rubbed once a week with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, it will shine like a mirror. To prepare this, shred up as much wax as will half fill a jam jar. Pour over it turpentine to within half an inch of the top. Tie down with brown paper, and leave in a cool oven all night. Never try and melt the wax quickly by putting the jar on a hot range; it will explode if you do. In the morning a soft, creamy mass will be found in the pot. This must be rubbed on to the floor or furniture with a soft cloth, and polished off with a round polishing brush sold for the purpose; or if you do not wish to buy such, elbow grease applied with a rough leather will do. There is a delightful clean, fresh, wholesome smell left on completion of this job that is very seductive.

Our table may be either round or oblong. Where there are youngsters about, I advise a round one. There are no corners to it to knock chubby elbows or bruise soft heads. Besides, it gives more room. These round tables can now be picked up cheaply at most auction rooms, as, forsooth, they are considered "out of fashion"! On this table a spotless, uncreased cloth must be spread, for one of our rules of beauty is dainty cleanliness. If it be always folded up on the table creases need not be

seen. Stains can be avoided in many ways. If coffee be spilled at breakfast, hold the spot tightly strained over the slop basin. Then pour through it some boiling water. As the steaming fluid runs out of sight, the tea or coffee stain will disappear with it. Only that portion of cloth actually strained over the bowl will be wetted. It can easily be dried, without implicating the rest of the cloth. A rub over with an iron makes all fresh and fair, and the cloth can be used again.

China ware and all glass must be kept shining and bright in our pretty room, and on our spotless tablecloth. It may be the cheapest china that can be bought; it need never be cut glass; but it must be clean. A mop made of woollen ends tied to a stick, or one bought at any oilman's for 3d., will enable us to wash our self safely and thoroughly, without parboiling our fingers. If well shaken out, one mop will last for months. Then cups and saucers need clean cloths to dry them properly. I had an Irish cook once, who is said to have dried the family dishes on the tail of her dress! But that, I hope, was a libel. Very few of us would tolerate such a procedure, but we are not sufficiently particular about our kitchen rubbers. If they get greasy (as they will do with the most careful handling), put down a saucen pan full of water. When this is boiling madly (not before, if you value a sweet-smelling home!), add to it a tablespoonful of paraffin oil. Into this put the greasy cloths, *bone-dry*. Cover down closely, and boil for twenty minutes, adding more water as the fluid evaporates. At the end of that time a lot of terrible, black, odiferous water will meet your eye. Pour this straight out of the saucen pan and, at once, away into the back garden. Lift out the cloths with a laundry stick, and wring them when cool enough. Rinse in several waters, and hang them out to dry. In the evening you will take in some sweet rubbers, smelling, not of paraffin, but of sunshine and clover, and of other delightful outdoor scents.

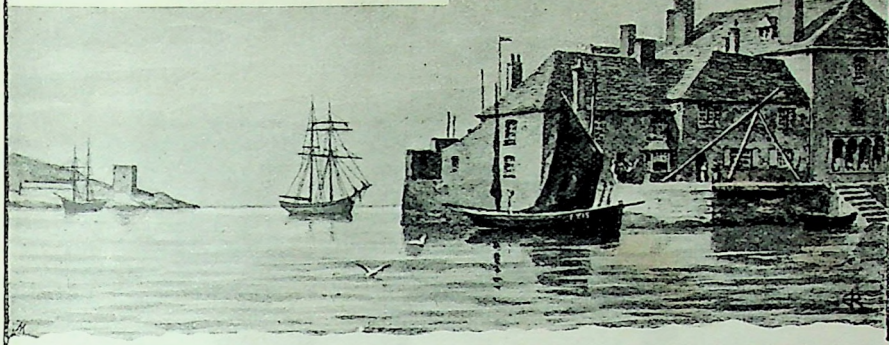
Glass cloths should be kept separately, though, if my advice be followed, they will not often be used. After washing the tumblers in a solution of ammonia (as told of in another article of this series), leave them to drain on a wooden board. When nearly dry, finish the operation with pieces of newspaper. Some quality in the printer's ink does this effectually; it also brightens glass as nothing else will do.

Flowers are not always easy to get in a town house; a few pence spent on the same should never be grudged. A walk in the country supplies lots of things decorative enough for our purpose. Even close to London, coloured leaves can be picked up. Nothing is more beautiful, for instance, than ordinary carrot tops, when they are "turning." Ask your greengrocer for such any day you are in his shop, and you will have decorations for a fortnight! Ivy leaves, well washed, form a nice educational decoration, for we must not forget that all decoration has an effect on those surrounded by it. Our sons will grow up courteous and refined if mother never grudges them in making home attractive. Daughters will keep their own homes nice—providing nests and not cages for the men happy enough to secure them—if they have helped mother in her labour of love, in the matter of beautifying their earthly home. I think, too, that little ones called to the lovely Home above will be more fit to appreciate the King in His beauty, if their eyes have been trained down here to look at and enjoy pretty things.

One word of advice: Never be tempted to overload your homes with tawdry imitations. Truth in beauty is a very necessary ingredient. A common earthenware vase, made of glazed pottery, is far more beautiful than any highly coloured shams. Whatever you buy, let it be real.

Where is Home?

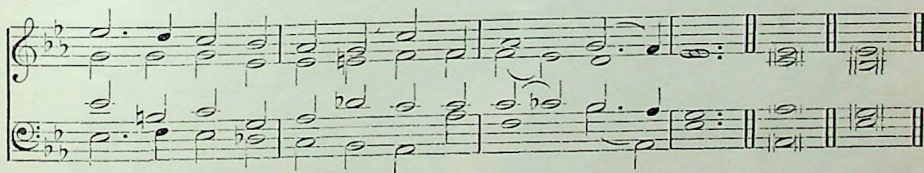
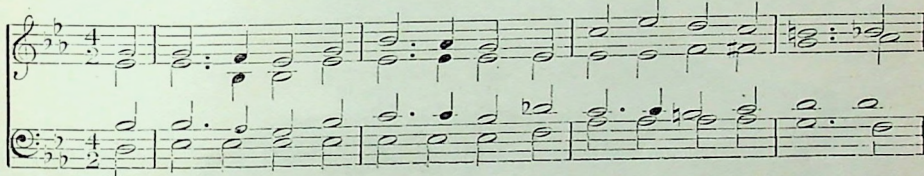
BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY, D.D.



[Since the Archbishop of Sydney's hymn appeared in our January Number, Dr. Mann, Organist of King's College, Cambridge, has sent us the following musical setting. We therefore repeat the words.—ED.]

WHERE LOVE IS FOUND WITHOUT ALLOY.

A. H. MANN, MUS. DOC.



WHERE love is found without alloy,
And sorrows never come
To interrupt the course of joy—
There, there is Home.

Where friends are met in union,
And foes can never come
To mar the sweet communion—
There, there is Home.

Where purity and peace are found,
And sin can never come
To stain with guilt the holy ground—
There, there is Home.

But seek the Land which knows not woe;
Come with us Heavenwards, come;
Earth may not hinder us—and so,
God bring us Home!

O wanderers in a world of pain
And sorrow and unrest,
Why seek for passing joys and gain—
A useless quest?

Join those who seek a better rest,
And riches that will last,
Who, *hopeful* here, are *fully* blest
When life is past.

Home is not here, nor here is joy;
No longer idly roam;
Your pleasures bring you but annoy
Whilst far from Home.

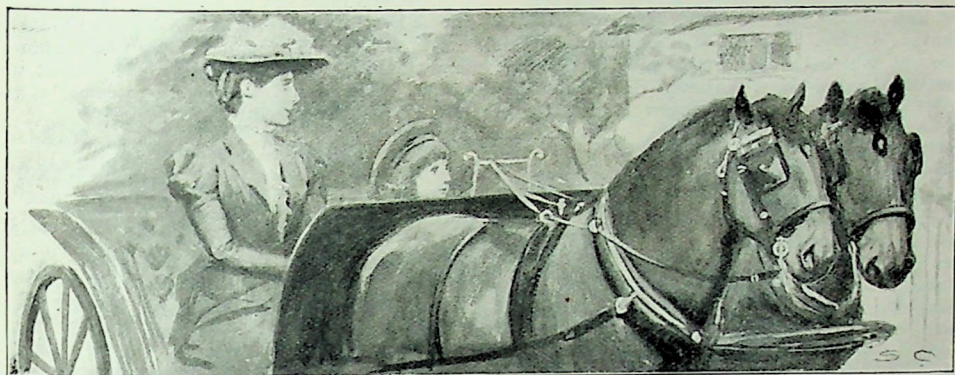


A SON OF OLD ENGLAND.

[BUTCLIFFE, Whitby, Photo.]

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN BY THE BROOK.

A NEAT small carriage, drawn by two ponies, came along the road leading to Sutton Farm. In the carriage, holding the reins, was Lady Wallace, whose husband owned the property for many miles round. She looked still young and pretty; and the little girl by her side, in print frock and wide straw hat, was a juvenile picture of herself.

"Ask if I can see Mrs. Handfast," she said to the boy who sat behind.

Mrs. Handfast came out to the front door, her face as usual radiating good humour,—yet not altogether as usual. Something of worry underlay the good humour. Nobody ever saw Mrs. Handfast look cross—but her expression to-day might have betokened vexation.

"How do you do, Mrs. Handfast? I want a few words with you. May my little girl have a run in your garden?"

"To be sure, your ladyship. Would Miss Madge like to see the dairy?"

"Oh, please, yes. I love the milk in those big pans."

"Very well, you may go, Madge. But don't meddle with anything. Ah, here is Lavinia. Will you take care of my little girl for me, Lavinia? I want a chat with your mother."

Lady Wallace studied Lavinia as she spoke. The girl had rather a spiritless air, and moved listlessly. Their caller's glance went from daughter to mother.

"I don't think Lavinia looks very well." Mrs. Handfast had led the way to her neat sitting-room, and Lady Wallace took a seat. "Pray don't stand, Mrs. Handfast. You must be glad of a few minutes' rest."

"Lavinia had a bad cold not long since, my lady."

"Yes, I know. Has she not got over it yet? Three weeks ago. She ought to be all right. I thought she did not seem so happy as usual; and that is rare in your house. I always say that, whatever the weather may be elsewhere, one is sure to find sunshine at Sutton Farm."

Mrs. Handfast waited again before speaking. "Your ladyship is very kind," she said at length.

"I have come partly to ask a question about that pretty niece of yours—Margot James. She has such pleasant manners."

"Margot's got nice ways," Mrs. Handfast stopped. "Most people like her."

"But—?"

"I didn't say any 'but,' my lady."

Lady Wallace smiled. "No, you did not say it, you only thought it. I know your face so well. Of course, I must not press you to say a word more than you wish. But if you know anything against Margot you must tell me. I have heard

of something that might suit her well. She is looking out, I believe, for a post as nursery-governess."

Mrs. Handfast had been, many years earlier, housekeeper in the large establishment of Lady Wallace's mother.

"No, my lady. I don't know that she is—just yet."

"You think she wants a longer holiday? That is a pity. I know of a situation at this moment which is just the thing. The lady is a cousin of mine—Mrs. Wallace. She lives a few miles away, you know. She saw Margot two or three months ago, in the house where she was last, and took a fancy to her. She wants a nursery-governess for her one little girl. Margot would be extremely happy there."

"Most people do take to Margot's face," murmured Mrs. Handfast.

"Mrs. Wallace certainly did. She liked her way with the children, too—spoilt little creatures though they were."

Mrs. Handfast hesitated. "I'm afraid it can't be," she said. "I should be glad—but my husband told Margot only yesterday that she wasn't to hurry away. He said the longer she could stop with us the better."

"My cousin could wait ten days—not longer, and she would prefer to wait only a week. She is going to Scotland, and she wishes to take the nursery-governess with her to look after the child. I am rather sorry that your husband said that to Margot."

"Yes, my lady." Mrs. Handfast spoke constrainedly.

"I am sorry, because I fear that the question of Lavinia's future may be involved. Lavinia is a good girl—all that one could wish. But she is not so pretty as Margot, and young men are easily caught by good looks. I do not want to speak of this if you would rather not, but I know what

you have been hoping, because you told me. And I hear now—with how much truth I cannot tell—that young Forrest seems to be very much taken with Margot."

Lady Wallace glanced up, to see downcast eyes. She put out her gloved hand, and gave Mrs. Handfast a gentle pat.

"Oh, you must not be depressed. It is better to think how a result can be avoided than to sit and worry oneself. Young men have passing fancies, and this may come to nothing. If Margot were away, there would be nobody to come between Mr. Forrest and Lavinia."



"Lady Wallace studied Lavinia as she spoke."—Page 99.

Mrs. Handfast spoke slowly. "Owen Forrest is free, my lady. He has never said a word to Lavinia nor to me. He has only seemed in a sort of way fond of her. They've been like brother and sister pretty much. I won't deny I've had my hopes of something else to come after, but that's about all. Owen's free; and if he turns to Margot—why, it's no blame to him. What does trouble me is that Lavinia don't seem to be altogether herself. She's lost her spirits, and she don't eat; and she isn't over-strong at the best of times. And if this were to take hold of her, and she were to

fall into bad health——"

"I don't think she will do that. Lavinia is a sensible girl. I daresay she is fond of young Forrest, and perhaps it rather tries her to see him taken up with Margot. Why not give Margot a hint as to the state of affairs?"

"It wouldn't do, my lady. If it was ever to come to Lavinia's ears that I'd said anything——"

"I see. And you cannot be sure that Margot might not repeat your words. No, that would hardly do, since Mr. Forrest has never definitely sought Lavinia. Depend upon it, the wisest plan is to arrange for Margot to go away as soon as possible. At my cousin's she would be out of easy

reach, and Mr. Forrest would not meet her. You had better tell her of this opening, and advise her to think it over. She might not get anything else so good for a long while. I can promise her a happy home, if she should go, and thirty pounds a year to begin with. By the bye, do not mention this out of your own circle. Mrs. Wallace does not want to be troubled with applications from all the people round. If she does not have Margot, she will go to a distance. But it is safe with you."

Presently, when Lady Wallace was gone, Mrs. Handfast went in search of Margot, who had undertaken to pick currants in the kitchen garden.

Her own feelings were mixed on the subject of Margot's future. In a general way she would have liked nothing better than to keep the girl at Sutton Farm for a long while, or even permanently. She knew that her husband's proposal had been mainly with a view to give her pleasure; and, but for one drawback, it would have given her great pleasure. She loved Margot, both for the girl's own sake and for the sake of Margot's dead mother.

Naturally, however, the thought of her own child came first. And during the last three weeks, since Margot's arrival, it had dawned upon Mrs. Handfast that Owen was changed. He came, indeed, to Sutton Farm as usual; and to herself he was the same; but he no longer bestowed attention upon Lavinia. On the contrary, his looks were all for Margot, his thoughts seemed to be concentrated on Margot. Margot had rallied from her nervous condition, and no longer minded seeing him. She laughed at him often, thereby causing him some distress; but somehow those two came much together; and at least it could not be said that Margot refused his attentions. Whether she understood them to be meant seriously, nobody could guess. Nobody could be sure if they were meant seriously. One fact alone was patent,—that Lavinia had become the third, the one left out.

It was not surprising that the mother should feel jealous for her child. Lavinia took matters quietly, and showed no annoyance; but a mother's eyes are quick to see. She did not fail to note certain signs of suffering on the part of Lavinia.

The disappointment to herself was severe, for she had long indulged hopes of having Owen for a son-in-law. But for Lavinia's sake she could say nothing—she could not even show any consciousness of the alteration in him. She could only hope that Margot might not stay long at the farm, and that Owen might then revert to his former state of mind.

While she indulged this hope, her husband unexpectedly stepped in, taking pains to assure Margot that she need not hurry away, that she



"When she found Margot picking currants."—Page 101.

could not stay too long, and that for the present she might put aside the idea of getting more work to do.

Mrs. Handfast saw Lavinia's face change slightly at these words, and an impatient resentment for her child sprang up,—a resentment so strong in degree, that she found it hard to hide what she felt, hard to echo her husband's assurances as he expected. She did her best; and no one seemed to observe any lack of cordiality. Margot smiled and thanked the farmer, saying how happy she was, and how much she would like to stay on, if she wouldn't really be in anybody's way. It could not be too long a visit for her!

But it might be too long a visit for somebody else. Lavinia probably felt this. Mrs. Handfast undoubtedly did.

When she found Margot picking currants, and singing to herself, it was not easy to keep in the background a wish that Mr. Handfast had not spoken out so impulsively. Having told Margot about the possible opening, Mrs. Handfast quoted Lady Wallace's advice not to decide hastily, but to give the matter consideration. A shadow came over Margot's face.

"Of course I'll do whatever you think best, Aunt Mary," she said.

"I don't want to settle for you. Only Lady Wallace seemed to think it was the sort of thing you mightn't hear of again, and so she said it wouldn't be wise to decide in too much of a hurry."

Margot's zest in currant-picking was gone. She kept on a few minutes longer; then walked off, left her basket in the kitchen, and fled to the further side of the large meadow below the kitchen-garden, where she had found a snug retreat for herself, close to the brook. Many a time in the last three weeks she had been there, watching the flow of the water.

Now her mind was otherwise occupied. Mrs. Handfast had taken her by surprise. She was very fond of her aunt. It had not occurred to her before that Mr. Handfast might have spoken without consulting his wife, and that Mrs. Handfast might view matters differently. Had she been asked, she would have avowed herself more sure of her aunt's affection than of anybody's. This confidence had received a shake.

Many girls in her position would have disliked the very idea of a life of dependence upon relatives, and would have seized eagerly upon so good an opening as had now been offered. Margot, with all her pleasantness, rather lacked backbone. During the last twenty-four hours she had been full of gaiety, feeling herself no longer adrift in the world. But that little dream was dissipated.

"I shouldn't have thought it of *her*," sighed Margot. "I did believe Aunt Mary loved me. How disappointing people are!"

Time passed, and Margot still sat upon the bank, lost in thought. She had slowly made up her mind to go to Mrs. Wallace. Anything, rather than to stay where she was not wanted.

Some slight sound made her look round, and she sprang to her feet in alarm. When she had come through the meadow it had been empty; indeed, she had never seen it otherwise. Now a

dozen cows were grazing near, doubtless driven into the field while she had been seated by the brook. A suspicious-looking big beast, with long curved horns and lowered head, was moving in her direction.

Margot had spent most of her life in towns, and she had a great dread of anything in the shape of cattle. If the mildest and gentlest of cows were in a field, she would never by choice go through that field,—certainly she would not do so alone. In other respects she was not a cowardly girl; but her nerves had lately had a weakening shock, and this rendered her more liable than usual to unreasoning terror. Also, she was taken by surprise.

The creature was drawing nearer—only at a slow saunter, it is true; yet it seemed to be meditating a charge.

What *should* she do? The cows were exactly between her and the farm.

She gave one hurried glance down the steep grass bank at the brook; but to leap that would be beyond her powers. Had she remained where she was, or moved quietly away, all might have gone well. The young bull wished to satisfy his mind about the stranger; but if she had faced him steadily, he would probably have been content.

Margot's nerve was equal to no such effort. She shrieked and started off at her utmost speed, running along the bank,

towards the next field. That was too much for the bull. He at once started in pursuit.

CHAPTER IX.

YOUNG PYKE.

MRS. PYKE and her son lived in a small house, not far from the village church. It had a tiny garden in front, and room for vegetables behind. Fred was not very fond of gardening, and his mother made up for his deficiencies in that respect. Whatever her faults might be, she was very fond of this son of hers, and tried her best to keep him out of mischief.



"She shrieked and started off at her utmost speed."—Page 102.

He was a rather good-looking young man in the opinion of some people, and very much so in his own. That he should have stepped into work as clerk in the house of Mr. Stephen Heavy—or, as named on the outside brass plate, Messrs. Heavy & Co.—was a huge gratification to them both. Nobody knew exactly why they had come to live in South Ashton; but Fred explained briefly, when asked, that he had lost his last situation through the death of his employer; and he had good testimonials.

The "Co." in Mr. Stephen Heavy's house was represented by his father, once an attorney, and now nearly imbecile. Mr. Stephen Heavy had stepped into his father's shoes, and he still used the old man's name with his own in the firm.

Young Pyke, going home to early dinner on Thursday—Thursday was the village half-holiday—found his mother rather excited.

"Sit down, Fred. I've got a lot to tell you. Well, and how's everything gone? Plenty of work?" It was a week only since Fred had entered on his new vocation.

Fred gave a short laugh. "Quite enough for my taste, anyway. There isn't much doing, but of course we've got to seem as if we were driven off our legs. If anybody comes in to speak to Mr. Heavy—why, he and I are that hard at work, we can hardly spare a moment."

"That's business, Fred," said Mrs. Pyke.

"Folks are easily taken in. Got no eyes, commonly. Why, as for what's got to be done, Mr. Heavy doesn't need me nor anybody to help him. But he must have a clerk, don't you see, or 'twould be said he was going down in the world. That would be the breaking of him. It's an easy sort of post enough for me. Wish it meant better pay, though."

"That'll come in good time. You've just got to make your charac—your name. When you've made your name, you'll drop into something better. And you like Mr. Heavy?"

"Like him well enough. Heavy by name and Heavy by nature. That don't matter. Dinner ready, mother? I'm going for a ramble after."

"And you don't mean to do a bit of gardening!"

"Spend my one free afternoon in that scrap of a garden! Now, mother! After sitting day after day in a poky office, from morning till night? Why, I want exercise. Well, what's the news?"

Mrs. Pyke pursed up her lips, and nodded her head, upon which reposed a rusty black cap, much askew. "I've had the Vicar here this morning," she began. "He wants some work done, and he'd heard I was a good hand with my needle. Wants some shirts fresh-fronted, and cuffs doing up, and the rest. I told him I'd back myself against anybody in the village for needlework. Then he



"But of course we've got to seem as if we were driven off our legs."—Page 103.

asked a heap of questions about why we'd come here, and where we were from, and what you were doing, and what you'd been doing before. And I told him. I told him a lot."

Fred looked uncomfortable.

"I wish you'd talk less, mother. You'll just go and make mischief."

"Not I. I know better. It's all right. You know what you promised me. I told him what a good son you were to me. And you do mean to be that, don't you, Fred?"—with a note of anxiety. "You promised you would, you know. So it'll be all right. And the Vicar, he wants to see you some day. I don't know as he hasn't got a notion of asking you to teach in the Sunday School. But I said you worked hard all the week, and liked a bit of rest on Sundays. And he says he hopes you come to church regular. And I said if he didn't see you, he might know you'd gone to take a good walk to some other church farther off. You were fond of walking, I said. And he wanted to know if you were good at cricket, and if you wouldn't join the Village Club. And I said you wasn't so good since you'd sprained your foot."

"You went and put *your* foot in it, there! If I'd got a lame foot, how would I be able to take long walks?"

"Oh, he didn't see—not he. He isn't over and above sharp."

(To be continued.)



"Thy Word is Truth."

IV. THE TWO PILLARS.

(For Whitsunday.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME."

JUSTIFICATION by faith in Christ, and Sanctification as the work of God's Holy Spirit, are often said, and truly said, to be "The Pillars of a Standing or a Falling Church." Certainly they are the pillars of Christian experience.

On one occasion, the distinguished and devoted Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, when speaking of "Justification," referred to Miss Elliott's well-known hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," in these striking and impressive words:—

"That hymn," he said, "contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health it expresses all my refuge: in death I desire that I may know nothing else for support and consolation but what it contains. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn. I wish that all my ministry may be so associated. 'Just as I am, without one plea—But that Thy Blood was shed for me—And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—O Lamb of God, I come.' I have no other plea; I can come in no other way. O Lord, help me to come in more simplicity and strength of trust; in more of that love which true faith always works by; in more of that 'peace in believing' which strong faith imparts; in more ability to mount, above the sense of my deep unworthiness, to a full embracing of Thy promises; not feeling the less unworthy, but resting more in Thy merits: not the less realising how all my righteousnesses are but filthy rags, but more entirely putting on by faith Thine own—*Thee*, blessed Lord, who Thyself art my Righteousness."

Equally clear was the Bishop's testimony to the absolute need of the Divine Spirit's teaching and influence in order to Sanctification in spiritual knowledge and spiritual power.

"The Holy Ghost, 'who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,' is of the same Divine Nature with both; alike to be honoured and worshipped; sent of Christ to be the Teacher, the Sanctifier, and the Comforter of sinners; the Author and Preserver of all spiritual life; by whom alone we

are born again, and daily renewed in the spirit of our minds—the Spirit of all prayer, wisdom, and holiness, without Whom we are as little able to *will* as to *do* of God's good pleasure. To be full of the Holy Ghost in one's soul we must keep up our attention as sinners continually to His influences for all growth in grace, as well as to the righteousness of Christ for all reconciliation to God."

And then, as the secret of personal spiritual life in communion with God, the good Bishop wrote in his diary:—"I believe I know by experience what it is for the Spirit to make intercession for us 'with groanings which cannot be uttered.' But why is it that such experience is not more frequent in my heart? Why is it that so often my heart is cold, my thoughts at random, my desires so few and languid? Why does prayer so often seem a burden, instead of *my life and highest enjoyment*? Shall I say because of my infirmities, my sins? Truly; but is there no way of overcoming these adversaries? '*The Spirit helpeth our infirmities*.' The true answer is, because I go to the throne of grace trusting too much to my own heart; not feeling my entire dependence upon Divine aid to make me know my wants, and to give me the spirit of prayer. I am not sufficiently in the habit of thinking and feeling according to this verse. The cry of my heart is not sufficiently unto the Holy Ghost to teach what I should ask—to give a deep feeling of my wants—to elevate my mind to God; to make me athirst for His grace, and enable me to pray *as I ought*. I must honour the Spirit more by *more reliance upon His aid*. I must open my heart to His intercession. I must seek whenever I pray that He would dwell and speak more in my heart 'with groanings which cannot be uttered.' Come, blessed Spirit! now inspire my soul; now enlighten my mind; now lift up my heart; now help my infirmities. Give me unspeakable desires, and enable me to approach God in that 'effectual fervent prayer,' which, through Jesus Christ, availeth much!

"Oh, how we need, in these days, the outpouring of the Spirit, to revive the zeal, the love, and

faith, and whole-heartedness of the Apostles' days! How we need to be broken down, that we may be raised up anew: to have our traditional sort of religion, which at the best owes so much of its shape to the ages it has passed through, taken to pieces and reconstructed on the *simple model of the Scriptures!* Can we expect anything like the great victories of the Gospel which are promised, while our piety is, in many respects, what it is? Must there not, will there not, be a PENTECOST upon those who are now in Christ Jesus, to make them as different from what they now are, as the Apostles were made by the Spirit from what they had been before? Oh, valley of bones that we are, who will prophesy

for us to the wind, that it may blow upon us? Come, blessed Spirit, and *shed abroad* the love of God in our hearts."

Is not this the Gospel that we need? Is it not the Gospel for Whitsuntide? And is it not the Gospel of the Prayer-Book?

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

"Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight."

—Ordination Service.

"Come, Holy Ghost, in Love."

COME, Holy Ghost, in Love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us this hour!

—King Robert II.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



SUNDAY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE LESSONS.—The Rev. Charles Simeon, when at Cambridge, told this incident:—"A poor woman who lived a little way out of Cambridge, had been wont on Sundays to walk to a well-known church there. She used to say to the undergraduates, who visited her in her long illness, 'I liked Mr. — well: what he said was very beautiful; but there was something that the other minister, the gentleman in white, used to read, that I, poor ignorant

woman that I was, used to like better than Mr. —'s beautiful sermons: I think they called it *the lessons*.' She could not read."

The Bible and the Prayer-Book.—"The Church of England hath the whole service, all common and public prayers, ordained to be said and heard in the congregation, framed and fashioned to the true regnes (reins) of Holy Scripture" (*Bishop Ridley*). "We have sought to establish our Liturgy on the authority of that Sacred Volume which cannot mislead us, and have returned to the primitive Church of the Ancient Fathers and Apostles" (*Bishop Jewell*).

The Responses.—Two faults frequently mar the beautiful worship of our Church. Some are *silent* worshippers, utterly isolated in thought and sympathy from the congregation. Others are loud indeed in their responses, but through some *eccentricity* of tone or manner they hinder others and disturb the harmony which requires "one voice" as well as "one heart."

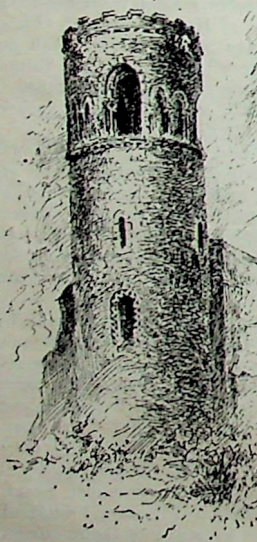
Dean Goulburn's earnest words should be pondered both by the *silent* and the *eccentric*. "Be careful to make in an audible voice *all* the responses prescribed by the Prayer Book. If persons around us in the congregation are merely silent auditors of the service, our own devotion is instantaneously chilled. If, on the other hand, they have all the appearance of earnest worshippers, devotion soon stirs and wakens up in our own heart. Throw, then, your contribution of heart and soul and sympathy into the service by making the responses simply and sincerely, in your natural voice."

Our Ancient Churches.

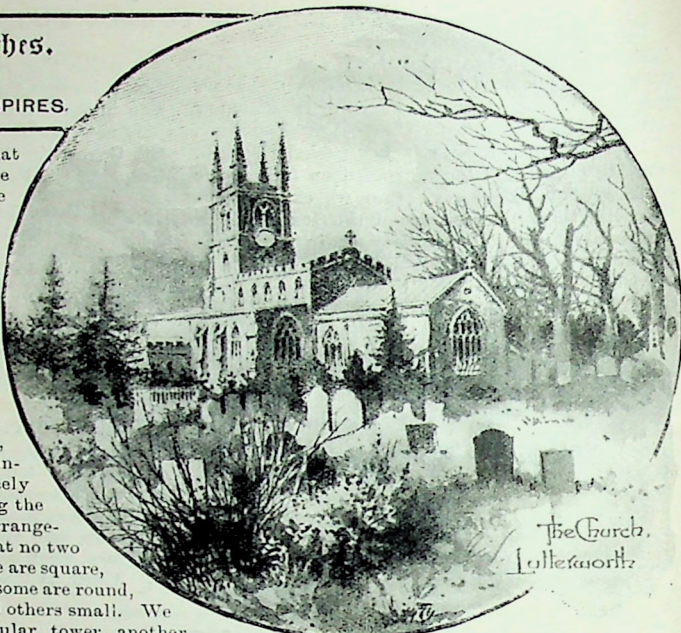
BY SARAH WILSON.

III. CHURCH TOWERS AND SPIRES.

IT is not every church that has a tower,—many have only a bell-gable for the bells; but most of them are provided with this important feature; and when we turn our attention to the subject we cannot but be astonished at the diversity of treatment that has been bestowed upon them. Their forms, the materials with which they are constructed, and their position in reference to the rest of the structure of which each forms a part, differ completely in countless instances; indeed, it would be scarcely too much to say, notwithstanding the prevalence of certain special arrangements in particular districts, that no two of them are precisely alike. Some are square, some four-sided but not square; some are round, and of these some are large and others small. We have one example of a triangular tower, another of an eight-sided one; and the upper part of Cartmel Church is placed diagonally on that below, making another departure. Some are capped with spires; a few are covered with saddle-backed roofs; many on the borders between England and Scotland have flat roofs with the same strong battlemented parapets to them as those of the neighbouring castles and pele-towers, from which defence could be made against evil-doers, and a vigilant look-out for them maintained; and a few have beacons upon them. Curiously, there are several instances, chiefly in the south-western counties, where towers have been built near their respective churches, but with an intervening space of a few feet from them.



LITTLE SAXHAM, SUFFOLK.



Herefordshire and Cornwall have examples of these isolated towers, as they are called. Ledbury tower, a fine example, stands on the north side of the church; some of the others are on the south side of their main buildings.

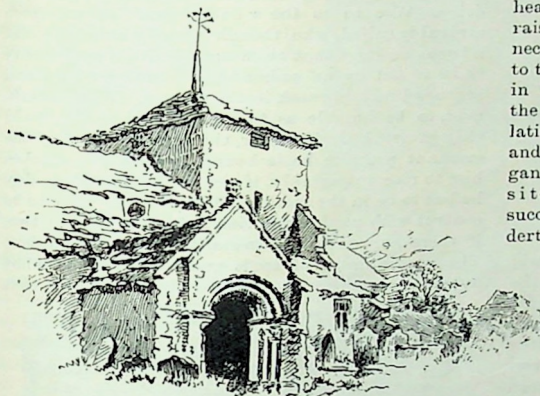
Then, again, our ancient church towers belong to different centuries, and present the characteristics of their times. We have specimens of the hoary, sturdy, lowly, massive towers that Saxon masons built a thousand years ago, some of which are small, only twelve feet square, and without ornament of any kind, save, perhaps, a little herring-bone work, and others relieved with straight projecting strip-like lines of narrow, flat pilasters; of those the Normans reared after they had taken possession of the land, which were still very massy, and sometimes cumbered outside with tier upon tier of round-headed arches, as in the case of St. Clement's, Sandwich; of the taller and more stalwart towers of Plantagenet times and of the days of the White and Red Roses, and of the proud work of Tudor masons.

The window openings vary from the small narrow ones of Saxon masons, with heads made by simply placing two stones to slant towards each other, or divided into two small round-headed lights by a balustered shaft, till, through successive stages and centuries, they reach the height, width, grace and intricacy of ornamentation of those of the later Somerset and Gloucestershire towers. In some instances there are panels of perforated stones inserted in towers to permit the outlet of the music of the bells; in others, wooden louvres serve this purpose. Frequently, a great western doorway is pierced through the tower to give access to the church, in the work of later centuries; but, often, there is no approach to the tower but by a tower-arch opening from the nave.

In the eastern counties, especially, flints are used for these structures; in many other counties stone, cold and grey in colour in some, ruddy in others, and rich and ripe in more; and in Essex,

Surrey, and neighbouring districts timber is frequently employed. There was a time when they were generally called steeples. In the books kept by churchwardens there are many entries of repairs to the steeple and the windows in the steeple. Some have no means of communication with the upper stages, except ladders. More of them have turret stairs. In Branceheth Church, the steps are logs cut diagonally after the first stage, which has been renewed. The doors of these turret stairs have often several locks.

Spires are of more frequent occurrence in low-lying districts, such as the fen country, than in others. There are but very few in Northumberland, for instance, and Buckinghamshire was another county



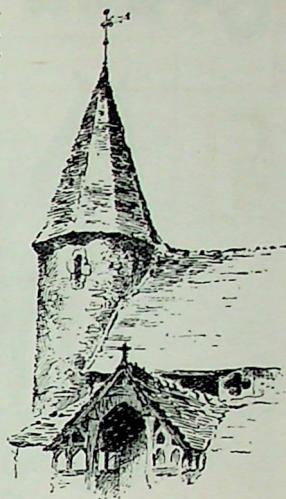
STUNTED NORMAN TOWER AND PORCH, LANCING CHURCH, SUSSEX.

that had only a very few in old times. In Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, on the other hand, we may see them in every direction. The needle, as the spire is called, of Salisbury Cathedral, is generally considered the most beautiful and stately of them all. This rises to a height of 400 feet. The walls of the tower on which it is placed are five feet thick. There was a great fear in the time of Sir Christopher Wren that it was going to topple over and come to the ground; and that great architect was called in to see what could be done to avert such a catastrophe, with the result that it is still standing in the high place made for it by the intrepid builders.

Of smaller churches, the spire of St. Walburgh's, in Preston, rises, perhaps, to the greatest height—303 feet from the ground. They are generally built of the same materials as the churches to which they belong, but there are some exceptions. The chief of these are made of timber framework and covered with lead. In some cases the lead is laid on in a herring-bone manner, which has, together with its silvery tones, a charming effect. In one instance the tall tapering spire thus covered with lead has a greater height than the tower on which it stands. We may see these lead-covered spires at Long Sutton, in Lincolnshire, at Barnstaple, Minster in Kent, Baddow in Essex, and East Harding in Norfolk.

The spire of Chesterfield Church, in Derbyshire, that is so curiously twisted, is another example of them. Some spires are truncated, or cut off short. Boston stump and that at Yatton are instances.

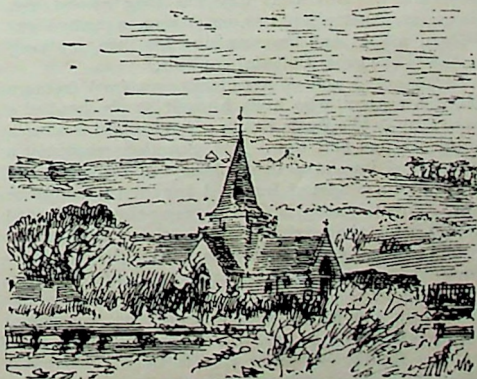
Thinking of the great risk of life by accident, the heavy labour of raising all the necessary materials to their high places in building spires, the exquisite calculations necessary, and excellent organization requisite, to secure success to the undertaking, the reck-



THE ROUND TOWER, SOUTHEASE, SUSSEX.

lessness of some steeple-jacks' exploits seems almost past belief. In Sykes's Local Records, it is recorded that a man named Burdiken stood on his head, with his feet in the air, on the round stone at the top of the steeple of All Saints' Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on October 21st, 1796. In this case the term steeple appears to have been applied to the spire.

There is a much more delightful association connected with our ancient church towers. For centuries, in some of them, it has been the custom for the choir to ascend to their summits on particular days and sing anthems or hymns. There are few more impressive ceremonies in Durham Cathedral than the singing of the Old Hundredth hymn from the top of its great tower by its sweet-voiced choir.



ALFRISTON, SUSSEX.

OTHER FOLKS

PARISHES



V. AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH PARISH.

BY THE REV. F. B. MACNUTT, B.A.

WESLEY once said that the whole world was his parish. The clergyman in the Australian Bush could at any rate say that his charge covered a very large slice of it. He might often spend a whole day in riding or driving round his district, and then at evening, worn out and weary, he would have to confess to himself that he had only seen a fragment of it.

Most people know now that Australia is not peopled by blacks or ruled by bushrangers. We in England have seen our Colonial cousins play cricket against us, and know that there is little to distinguish them from ourselves. There was a time, of course, in the early days of the Colonies, when the squatter who was bold enough to settle far from a town ran a constant risk of having his station raided by blacks or invaded by desperadoes. But that day has long passed by. Many an Australian has never seen a native except in a coat and trousers like his own, walking in one of the great Colonial capitals.

Nevertheless, the young clergyman, fresh from an English curacy, who finds himself at the head of a parish up in the Bush, has to adapt himself to a work quite strange and new. His church is probably a corrugated iron structure, situated in a township, or village, of a couple of hundred inhabitants, more or less. This township is the rallying-point and base of supplies for the neighbouring district. The country round is divided up into stations, belonging to squatters, sheep and cattle farmers, who have settled on the land. Possibly several townships may be included in the parish, which means that occasional services only can be held at each centre. The more earnest families drive or ride to the church that is nearest to their station when the Service Sunday

comes round. Imagine what the pastor's visiting implies in such a parish.

Every Bush clergyman must be able to ride and drive. Woe be to the "new chum," as the fresh arrival is called, who, though scarcely able to mount a horse, declares that he can ride! He is nearly sure to be tested on an animal likely to throw him, and perhaps break his neck in the process. With a bushman, to be humble as to one's riding powers is the only protection. However, the parson finds that the constant practice he is bound to have soon teaches him to ride respectably, if not well. Day after day he has to be in the saddle. He will often have to be content with paying one visit a day, or perhaps two, if there happen to be two stations near one another. The vast number of souls under his care is what appals the town vicar—the vast number and the vast



THE BUSH POSTMAN.

variety of characters and circumstances with which he has to deal. Distance is the great enemy of the Bush parson, and his life is one long effort to master it. His heart must be broad enough to include miles of country, and his body must be kept in training to cover it all as often as possible. He is more like a Bishop or Archdeacon than a parish clergyman, not only because of the size of his parish, but also because it is really like a miniature diocese containing a number of miniature parishes.

For the station is almost a village in itself. First there is the homestead, the home of the squatter and his family. This is generally a long, low building, not unlike an Indian bungalow. If the station is prosperous, the homestead is furnished with every comfort, and even luxury, that is to be found in a town residence. Outside the homestead enclosure is the station yard, surrounded by the store, the stables, the overseer's house, and the huts of the shepherds, boundary-riders, and labourers. In the shearing season there must be added the shearers, who are often six weeks or more cutting the fleeces and storing and despatching the wool in bales to the railway.

This is the community which the Bush parson has to visit. As one might expect, he meets with very varied receptions. Sometimes he is only tolerated; far more often he is made welcome. Happy is he if he has a social nature and can make friends, for then the door is everywhere open to him, and he can look forward to his next visit with the hope that he is gaining ground. The squatter is born and bred to hospitality. Even the "traveller who humps his bluey" (that



NATIVES HUNTING
KANGAROOS.

is, the tramp on the way through the station, who carries his worldly all in a blanket on his back) has a hut provided for him to pass the night in, and rations are served out gratis for his evening meal.

In many stations the parson on his round knows that he will be put up for the night, and allowed to hold a service for as many of the family and hands as care to attend it.

"The Bush" is an Australian term for all those parts of the country which are remote from towns. Sometimes, especially among the

mountains, the land is densely wooded, and the unwary traveller soon loses his way. Elsewhere the plains are as flat as a calm sea, and without a vestige of undergrowth of any kind.

No one who has not felt it can realize the oppressive solitude of the Bush, be it hill or plain. You may travel for miles and hear scarcely a sound but the maniac laugh of the jackass or the scream of the parrot. You may ride or drive for hours over the hard flat plain, through paddock after paddock of grass, which a scorching sun has burned into hay, and see only the most distant traces of human life. Many a settler lives entirely alone from one month to another on his selection, or grant of land, and only visits a distant township when compelled to obtain supplies. Another physical feature which often adds to the sense of depression is the multitude of dead trees. The squatter who wants good grass in his paddocks strips the bark for some distance up the trees to kill them. These "ringed" trees may often be seen standing at all sorts of angles on the hillside, and the effect is sombre in the extreme. When the dreaded bush-fire has done its deadly work, spring comes back, not as in



A SELECTOR'S HOME.

England, over green fields and lanes, and woods ready to burst out into leaf and blossom with returning May, but to blackened stumps of trees and stubble of burnt grass that lies like a mantle of desolation over hill and plain.

Frequently a Bush parson may work for years and see but little result for all his work. His great hope is that patient influence may tell at last, and to

gain this end he must live constantly in touch with as many settlers as he can reach. He is as much a missionary as many a man who labours in tropical Africa, or amid the snows of the wild North-West. But he knows that he is a pioneer. The time will come when the townships will become towns. For that time he is bravely laying a solid foundation of steady work, which must prevail.

Life.

A LITTLE basket cradle bed ;
A little shining, curly head ;
A little workman, spade in hand ;
A little footprint on the sand.

A trembling star ; a wavering flute ;
Two souls that speak, tho' lips are mute ;
Two touching faces, fixed above ;
Two kindred spirits, one through love.

A little cloudlet in the sky ;
A mother's pang ; an infant's cry ;
An autumn leaflet, crisped and sear ;
A thoughtful brow ; a pensive tear.

A moonlit cypress, zephyr-stirred ;
Two moving shadows, silver-haired ;
Two mounds of grass upon the lea,—
A gleam of light beyond the sea !

S. R. COWAN.

Under the Temperance Flag.

A MEDICAL Comparison.—A Swiss doctor compared twenty French families, ten composed of sober persons, ten of persons addicted to the constant use of alcohol during several generations. The sober families have had sixty-one children. Of these they have lost five in infancy. Of the survivors two

were deformed, two backward in growth, two had St. Vitus' dance; the remaining fifty were sound and healthy. On the side of the drinkers, the children numbered fifty-seven, of whom twelve died in infancy, and nine were healthy. All the rest were idiots, dwarfs, deaf and dumb, or epileptics, etc.

My Voyage up Country.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" ETC.
WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. TWIDLE.



III.

BY-AND-BY the animals seemed to forget me, and gradually they melted away into the encircling gloom, until I could see them no more.

I rose to my feet, and with an effort that amazed myself, hoisted my sack of turnips on to my back again, and set off homeward. I didn't run, because

it was impossible, but I made excellent time nevertheless, for I kept on fancying I could hear that mob of bulls (as I took them for) charging after me again. Sure enough, they *were* coming! To this day I don't know why I didn't drop the load and scoot, but it never occurred to me. Instead, I struggled on with feverish energy, until—oh, rapture!—I saw rise before me the pale outlines of a post-and-rail fence. With one desperate effort I flung myself at it; the sack went over first, dragging me after it head foremost, and there I lay in safety, on my back, looking up blankly at a row of shining eyes, glaring down at me over the top rail of the fence.

Reaching home, I found the household in a great state of bewilderment as to my possible whereabouts; and when I told my adventures, even the baby joined in the scornful laughter. According to them, I had been scared out of my five wits by the playful gambols of a dozen yearlings; but you'll excuse me; to me they were ferocious bulls, enraged by the appearance in their midst of an inoffensive stranger, and bent upon avenging the wrongs inflicted upon them by many generations of his kind!



"I lay on my back, looking up at a row of shining eyes."—Page 110.

After many adventures of a similar nature, the sphere of my duties gradually contracted itself into wood-chopping and churning: until one day the farmer suggested that I should take up the job of clearing a section of bush and preparing it for a crop of oats. Furnished with an axe and a painful weapon he called a "grub-hoe," I commenced my task. The arrangement came to was that I should do it by piece-work at a certain sum (I forget how much) per acre. How I toiled, wrestled with Nature, in the attempt to curb her luxuriance and bring the wild land under subjection! My intentions were of the very best, but after a few days of tremendous labour, it was borne in upon me that sixpence a day would be about the maximum of my earnings. And I really thought I could earn more at some other business.

I have since had reason to believe that even my employer's farming was hardly what one would call scientific. For instance, the cows were allowed to wander at their own sweet will into the bush, and in fine weather it was no easy task to hunt them up and bring them back to the milking-shed. But when one of

those tremendous gales, laden with hail or snow, that are common to South New Zealand in winter, raged over our part of the country, we could not venture after them. Then the dog, whose savage barking had first heralded my approach to the farm, was let loose and dismissed with a kick to find them. He always did so in an amazingly short space of time, bringing them home across country at a tremendous pace. I never saw them leap over a haystack or the house, but I have little doubt that they would have done so if these obstacles had been in their way. Such leaps as they made were almost incredible even to one's eyesight. For with that dog behind them, savagely biting at the tails of the hindmost, they felt, poor creatures, that they had urgent need for haste, and they wasted no moment in seeking for an easy road. When they arrived, their sides were always streaked with red, where they had lashed themselves with their torn tails, and I never ceased to wonder how it was that they did not yield butter instead of milk.

The last of my exploits was performed on a Sunday. The farmer and his wife went, as they were wont, to a Church meeting some eight miles away; and seeing that I was in their employment, they did not, as usual.



"His energetic partner gave me seriatim her collected impressions."—Page 112.

hire a neighbour's daughter to look after the children. They left me in charge, with directions to cook some porridge. I did my best, but alas! my best was not good. I made a huge pot of porridge, very thick and substantial, but smelling strangely—a sort of headachy smell, that made all the children grin disgustedly when I hoisted the mess on to the table. In fact, they broke into open rebellion. There was never any trouble with them when their mother was at home; but I do them no injustice when I say that, apparently goaded beyond endurance, they played strange pranks of insubordination. And I, fearing to adopt harsh measures, could only implore them to remember that punishment would surely follow upon their parents' return. But having tasted the fearful joy of rebellion, they would not heed me—more, they scorned me as one who was to be frightened by immature cattle, and who did not know how to make porridge fit to eat, two manifestations of incompetence hitherto unrevealed to them. I draw a veil over what happened on that eventful day. All I need say is that I had no moment of peace from morning till night. All my farming mistakes were vividly recalled and enlarged upon, until I was in despair of ever getting the better of these country children.

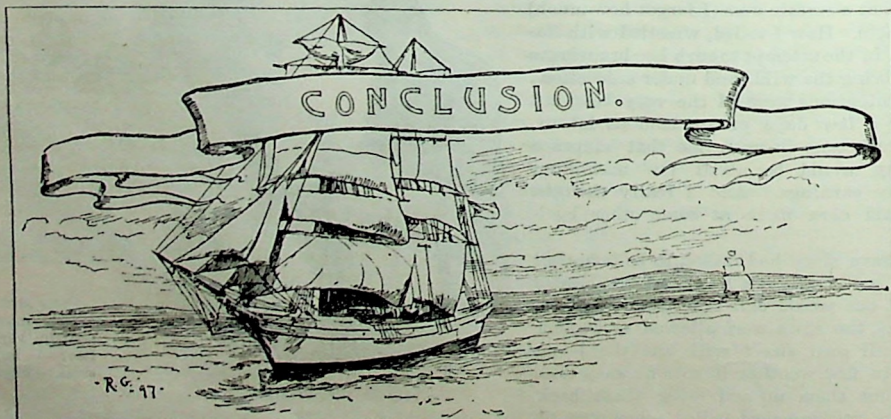
In due time my employers returned, and after a depressing season of silence, while they ascertained the extent to which I had allowed riotous ruin to overwhelm the house, punishment began. There was a good deal of wailing afterwards, to which I listened uneasily, unable to divest myself of the feeling that I was in some way to blame. Then my turn came. While Mr. Alken sat red-faced and silent, his energetic partner gave me seriatim her collected impressions as to my value (a) as a farm hand; (b) as a dairy assistant; (c)

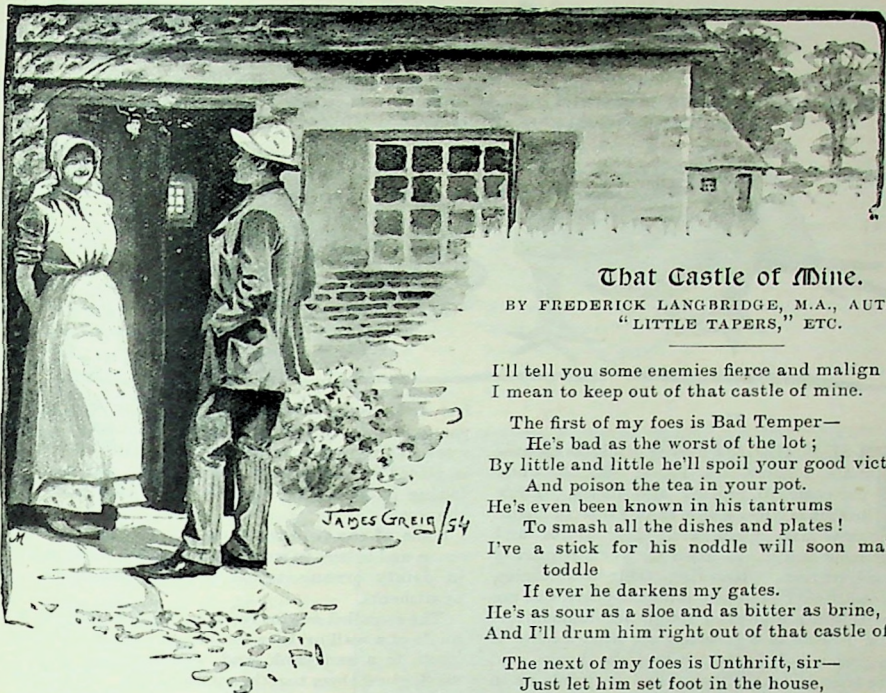
as a domestic; and (d) as anything at all. She had a great deal to say, and she said it, until, rising amid the full tide of her eloquence, I sought relief in flight.

Later on, I had an interview with the farmer himself, who said that while, personally, he was getting much attached to me, he was bound to admit that I did not take kindly to farm life. And if I could make it convenient to clear out soon, he would feel greatly obliged to me, as he was perfectly sure he should have no prospect of peace until I was gone. I fully appreciated his position, and made my simple preparations for departure.

Early next morning, after a good breakfast, I took the road to the farm where my chum had found employment, curious to know how he had fared. I was overjoyed to find that not only was he in high favour with his boss, but the eldest daughter, a comely lass of eighteen, had smiled upon him so sweetly that, like Homer's wanderers of old, he had said, "I will return no more." When I entered the door, he was sitting in a cosy corner by the mighty fire, alongside of his sweetheart. The old farmer, sitting opposite, was beaming indulgently at the pair. It was an idyllic picture; but I felt that any lengthened study of it would not be conducive to my comfort: so I tarried not, but bidding my chum an affectionate farewell, I set off on the long trudge to the nearest railway station, whence I returned to the Bluff.

Happily for me as it turned out, my ship had gone, or I should have been committed to prison. I soon obtained another ship, at a fairly good wage, and sailed for Oregon, effectually cured of any hankering I might have had for the career of a farmer, and by no means proud of the success of my voyage up country.





That Castle of Mine.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF
"LITTLE TAPERS," ETC.

I'll tell you some enemies fierce and malign
I mean to keep out of that castle of mine.

The first of my foes is Bad Temper—

He's bad as the worst of the lot;

By little and little he'll spoil your good victual,
And poison the tea in your pot.

He's even been known in his tantrums

To smash all the dishes and plates!

I've a stick for his noddle will soon make him
toddle

If ever he darkens my gates.

He's as sour as a sloe and as bitter as brine,
And I'll drum him right out of that castle of mine.

The next of my foes is Unthrift, sir—

Just let him set foot in the house,

And soon he'll make haste, sir, your substance to

And leave you as poor as a mouse. [waste, sir,

He'll pawn every stick in your dwelling;

You'll scarce keep a shoe to your feet;

And—not to mince matters—he'll turn you in tatters

To loaf at the end of the street.

Come, comrades and brothers, we'll band and combine

To keep the rogue out of your castle and mine.

AN Englishman's house is his castle—
Though only a poor little hut;
It is safe from intruder as palace of Tudor,
When once its front door has been shut.
Now mine is the smallest of castles—
Its hall is just twelve foot by nine—
But woe to the raider or daring invader
Who threatens that castle of mine!

Putts with Kernels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

PRAYERS Without Words.—Some say that they do not know in what words they should pray to God. Any words will do, or no words. If there are songs without words, surely there may be prayers without words. A working man once came to Rowland Hill, telling him that he was in great distress, that all his things were to be sold, and that he could not work because his tools were in pawn. Rowland Hill told him that if the loan of five pounds would help him out of his difficulties, he would lend it on one condition. The man was delighted, and said he would do anything he asked him. "Well, then," said Hill, "you must ask a blessing on the way you intend to spend the money. If you do not do this you will probably squander it, and I do not feel justified in lending it to you." "But," said the man, "I never did say a prayer, and I cannot do so now."

Being told by Rowland Hill very firmly that he could not have the money without a prayer, the man went down upon his knees and said, "O Lord, I thank Thee and I thank Mr. Hill for the money, and I pray Thee to enable me to make a good use of it." "Get up," said Rowland Hill, "that is as good a prayer as you could possibly pray, for it is straight from the heart"; and he lent him the money. Any words will do if only they are really felt; for in addressing God the greatest eloquence is foolishness, and worse than that if it is not sincere.

A Gentleman.—He is a man who is gentle in thought, word, and deed. He is generous and just, honourable and brave: and, having all these qualities, he exercises them in the most gracious outward manner. A true gentleman pays his bills; is a good son, husband, father, and friend. His aims in life are high, and he keeps from all that is mean.

Family Mansions.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF
"WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.



II.

HOUSE-BUILDING among back-boned animals reaches its lowest depths when we come to reptiles and fishes. Their brains are less acute than those of mammals and birds, and their limbs and mouths are less fitted for work requiring delicate adjustment. Knowing their deficiencies, they do not attempt pretentious architecture, but are content with plain and even rough accommodation. Alligators, lizards and serpents are alike happy if they can find a hole in which to hide themselves; and so are frogs, whether they dwell in ponds or in trees. As for fishes, the water in which they live, and their lack of limbs adapted for grasping, make it very difficult for them to produce cosy or artistic houses.

Insects occupy a lower station in the scale of being than animals which are the proud possessors of back-bones: but they do not come behind them in the choice of good and elegant material for building purposes, nor in the diligence and skill with which they put them together. Indeed, it is not too much to say that some of the most desirable family mansions upon the earth have been erected by insects. Take, for instance, the Hymenoptera, which includes bees, ants, and wasps. Passing by such monster factories as the hives of the domesticated species of bees, and the nests of ants, look at some of the happy homes prepared by the less well-known members of the order.

Humble bees live together, as do hive bees, but in smaller numbers, and some of them display much skill in the construction of their nests. One species appropriates or makes a hole in the ground six or eight inches in diameter. For security, the front door is placed a foot away from the living room, to which access is gained by a passage half an inch across. Great attention is bestowed on the roof, to make it both warm and waterproof. Warmth is secured by a nice layer of felt made by the humble bees themselves out of moss growing near. When the rough roof is ready for the felt, half a dozen bees form a line from the nest with their heads all pointing outwards. The individual in front bites off a bit of moss, cards it into felt by the aid of jaws and

feet, and passes it to its next neighbour, who, in turn, passes it on to the next, until, like bricks handed from workman to workman, it reaches its destination, and is placed in position on the ceiling. When all the felting is done, a lining of wax is added to keep out the wet.

Some of the solitary bees are skilful workers in stone, and others in wood; while several species excel in dainty ornamentation of the interior of their apartments.

The so-called mason bee selects a cheap site in some angle of a wall or between stones. Then it betakes itself to a sandbank, and, seizing a few grains of sand, glues them together with saliva. These lumps of concrete are carried to the chosen site, and built into five or six apartments, each as big as a thimble; an egg is deposited in every room with a little honey and pollen for the babies when born, and a roof of coarse stones is reared over the whole family.

The workers in wood, which I have often seen and taken in Italy, are large, handsome, blue-black bees, which go about their work with a resolute, business-like air, befitting good, industrious mechanics. This insect tunnels along some vine prop or other convenient piece of wood, and then divides the passage into compartments by a system of planking which makes the ceiling of one cell the floor of the next. Perhaps planking is hardly the right word, for, instead of laying straight planks across, the bee works from the side and goes round, glueing on particles of sawdust, until she has reached the centre. About a dozen rooms are formed, and an egg and some food is placed in each. When the first young one opens her eyes, she finds herself standing on her head on the floor. Taught by instinct, she bites away the wood, and lo! there is daylight and the open air. Her next sister or brother does the same, and eats away through one floor and crawls through the hole in the next, and so on to number twelve, each young one having only one floor to eat through.

The stone and wooden houses above spoken of are plain and substantial, but the homes prepared by another bee are exceedingly dainty. One species, fond of green curtains, covers the walls of her cells with pieces of leaves, cut to the proper shape by means of her scissor-like jaws; while another, with a taste for brilliant colour, uses the petals of the wild poppy;

and, when the egg is laid, tucks it in under this scarlet counterpane.

Very remarkable family mansions are those formed by the gadflies. Gadflies simply puncture a leaf of the oak, lime, willow, or some other suitable plant or tree, and domed houses, to afford the young shelter and food, grow of themselves. These galls, as they are called, vary immensely in form and colour, according to the species of flies which inhabit them: they may be smooth, or fleshy, or clothed with opines. Naturalists have a difficulty in explaining how it is that a puncture by a tiny insect, and the insertion of an egg, can so affect the leaf that it grows a dome for the protection of its unbidden guest; but of the fact itself there is no manner of doubt.

Butterflies and moths are usually regarded as types of giddy, dressy idleness, and it is in keeping with this idea that, although in an embryo state, they weave habitations for themselves, yet, in their mature life they take no thought for the future. The silken coverings spun by caterpillars when they are passing into the chrysalis stage are clothes rather than houses, but tents of silk are erected by the young of certain moths for their larval work-a-day existence. The parent moth lays about 400 eggs on a leaf, and when the caterpillars emerge they, with commendable promptitude, erect an awning of silk to shelter themselves.

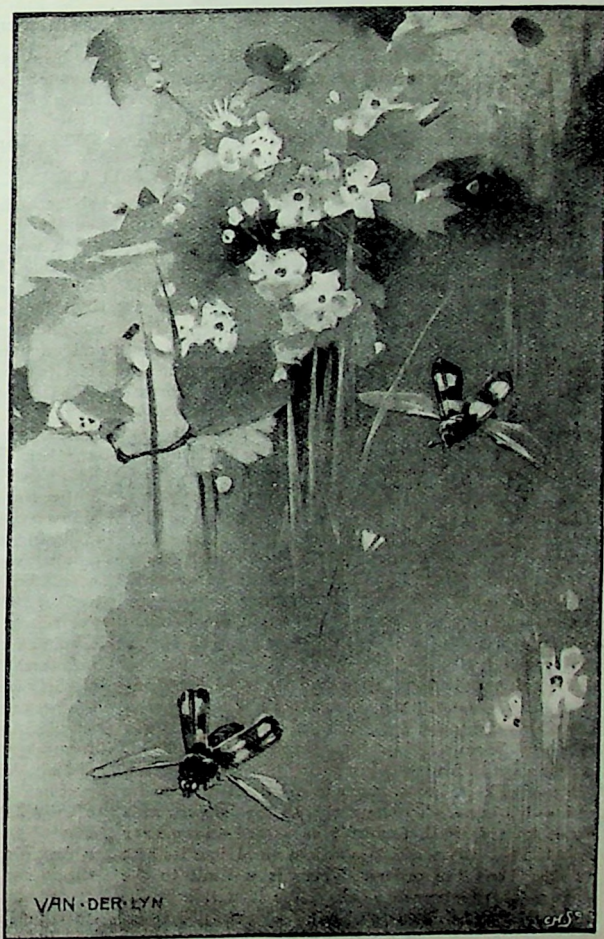
But this is only a temporary affair. Affixing cords to adjoining twigs and leaves, they construct a spacious tent divided into several apartments. On fine days the proprietors disperse themselves over the neighbouring leaves in search of food, returning at night and in bad weather to the shelter of the tent. At intervals during their lives they have to cast off their skins, which they have outgrown, and it is characteristic of the innate modesty of these creatures that they never appear out of doors in their shirt sleeves. Whenever their clothes have to be changed they retire to the seclusion of their tents.

The caterpillars of a butterfly found in Mexico, instead of a tent, make for themselves a strong white parchment-like bag for use as a family mansion.

Few beetles trouble themselves to build houses for themselves or their young, being satisfied with giving their offspring a good start in life. This is often done by depositing the eggs in putrid flesh, or offal, or wood, which may afford both food and shelter to the grubs when hatched. Some weevils, however, exhibit more parental care. The mother beetle selects a vine, poplar, beech, or birch, and lays her eggs, one on each leaf, until the supply is exhausted,

rolling the leaves around them so carefully and cleverly that the young find themselves supplied with ample board and lodging until they come of age.

But time and space fail. There is hardly any limit to the ingenuity of animals in the construction of their homes, on the earth, under the earth, and in the water. White ants erect vast mounds like human villages, and spiders excavate deep pits in the earth, which they cover with trap-doors. Other species make romantic homes in the clear depths of a pool, where they look down upon the caddis worms in their singular detached cottages, sand, or leaves, or shells without and silk within. All are wonderful, for the same great Architect inspired the workers, and provided the materials for the work.



BEE BUILDERS.



BY R. VERNON WRIGHT.



Thoughts are worth a penny, how much will you give for dreams?

There are some clever men in the world who would give a good deal for a really accurate story of the curious jumble of things which a man sometimes sees in his sleep. The worst of the matter is that dreams are not easy to report. The dreamer can never tell when or how he began to dream. He can remember blowing out his candle, remember a comfortable drowsy feeling coming over him—and then he was suddenly transported somewhere, saw something, did something, perhaps said something. When he wakes up, it seems as though a book of interesting stories had suddenly been snatched out of his hands. He gazes round to see whether the characters and scenes of his dreams are real; and, occasionally, it is a considerable disappointment to him to find they are not.

It is a curious fact that we know so little about a third part of our lives. The old man of seventy-five cannot tell you how he has spent twenty-five years of his life. Every night he has slept—unless illness or anxiety prevented—and every morning he has wakened up none the wiser. Why, you would think, after so many excursions into the land of dreams, he would know all about everything to be seen there; yet the child has a more vivid recollection of slumber scenes and sensations than the oldest stager.

Though people have slept and wakened for thousands of years, not a man can explain what happens when he takes even forty winks. All we can do is to make a comparison which throws a little light. A man's thinking machine—in other words, his brain—is like a horseman, who with bit and bridle guides his horse. To the right, to the left, towards good, towards evil, forward, backward—no matter how the rider directs, his obedient steed does its best to carry out the orders. There is a limit to the powers of the horse to obey, for it will soon be knocked up if driven too hard.

That horse is like a man's body. From the moment he wakes until the moment he loses conscious-

ness in sleep, the body is under control. It may be a strong or a weak body—as a rider may bestride a strong or a weak horse—but such as it is it is his to rule.

What happens at night? The rider, active all day, dismounts from his tired horse. The brain no longer makes the body act; it seems, as it were, to hobble the horse for the night, and then either sleep soundly or, very rarely, dream wonderful dreams, which we call visions. Meanwhile, what does the horse do? If it is a healthy horse it will lie down and rest too. But it may be that the horse is too tired for proper sleep, or it may have eaten food which disagrees with it; in such case it is uneasy, and wanders in the dark. These wanderings of the riderless horse produce bad dreams, or nightmares.

That is nearly all we know about the mysteries of dreaming. And it is nearly all we know about unconsciousness. When the doctor gives chloroform, or ether, or gas, body and brain are put to bed. Rider and horse fall asleep, and more than that, for in some strange way all sensation is numbed. Many people shrink with dread from the very idea of losing their senses under chloroform. Let me assure them that it is exactly like falling asleep with a buzz of machinery doing its best to keep one awake. There is no machinery, of course—it is only the effect of the gas or chloroform. When thus artificially put to sleep, some people dream, which means that either horse or rider, body or brain, is slightly restless. You are not completely unconscious, but dream beautiful dreams—that you are wandering in a beautiful garden, or talking to a friend by the fireside. When you wake you have a distinct impression that time has passed, and that you have been somewhere and come back. That is all. What a marvellous gift is this knowledge of anaesthetics. The name of Sir James Simpson holds a first place amongst the world's benefactors, as the discoverer of chloroform. Who can estimate the relief from suffering in operations reduced a thousandfold?

Night itself and darkness act as a kind of gentle chloroform. Night comes to tired eyes as a friend, or a mother, singing a lullaby.

When the dear night comes softly down the skies, the flowers close their eyes and Nature sleeps. The greatest punishment that could be meted out to the criminal of criminals would be to live in this world of suffering in perpetual light. To me it is one of those strange wistful words that in the Beyond there shall be no night and no sea. Will tiredness be gone for ever? Will weariness be fled? Will the night have done its long task of comforting? Will the waves upon the shore have been the last to yield to the lullaby of night? Who knows? But so long as we are weary and pine for a caress the night will be a silent soother—a friend who knows us without prying into our affairs. We often thank God for the new day, but not always for the night.

A word or two may be added about sleep-walking. A large number of extraordinary tales are told, and one of the most interesting is recounted by Morrison, in one of his medical works, of a clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and go to bed again, while he was all the time fast asleep. A similar story is told of another preacher, who had been perplexed during the week about the treatment of the subject of his Sunday's sermon, and mentioned his perplexity to his wife on Saturday night. During the night he got up and preached a good sermon on the subject in the hearing of his wife. In the morning his wife suggested a method of treating the subject, based upon his sleep-work of the night before, with which he was much pleased; and he preached the sermon with no knowledge of its real origin.

But for such a night of brain-work a man suffers. He cannot afford to do without the refreshment of quiet rest, undisturbed by anxious thought. The body and brain at evening are like the countryside after a hot summer day. Both need the cool, soothing caress of darkness. As the night folds the flowers and bedews the hot valleys, forgetting nobody and nothing, so sleep refreshes tired men.

"The night is come wherein at last we rest:
God orders this and all things for the best.
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie,
Since He is nigh."

I remember once talking to a poor old woman about her dreams.

"I never hear you complain, Mrs. Crake; how is it that your life runs along so easily?"

"Ah, sir," said she, "I'd be a worritin', complainin' crittur if it weren't for my time o' refreshin', as the sayin' is."

"But you never take a holiday, Mrs. Crake. Is there not always washing to do, except Sundays?"

"Ay, sir—that's true; but my time o' refreshin' 's not like that. Every night I sez to myself, 'Sarah,' says I, serious like 'you be goin' to sleep in the A'mighty's arms.' Then I find the place in the Book where 'tis writ, 'I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest medwell in safety.' Then He 'puts gladness in my heart,' and there's no mindin' over and over the things what's gone wrong."

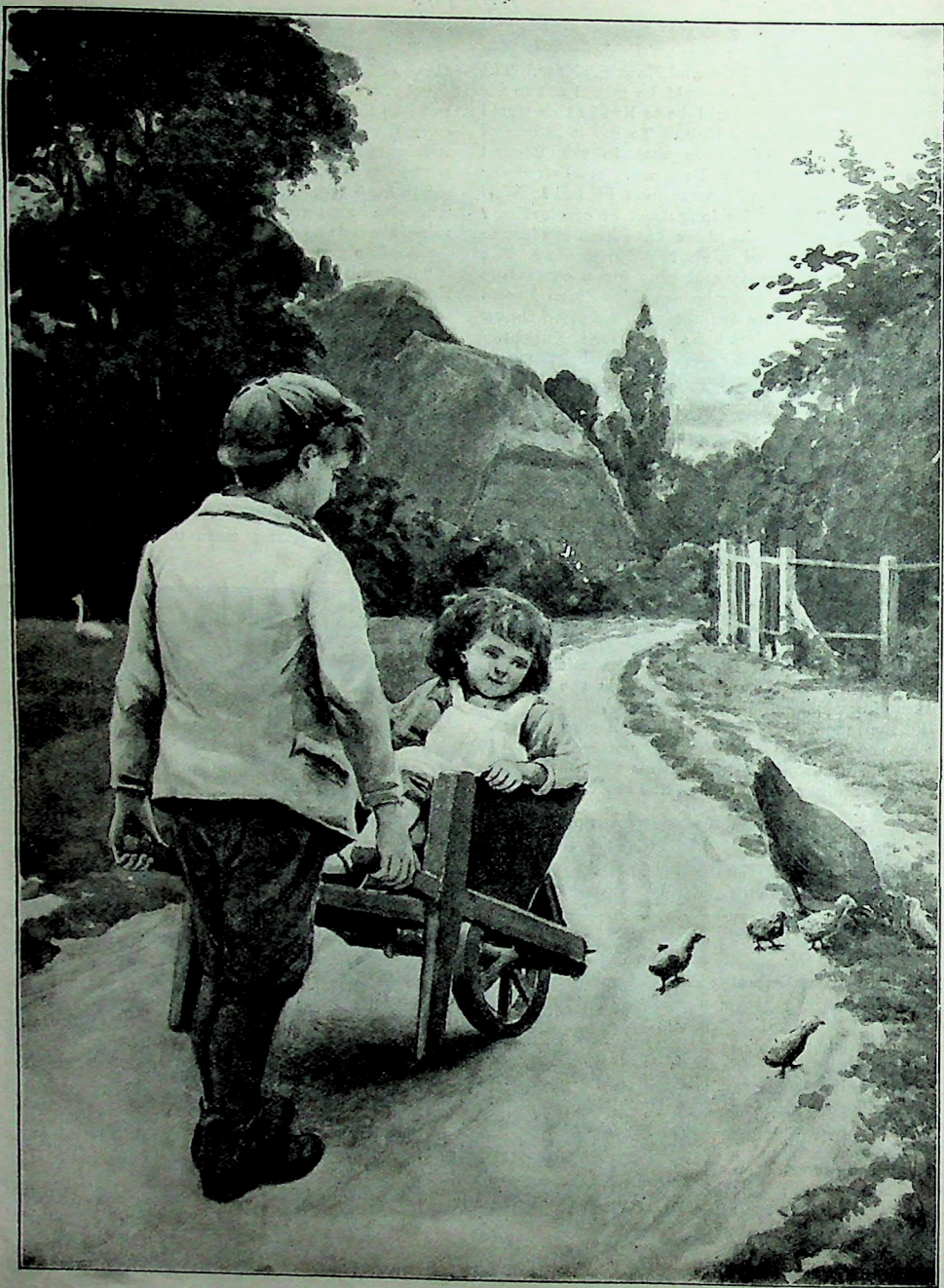
"And do you ever dream?" I asked.

"Ay, ay," she answered slowly. "I guess a mint o' things comes into my old head. Somebody seems to tell me gentle and quiet, 'You didn't do that quite right, Sarah,' or mebbe, 'You might ha' bin a bit kinder,' and I fancy myself doin' it over agen, like writin' a new copy, as they do down to school. An' when I wakes up and finds nothin' done at all, 'Sarah,' I say, 'anyway you know how to set 'bout doin' it now.'"

That was Sarah's notion of dreaming, and to me it seemed very perfect. Like a tired child in its mother's arms she slept secure, and only remembered the last good-night words and lessons which she gathered from her Father's Book. When she dreamed she dreamed of living more unselfishly, of loving more devotedly.



WHEN ILLNESS BRINGS TROUBLED SLEEP.



LADIES FIRST.

(Specially drawn for this Magazine by WM. F. EVANS.)



"LITTLE BOY BLUE."

[Drawn by FRANK HALL.]

The Young Folks' Page.

LADIES FIRST!



you want to be thought a gallant boy? Then try to be gallant to your mother. You say that is easy. Then your next duty, as a British boy, is to be gallant to every girl and woman you meet. It is the most manly thing in the world to be courteous to them, whether they are rich or poor, plain or beautiful, clever or stupid.

It was once said that you could always tell what a boy was if you knew how he treated his mother. That is "true as true." And more still—if you behave to women as though you thought little of their needs, people will say, "I should not like to be that boy's mother."

I dare say for certain that Jack's sister is proud of her brother. She may have had a dozen wheelbarrow rides before, but it is just because she asked him to give her one, and he did it at once as if it were a real pleasure, and not a bother to him at all, when he was anxious to do something else—that is what it is to be gallant. Ladies first, self last. Whenever you feel inclined to think "I'm getting a man now; girls are only girls and no good for anything," remember your Queen is a woman, your mother is a woman. You start with those two big debts to women; if you don't begin early to pay them back in kindness and courtesy you will be but half a man when you grow up.

R. S.

"GOD'S CREATURES."

GREAT and good men and women have always been kind to "God's creatures."

Cowper, "the Poet of Home Life," whose centenary was celebrated in April, at Olney, where he lived, wrote that famous line:—

"I would not call that man my friend,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

The truth is worms are wonderful creatures, and—God loves even worms!

Another poet of our own times, Christina Rossetti, gives some capital advice worth committing to memory. If acted upon, the

world would be a vast deal happier than it is: for love to animals leads boys and girls to love one another.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog
Who wags his tail a-begging in his need;
Despise not even the sorrows of a frog—
God's creature too, and that's enough to plead.
Spare puss who trusts us, purring on our hearth:
Spare bunny, once so frisky and so free:
Spare all the harmless tenants of the earth:
Spare and be spared—or who shall plead for thee?"

Boys, never whip a horse when he is frightened. Draw in the reins, speak to him gently, and let him see that you are not afraid, and so he need not be. If you are good friends with the pony or horse you drive, he will love, trust, and obey you, without the whip.

Girls, never wear on your hats the feathers of poor little birds that have been killed, in other lands or in this, that you may look smart. We want *living* birds to save our corn from insects, not *dead* ones to trim hats and tell a tale of cruelty.

UNCLE JOHN.

EARLY PIETY: "THE GARDEN OF GOD."

"As a watered garden."—*Jer.* xxxi. 12.

Let thy soul be "the Garden of God":

Let Christ be the Sun of thy days:
And the Spirit the life-giving dew,
To quicken thy heart to His praise.

Rejoice in the days of thy youth:

Pluck the flowers of Spring as the bloom;
And then the sweet blossoms of Hope
Shall illumine the shade of the tomb.

Let faith be the strengthening root:

Let thine be the labour of love:
And the flower and the fruitage below,
Will be found in the Garden above.

C. B.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHO have spent a whole night in prayer?
2. What had man was brought to know the Lord by having his prayer answered?
3. Give an example of prayer—in the field, on a mountain, by a riverside, on a seashore.
4. What Epistle does St. Paul name of which we know nothing?
5. What was St. John's greatest joy?
6. "Money is the root of all evil." Is this a correct quotation, and is it in the Bible?
7. Which is the parable peculiar to St. Mark?

ANSWERS (See MARCH No., p. 71).

1. 1 John v. 10; Eph. vi. 18, 19; Jas. v. 16; 1 Tim. ii. 1. Instances in which God has answered the prayers of those who prayed for others: Num. xii. 13; 1 Kings xiii. 8; Acts xii. 5, 11, 12; Dan. ix. 20, 23.
2. 2 Kings v. 16; Dan. v. 17; Acts viii. 20.
3. Jos. iii. 1; vi. 12; vii. 16.
4. St. Peter and St. Paul.
5. Job xxxviii. 7.
6. 2 Sam. xlviii. 11; Job xii. 13.
7. The Lord. Amos iii. 1, 3.



V. BEAUTY IN THE HOME (Continued).

It was impossible, in the limits of one short article, to exhaust the subject of beauty in the home. There are so many little ways in which it may be secured and so many principles to lay down anent the subject.

"In the fields of taste it is always much easier to point out paths which should be avoided than to indicate the road which leads to excellence." This is a verdict given by one of the chief artists, and I feel it to be true. Yet only to talk about what we should avoid would be taking a negative attitude towards our subject. So I shall try to give definite suggestions as to the method of securing real beauty in our sweet homes.

Simplicity is one true element of beauty. For this reason, the smallest cottage stands a better chance of possessing it than a superb mansion. Each of us in our humble home possesses at least one article of furniture that pleases, and has ever pleased, the most fastidious taste. I mean the kitchen dresser! So much is now thought of that homely, useful erection, that a dresser "glorified" now finds a place in most drawing-rooms. The reason that time has never altered the severe lines on which it is built, is that its beauty consists in its suggestions of utility. The same principle should govern all our purchases when setting up a house. Papier-mâché tea-trays are not nearly so pretty as plain brass or iron ones. Coal scuttles are hideous when decorated with landscapes or bunches of flowers. The plain zinc bucket is a far more beautiful thing. Rolling pins hung up by ribbons in the parlour are quite out of place. Well scrubbed with freestone or Monkey soap, they are in keeping alongside a pastry board. Elsewhere they are simply matter in the wrong place, and therefore to be got rid of! It is sometimes difficult to banish reprehensible works of art from our homes, particularly if they have been somebody else's home before we entered into possession. I once felt this strongly in some lodgings in Scotland. These apartments were crammed full of paper flowers under glass shades, bits of coral, old coloured muslin chairbacks.

"It would hurt the landlady's feelings if we asked her to remove her treasures, so I fear we must grin and bear them."

This was my fellow-lodger's opinion. I gasped. Then very gently I suggested to Mrs. Jones that my baby, a certain hoyden-like damsel, might injure her priceless works of art! In an instant they were removed, Mrs. Jones, thanking me for my courtesy!

So, with a little thoughtful politeness, many obstacles in the way of securing beauty in our homes may be got rid of. Unless you act in this way, better endure the crudest colouring and most ghastly heirlooms.

In one house, surrounded with a lovely garden, I was often surprised at the skimpy table decorations. All the rest of the house was artistic in the extreme. Only at mealtimes we were confronted with sprigs of purple Jackmanni arranged in the same vase with blue lobelia, or golden nasturtiums reposing in stiff geranium foliage! One day another visitor than I stepped across the threshold of that home. Death claimed a certain feeble old aunt who had lived there for many years. At once followed wondrously beautiful arrangements in the centre of that dining-table. Then I found out that arranging flowers

for the guest-chamber was one of the old aunt's privileges. Never once was she allowed to feel that her ideas obeyed not a single canon of art. The family did with meagre decorations. They preserved instead something far more beautiful than mere decorations: a loving, united home circle!

Beauty in the home does not end with decorating walls and furniture. Every house-mother needs to decorate herself! Said Mr. Ruskin on this matter: "A woman should earnestly desire to be beautiful. . . . Her dress should be as studied as her words. . . . But if the one is worn or the other spoken in vanity, both are equally criminal." These are strong words, and this is good advice. No woman should be content to be a sloven. Yet how many spend all their time in decking their rooms, forgetting that they themselves should be the chief ornament therein!

Neat coils of hair do not take long to roll up. A clean gown does not take long to change. Yet these two little things give unspoken welcome to the husband on return from work. It is sometimes difficult to know what is *suitable* dress on certain occasions. Let Ruskin again answer. He said: "Right dress is that which is fit for the station in life and the work to be done in it, . . . and which is graceful, becoming, lasting. On occasion, splendid! Always as beautiful as possible!"

Take these rules as your guide in your toilet, and you will not go far astray. Right dress, too, "is strong, simple, carefully kept, carefully put on, and radiantly clean." You see this great apostle of culture advocated every rule of beauty I have given in these two papers. There are two abominations to be avoided in dressing. He mentions them in one of his works. Those are, cheapness for cheapness' sake, and costly dress bought for costliness' sake. "Right dress is bought for its work at its worth, and bought only when wanted."

Very nice patterns can now be procured for very little. By their aid we can turn out creditable, well-fitting home-made gowns. All woollen materials can be bought dyed in every colour. When purchasing such, remember that the bairnies may come in for a reversion of the same. This will prevent your buying only black or dingy-hued *shoddy*! It is a kindness to those around you to dress in bright colours when you can. So many of us are forced to wear mourning raiment that I think the blessed and happy members of society should eschew neutral tints. Think how gorgeously nature decks her family, and pray follow her wise and unselfish example! You will then be bits of brightness in your own sweet homes, and will rejoice the hearts of every male member of the same!

But, even with dress, we have not exhausted the subject of beauty in our homes. There is something more lovely there than brodered hair, or pearls, or putting on of apparel. We need serene happiness to perfect the thing I mean. It is the face of the person who reigns as queen in the circle of her own home. "The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in memory of happy and useful years full of sweet recollections." So says a great writer. That is why a snow-crowned brow is often more lovely than the unlined forehead. That is why "mother's" smile is the thing first sought on entering even a lovely home.



Aspiration.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. RIDLEY, D.D., BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.

FRESH from the depths of love profound
Flows benediction's treasure;
Bend us, O Lord, in living faith,
To drink of Thy good pleasure.

Thy Face, O God, the meek and pure,
With eyes from trials tearful,
Shall see and sparkle at the sight
That calms with love the fearful.

We will not dread the tempter's power:
Thou art our Royal Master:
Approaching Thee as love-bound slaves,
We break our alabaster.

Love on, dear Lord, lest love should fail
To fill our souls with wonder:
Hide them within Thy pierced heart
Far off from Sinai's thunder.

*. The above hymn, written for this Number by the Bishop of Caledonia, is intended to be sung to the Jubilee Tune by Sir Arthur Sullivan.



AN ANCIENT CATHEDRAL CITY.

[See Page 123.]

HOME WORDS


FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER X.

PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

 MRS. PYKE might have viewed the Vicar's faculties differently, had she overheard him when talking to his wife, after his return to the Vicarage. "I don't much like that little woman, Mrs Pyke," he had remarked. "She has a good deal to say in praise of herself—which does not mean much. We will give her a trial, and I have told her she shall have those shirts of mine to renovate. Spare you a little trouble, my dear. But I'm afraid she is not true. She asserted too many things—gave herself away in her volubility."

Mrs. Pyke, in blissful ignorance of the Vicar's opinion, went on:—"Besides, I wasn't sure but what you might like, some day or other, to join the cricket. You could say your foot was all right again, you know."

"Not I. I hate cricket. Always did. What other news?"

"Well, I heard something about Lady Wallace. She was going to Sutton Farm herself, this very day, to propose a situation to Mrs. Handfast for her niece. It's a situation as nursery-governess—just the very thing for Susy. And Margot James won't take it. I know she won't, because it's settled she's to stop on at the Farm. That was settled only yesterday."

"Can't think how in the world you manage to hear so much."

"Oh, I manage. I just keep my eyes and ears open, and I put two and two together. It's easy, if one knows how. And I've got a friend, too—you needn't tell, you know—but I've got hold of her ladyship's maid, and she tells me things. Don't you see? She was going into the room, and she heard Lady Wallace speaking to Sir Stephen. But I'm as sure as sure can be that Margot James won't take that situation. And I was thinking—why ever shouldn't I ask Lady Wallace if Susy wouldn't do?"

"Likely Lady Wallace would take *your* recommendation!"

"I'd get Susy's last lady to write——"

"You'd best leave it alone. They'll only be asking you a heap of questions."

"Questions are easy answered."

"Not always. You'll put your foot in it once too often. See if you don't."

"Why, Fred! I should have thought you'd have seized on the notion."

"Not I! I don't want Susy poking round here."

"Why—Fred!"

"I don't. You and me are enough in South Ashton."

"But it's somewhere else."

"Near at hand?"

"I dunno. I didn't hear all about it."

"Now, mother—you mind. Don't you go and meddle. You just let well alone. You'll make a mess of things."

Fred wore an obstinate look, and Mrs. Pyke dropped the subject. She was not convinced, however. She had a vigorous belief in her own powers of management.

No sooner had Fred taken his departure than she set off for Sutton Farm. She knew little of Mrs. Handfast personally, not having been taken up in that direction; but it was open to her to make a call with a purpose, and a purpose was easily manufactured.

She found Mrs. Handfast in the garden, carrying some fruit towards the house, with a troubled face. It was hardly ten minutes since Margot had disappeared from her currant-picking.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Handfast. Fine day."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Pyke." The tone was not particularly cordial.

"You're busy, aren't you? I'm not come to be a hindrance, but my hens won't lay; and I thought I'd see if you'd got any real new-laid eggs as you wanted to dispose of. Fred does love a real new-laid egg—and them eggs at the shop are any sort of age. I thought you wouldn't mind me asking."

"I don't know that I've got any to spare." Mrs. Handfast disposed of her superfluous eggs, as well as butter and cream, on a large scale, and she did not much care to sell small quantities to village people. Then her words sounded to herself ungracious, and she hesitated. "But I dare say I can let you have two or three, if you're badly put to it for them."

"I'm *that* put to it, I don't know how ever in the world I'm to get any for Fred's breakfast, Mrs. Handfast."

"Come this way, then."

Mrs. Pyke gladly followed in Mrs. Handfast's wake, towards the kitchen, talking as she went.

"Uncommonly nice weather now, isn't it? Hope it'll last a bit. So your niece is a lot better? Glad to hear that, Mrs. Handfast. I saw her in church on Sunday, looking uncommon healthy."

She's a pretty girl, too, *she* is,—and I'm told as she don't mean to go out again no more as nursery-governess. That's kind of you and Mr. Handfast—uncommon kind it is. It isn't everybody as is willing to take up a niece and to do for her altogether. And she won't need to go to that situation that her ladyship was talking of?"

Mrs. Handfast took down some eggs slowly from a shelf. "I can let you have three or four of these," she said. "How did you hear about her ladyship and Margot?"

The direct question was embarrassing. But it took a good deal to embarrass Mrs. Pyke.

"Well, it was told me by a friend I've got in the place. I've not been here long enough yet to get many friends. But there's just one or two. Oh, I'll name no names,—'tis best not, you know. Her ladyship has just been mentioning of it to somebody or other, and a friend of mine was by and heard. And she knew as I was on the look-out for a girl I know—Susy Bryant's her name. And I thought she'd maybe do for her ladyship."

"I shouldn't think that was likely." Mrs. Handfast involuntarily looked Mrs. Pyke all over as she spoke, and Mrs. Pyke bridled.

"I don't see no need for my part for folks to put

on airs. I s'pose a friend of mine might have as good a chance as a niece of yours, Mrs. Handfast. You're not so grand as all that, comes to, I s'pose. My Fred's got a clerkship, an' *that's* respectable enough I hope. No offence, all the same. If your niece isn't thinkin' of taking the situation, I s'pose you wouldn't have no sort of objection, if I was to see her ladyship and was to speak for Susy."

Mrs. Handfast seemed rather astonished.

"I wouldn't advise you to try that."

"Not if I'd be getting into the way of your niece—in course I wouldn't."

"It wouldn't make any difference to me. It's for your sake I wouldn't advise you."

"I haven't asked nobody's advice." Mrs. Pyke spoke tartly.

Mrs. Handfast counted out four eggs.

"That's as many as I can spare. And I'm busy, Mrs. Pyke, so I can't ask you to stop longer just now."

"I'm sure I've no sort of wish to stop," cried Mrs. Pyke, feeling herself snubbed. "And if your Margot don't mean to think about that situation—"

Mrs. Handfast hardly knew whether to laugh or to be angry. In a general way she

would have laughed. This evening, being a little off her usual balance, she followed the other tack.

"It's no concern of anybody's except ourselves what Margot means to do, Mrs. Pyke,—begging your pardon for speaking so plain. Nothing's settled; and if Margot wants to go, she'll go; and if she don't, she won't. I'm not speaking for Margot's sake, when I advise you not to put yourself forward with her ladyship. I don't know how you've heard anything about it, for we've said not a word to anybody, and Lady Wallace



"'I'm sure I've no wish to stop,' cried Mrs. Pyke, feeling herself snubbed."—Page 124.

particularly didn't want it known, and didn't want people round to be offering themselves. Because Lady Wallace wants Margot don't mean that she wants any sort of girl she can hear of."

Mrs. Pyke flounced indignantly out of the kitchen.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Handfast, I am. Calling my friend 'any sort of girl!' I'm very much obliged to you indeed."

In her wrath she forgot to pay for the eggs, and came back from the garden.

"There's your money, and it's the last time I'll come for anything I want to Sutton Farm, I can tell you that."

Mrs. Handfast had not the smallest wish that Mrs. Pyke should come again. She did not say so, however, but allowed the widow to depart, fuming.

"A stuck-up creature; thinks nobody her equal. I just wash my hands of her from this day forth," declared Mrs. Pyke, as she deposited the four eggs in a dish, which already held two new-laid eggs, procured earlier for Fred's breakfast. "If I'd known her better, I'd never have demeaned myself to go and ask a favour of her. 'Any sort of girl!' I'm very much beholden to her! As if Susy Bryant wasn't equal to Margot James any day! And I'll see her ladyship if I choose—see if I don't! It don't matter what Mrs. Handfast nor anybody else says."

But Mrs. Pyke was not quite sure that she would choose. Lady Wallace might ask to know how the matter had filtered round to Mrs. Pyke. She debated the matter, swaying to and fro to opposite views.

CHAPTER XI.

YELLOW SOAP.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Forrest."

"Good-mornin', Mrs. Pyke."

"Fine weather, isn't it? Uncommon good for the crops."

"It's a lot too dry. They're wantin' rain everywhere."

"Really, now! I shouldn't have thought it. Why, Fred says to me only this morning, Fred says, 'It's first-rate weather,' says he. 'I shouldn't think even them farmers 'ud be able to find fault with it,' says he, 'for all they're wonderful hands at grumbling at the weather,' says he."



"Why, so'm I. Isn't that odd?"—Page 126.

"I s'pose your son isn't a farmer! If he was he'd know better."

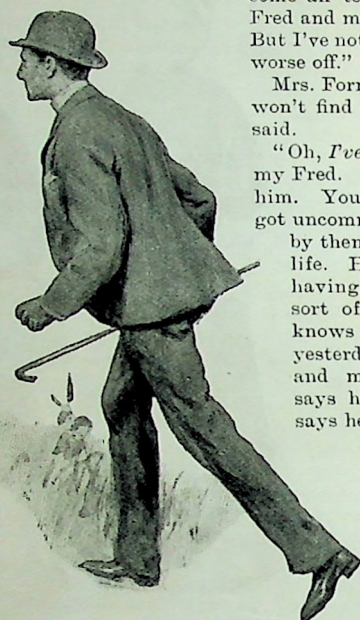
"Why, no,—my Fred he isn't a farmer—certainly. Not but what I did think I'd maybe have to put him to farmin', if nothing was to turn up. But he's all right now. He's got an uncommon good situation, he has. I'd sooner see him a clerk than a farmer any day—as is but natural. Not but what I've a respect for farming too. But Fred he's had a good education, an' it's right he should make the best of it, don't you see? Fred's a son that'll do me credit."

Mrs. Forrest had gone into the village, after early dinner, to do some shopping. She was overtaken by Mrs. Pyke, going the same way; and Mrs. Pyke at once attached herself to Mrs. Forrest. In the opinion of Mrs. Pyke—but not of Mrs. Forrest—a clerkship was a highly genteel occupation, and a clerk stood upon a loftier shelf in the social cupboard than did a farmer.

"Hope he will," rejoined Mrs. Forrest sourly, not in the least grateful for the other's attentions.



"In a trice he recognised Margot James."—Page 123.



"He certainly will. I've no sort of fear of that. My Fred's one as is sure to make his way. Well, and about your son, Mrs. Forrest. I'm afraid there's something that's not going off as you an' me was expecting. I've heard 'tis all off with him and Lavinia Handfast, an' he's just taken up with Margot James, and hasn't got no eyes for nobody else."

Nothing in this sentence insulted Mrs. Forrest more than the utterance "you an' me." To find herself bracketed with Mrs. Pyke was more than flesh and blood could stand.

"I'm very much obliged, all the same, and I hope as my Owen is free to choose for himself where he likes," she replied decisively, heroically smothering down what she endured at the announcement. "He isn't agoin' to marry—if he does marry—to please other folks. He'll just marry to please himself."

Mrs. Pyke's laugh was exasperating.

"That's sure, any way," she declared. "Couldn't be expected he'd do nothing else." Mrs. Pyke was delighted to find that she had it in her power to get a rise out of Mrs. Forrest. "Most young men does that. It isn't their fashion now-a-days to bother theirselves with what their mothers 'ud like. It's everybody for hisself. That's what it

is. My Fred's different. He's a regular mother's-son sort of boy. Couldn't get on without his mother. If he was to think o' marryin', why he'd come an' tell me all about it, first thing he'd do. Fred and me we do get on uncommon well together. But I've not got no call to boast over them that's worse off."

Mrs. Forrest felt the cut severely. "Hope you won't find as you've got nothin' to boast of," she said.

"Oh, I've no sort o' fear. Why, you don't know my Fred. You've hardly exchanged a word with him. You'll know him better some day. He's got uncommon good manners. I've been told that by them as knows. Fred 'll make his way in life. He'll be a husband by-and-by worth having. But he isn't going to marry in no sort of hurry. He's got his mother, and he knows he's well off. He says to me only yesterday, Fred says,—'Mother,' says he, 'you and me's uncommon comfortable together,' says he. 'Wish other men were as well off,' says he."

Mrs. Pyke was drawing largely on her imagination, but Mrs. Forrest could not know the fact. She only felt that a retort had become necessary.

"Whatever could ha' made you and him come to South Ashton, when he was a-doin' so well somewhere else?" she demanded. "If I'd been you, I'd ha' kept on where I was."

"Why, so I would an' glad enough. But Fred's master—I mean his employer—died all of a sudden. As well as could be one day, and the very next evening he was gone. Sort o' warnin' to other folks, wasn't it? And they just sold everything and gave up, and Fred wasn't wanted no longer. So we thought we'd come away, and look out for work for him here."

"I'm goin' in, an' I'll just bid you good-mornin'." Mrs. Forrest stopped at the village "General" shop.

"Why, so'm I. Isn't that odd? What 're you goin' to get?"

Mrs. Forrest sat herself down before the counter, with the air of one who declined to be questioned. Mrs. Pyke immediately did the same.

"I want some soap. Best yellow," began Mrs. Forrest.

"So do I," said Mrs. Pyke. "I'll look at it same time."

Mrs. Forrest made short work with her soap choosing, and set off for home again with all possible speed. But do what she might, the other woman refused to be shaken off. Until the gate of Ash Farm was reached, the incubus had to be endured. By that time Mrs. Forrest was like an instrument hopelessly out of tune. She had borne

up with a certain amount of courage in Mrs. Pyke's presence, but so soon as the pressure was removed she went back to her natural condition, like a bent spring set free.

Lily was at work when she went in; and Owen stood beside her. Mrs. Forrest dropped into a chair.

"Oh, dear, dear me,—it *is* a world!" This kind of generalizing comforted her perturbed spirit. "It *is* a world, it is. Nothin' ever keeps straight, not for one single day. An' as soon as ever I'd said I wouldn't mind Lavinia for a daughter, he to go an' take up with somebody else as nobody knows nothin' about! An' Mrs. Pyke to be the one to tell me—an' my own son to say nothin' at all. Nor Lily neither! 'Tis hard to be treated just as if I were a baby—an' me a poor widow——"

Lily exchanged an astonished look with Owen, who seemed uncomfortable.

"What do you mean, mother? What's gone wrong now?"

Sighs and mutters were at first the only answer. Owen observed in an undertone, "Some fancy or other. I'd better leave her to you."

Mrs. Forrest rallied promptly.

"No, I'm not goin' to be left to Lily. I'll have the truth of it from you. An' if it's true, you've been an' took me in, Owen, an' I don't care who says you haven't. If you're athinkin' of marryin' that girl as you went an' met at the station, and forsakin' poor dear Lavinia, as you've been after these months an' years—why, I just say it's a shame and a disgrace."

Owen came a step nearer.

"Mother, you don't understand. I don't think you know what you're saying."

"Yes, I do know, though. And it's to do with you—as I always thought was a dutiful son. An' Mrs. Pyke a-sayin'——"

"I don't care what Mrs. Pyke says. I'll hear what *you* have to say. But not now. By-and-by, when you can talk quietly. I hope I've not failed in my duty, and I hope I won't. But this isn't a

question of my duty to you. It's not for you, nor Mrs. Pyke, nor anybody else to settle who I'm to marry."

"Then you're meanin' to marry some one, Owen!" in a tone of fretful protest.

"I will talk with you by-and-by, mother," he said resolutely; and he walked out of the house.

It might have been in a spirit of self-assertion, or it might have been a purely instinctive action, which presently led his steps towards Sutton Farm. Of late, he generally had turned his steps thither, when he found a chance. This was not a very busy day with him. He had had his hands full of late; but the hay was in, and the harvest was not begun. He could spare time for a walk

on his own account.

He had not been near Sutton Farm for several days; though he had managed to meet Margot more than once.

Still feeling that he wanted leisure to think over his mother's words, he went round by the back of Sutton Farm. Mrs. Pyke's interference was annoying; so was the home opposition. He knew his mother's real affection for him, and he knew the weakness of

character which made her balance to be very easily disturbed. His more lymphatic temperament could not sympathise with such outbursts.

It did not, of course, occur to him that Margot too seemed to be of an excitable tendency; and that, if he should win her, she might be in the future a like trial to him. Since he was in love with her, he did not reason upon the matter, but simply wanted beyond everything to have her for his wife.

If he should win her, he would have to tell his mother. He had hoped, however, to escape previous discussions, and this hope had been frustrated by Mrs. Pyke's gossip. Owen might have felt sure that somebody would suggest to his mother what was likely to happen. In a small village everything becomes quickly known. The marvel was that three weeks should have gone by, leaving



"Went heavily down on both knees."—Page 123.

Mrs. Forrest and Lily in the dark as to his growing love for Margot.

It seemed to Owen that he had already known Margot for a lifetime. He could hardly believe that less than four weeks earlier he had not been aware of her existence. She was now a main part of his existence. Lavinia was nowhere in his thoughts. In waking hours the face of Margot seldom remained long absent.

Did she ever think of him? That was the question.

He had skirted Sutton Farm, and was not far from the front door, when he met young Pyke, going the opposite way. Owen cared for the Pykes hardly better than his mother did. A mere word of greeting passed between the two men, and Owen went on to the house, little dreaming what an opportunity he was losing, while Fred Pyke made his way to the back, just where Owen had been a little earlier. He was going to a house at some distance beyond Sutton Farm, the shortest cut to which lay this way. Ordinarily Fred would have bicycled thither by the main road, but his bicycle was undergoing repair.

As he went through a field, which was separated from the big meadow below Mrs. Handfast's kitchen-garden by a deep cut and a wide brook, he heard a scream. At the first moment it made but a slight impression. It might be a child at play. Then the sound came again.

Fred quickened his pace, turning in the direction whence the cries proceeded. Soon he caught sight

of a girlish figure tearing wildly along the bank on the opposite side of the stream. He could as yet see no cause for her flight, because of trees between, but he called out—

"I'm coming. What's the matter?"

In a trice he recognised Margot James, whose face he had seen and admired many times in the village. At the same instant he saw the bull going at a shambling trot after her—not so fast as he could have gone, but seemingly intent on mischief.

Fred shouted to distract the animal's attention. Failing in his object, he ran for the stream at its nearest point, and called on her to do the same. Margot neither heard nor heeded. She was too much terrified for cool action. Had she done as he wished, he would have sprung into the water and helped her over.

Instead of which she kept on in her course along the bank, and reached the hedge which separated this field from the next.

If the bull had not been so near she might at leisure have crept through a thin place rather higher up. But for this there was no time, or Margot had not nerve to use what time there was.

The hedge, with a mass of low bushes on either side, went down the steep bank, ending in a space of thick mud and loose stones; and where the hedge stopped a high paling began.

Margot made a frantic charge towards the paling, plunged ankle-deep in slimy mire, lost her footing, and went heavily down on both knees.

(To be continued.)

Cathedrals and Churches in Flames.

BY R. W. SCOTTON.

I. WORCESTER AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRALS.



OF the Cathedrals of England none has suffered more frequently from fire than that of the ancient city of Worcester. The bishopric dates back to the time when the early Saxon builders knew very little about mortar, and about as much of the laying of bricks. In A.D. 680 there was a cathedral in existence, though it could scarcely have compared in point of size with the average village church of to-day. Whether this erection was burnt down or not we do not know, but the cathedral which was put up on the site of the old, in 983, perished in the flames. It was set fire to by the soldiers of Hardicanute, in revenge for the slaughter of two tax collectors, his household servants, who were exacting from the citizens a poll-tax.

Fifty years later, Bishop Wulfstan laid the foundation of yet another new cathedral, but in 1113, and again in 1183, considerable damage was done to

it by fire. In the first instance, turbulent Welsh neighbours were accused of causing the destruction; the second outbreak was accidental.

To vary the monotonous regularity of fire alarms the new tower fell down in 1175. Twenty-seven years later, in the fourth night of Easter week, an enormous conflagration far exceeded all former disasters. The cathedral, with its adjacent offices and a large portion of the city, was burnt down, only the stone walls of the former standing firm.

Since that date I believe the cathedral has been free from serious fires, the building of 1218-1237 being largely the cathedral which now exists, though in the next century considerable enlargements were made.

It is mentioned in the old records that cornets and sackbuts were played in the cathedral at the reception of Elizabeth on the 15th August, 1575; and the same authority informs us that in August, 1788, a full band of music played at the service!

The cathedral which most people connect with the

flames is that of old St. Paul's, but few realize the fact that from its foundation, in A.D. 610, until its total destruction, in 1666, the building was five times desolated by fire. When new St. Paul's, the masterpiece of Wren, was consecrated, the chroniclers tell us that "many ancient men wept when they remembered the glories of the old."

Augustine dedicated the first cathedral to St. Paul the Apostle in A.D. 610, on the ruins, it is said, of a temple of Diana. In A.D. 961 fire completely destroyed it. Rebuilt by King Edward, it was once more reduced to ashes, with the greater part of London, in 1086.

Mainly owing to the zeal of Bishop Maurice, a yet nobler building took the place of the former structure. This was consecrated in 1235, by Roger, surnamed Niger, Bishop of London. When, on the 1st of February, 1444, the tower was struck by lightning, the flames were quickly extinguished, but they again burst forth in the night, and nearly the whole of the wooden frame was destroyed. This mischief having been repaired, the cathedral continued uninjured till June 4, 1561. The season was rainy; a thunderstorm commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the lightning having struck the steeple near the summit, "a little fire appeared, at first like to the light of a torch, which increased so much towards the weathercock, that it fell down in a few minutes. Blown up with a high wind, the fire within an hour burnt the whole steeple down to the very battlements, which also, receiving the timber which fell from the spire, began to burn so vehemently that all the timber took fire, and the iron and bells melted and fell down upon the stones in a short space, and the east and west roofs of the building catching fire, burnt so furiously, that these ends and the north and south were consumed before one o'clock after midnight, when there was not a piece of timber left, nor lead unmolten, upon any of the higher and cross roofs." "But," says the chronicler, "the French here in London were not sorry to see it!"

The cause of the fire is explained in a curious old manuscript, on the authority of a very aged man, to have been an accident:—"Being a servant unto a workman of the Dean," such is the account, "I was



THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. DUNE & BALL, Baker Street, W.)

sent to make search for some place where the rain came in at the spire, when having a candle, I snuffed it, and the snuff fell into some crack of the timber, which, not minding, the steeple shortly after fired." This is probably as true as the gladness of the French on the occasion.

This conflagration was thought a public calamity. Queen Elizabeth exhorted the Lord Mayor, requiring him to take speedy order for the repair of the cathedral, giving 1,000 marks from her privy purse, and 1,000 loads of timber from her woods. The citizens gave £3,247 16s. 2½d.; the clergy gave a fortieth of all church livings. The whole amount collected was £6,687 5s. 1½d.

The Holy Trinity.

WRITTEN BY JOHN QUARLES, 1654: VARIED BY T. DARLING.

RING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With Thine eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,

Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise.



“Thy Word is Truth.”

THE PORTION AND THE MISSION.

BY THE REV. D. J. STATHER HUNT, M.A.,
VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The Blessed Portion.

O H, what riches God has opened out before us! If you would find an epitome of Gospel blessings, the want of which we shall never know, look at the twenty-third Psalm. If the Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want for *rest*, for “He maketh me to lie down”; I shall not want for *refreshment*, for “He leadeth me beside the still waters”; I shall not want for *preservation*, for “He restoreth my soul”; I shall not want for *guidance*, for “He leadeth me”; I shall not want for *peace*, for “I will fear no evil”; I shall not want for *companionship*, for “Thou art with me”; I shall not want for *comfort*, for “Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me”; I shall not want for *sustenance*, for “Thou preparest a table before me”; I shall not want for *joy*, for “Thou anointest my head with oil”; I shall not want for *anything*, for “My cup runneth over”; I shall not want for *happiness* now, for “Goodness and mercy follow me”; I shall not want for *glory* hereafter, for “I shall dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.” There is blessing and there is peace.

Or, if you want a New Testament summary of these blessings, look at Luke xv. 31, “Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.” There is a storehouse of mighty grace. That wondrous sevenfold blessing, My Love, My Joy, My Peace, My Strength, My Grace, My Rest, My Glory. Having Him, you possess all things. All these and more are yours.

The Blessed Mission.

Then what are you doing with this blessed portion? What are you doing to let others know of it? What is it the Lord wants? Shall He say of us, I shall not want for workers to do My work?

There was once an old Arab beggar, who used

to lie at the gate of a rich man on whose bounty he depended, and from whom he received daily alms. One day his patron wanted to send a letter to a friend in a great hurry, and seeing the beggar waiting at his gate, asked him to take the message for him. What do you think the beggar said? He drew himself up to his full height and said, “I solicit alms; I don’t run errands.” You have been soliciting alms from God each day for years, will you not run His errands too? Will you not take the message for your Lord? Don’t only take from Him, but give to Him; run His errands; take the message of His love if not abroad at home. There is a story told of Andrew Fuller that he once went to a wealthy friend and asked him for some help for mission work. Said the one he asked, “Seeing it is you, I will give you £5.” “Seeing it is me, I don’t want anything,” replied Fuller. “Ah!” said his friend, “seeing it is the Lord Jesus Christ, I will give £10.”

Christ is hungering to-day. He wants fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, for His blessed service. He wants us to give ourselves as those who are not their own, but have been bought with a price. When they nailed the hands of Jesus to the cross, they bought your hands to work for Him. When they nailed His feet to the cruel tree, they bought your feet that they might follow Him anywhere. And what a blessed service it is to which He calls you!

“HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.”

Psalm xxiii. 3.

BY THE VEN. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR,
D.D., ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

I DO not know that there is anything that brings so near to our hearts the truth of God and the truth of Christ and the reality of the kingdom of heaven as the Divine restoring power, “He restoreth my soul.” It is like, after the long period of winter trial, when there comes a warm summer full of sunshine in the providence of God, and all is made right again. Or it is like when trade has

been for a long time at a low ebb, and there has been ruin and disaster and failure, and then our traders and men of commerce have grown wise by bitter experience, and things begin again to look bright, and soon all is well and prosperous. So it is with the soul, if it has got of its own fault into trouble. It gets tired of its alienation from God. It hates the cloud that hides Him. It cries out, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." It longs to be back again, walking with God in His light. It dare not think what God will do and can do, because that would seem like presumption. But it timidly puts out its hand to God like a frightened child; and God takes hold of that hand that is held out to Him, oh! with such wondrous love and gentleness and power! "I dwell with him," says Almighty God, "that is of a contrite humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the spirit of the contrite ones. For I will not contend for ever, neither

will I be always wrath; for the spirit should fail before Me, and the souls which I have made. For his iniquity was I wroth and smote him; I hid Me and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have seen his ways and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts to him and to his mourners." What beautiful, loving, tender, forbearing words! "Turn us," says the penitent soul, "turn us, O God, of our salvation, and cause Thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt Thou be angry with us for ever? Wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations? Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee? Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation. I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints: only let them not turn again to folly. Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land."

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE PSALTER.—The Psalter is not only the Prayer Book of the saints of the Old Testament, it has been the Prayer Book by which all the saints of every age, in life and in death, have been formed into one communion. It is a great benefit to have some portions of the Psalms not only stored up in the memory, but, as it were, on one's lips, always ready as a safeguard against wandering thoughts, or that idle castle-building, if nothing worse, which one is apt to indulge in when alone. Remember every Psalm is a lyric inspired by the Holy Spirit, the music of God's making.—*Prebendary.*

A Psalm for every day.—In the Psalms we find God as the Saviour. We find Him as the Saviour of men under all the circumstances of life, be they what they may. David has been able to grasp hold of God; and that is what makes the Psalms so precious—that, whatever our circumstances of sorrow or sin, we are sure to find some Psalm which exactly suits our case, and by which we may be lifted up to claim our own Salvation. In a word, the Psalter is the Prayer Book for our private devotion. All through we are shown how we can walk worthily through the world.—*The Rev. E. A. Stuart, M.A.*

A Liturgy.—"A Liturgy such as we possess secures comprehensiveness of petition.

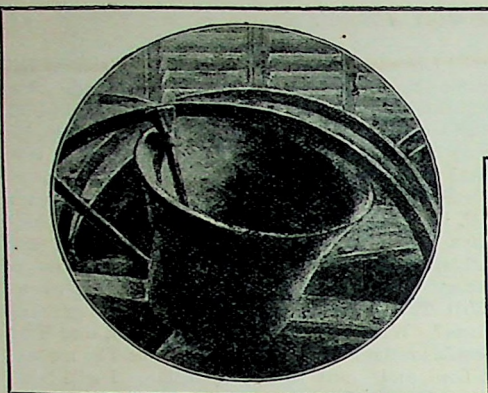
"For any man, however gifted he may be, to mention every want of which all the members of a congregation may be conscious is simply impossible. We do not say our Prayer-Book is perfect, but who can deny its wonderful comprehensiveness? The Litany has been called, 'That astonishing remembrancer of human wants.' The same might be said of the entire Liturgy. Every conceivable case of distress appears to have been anticipated; not a person has been passed over, not a need has been forgotten. For

three hundred years Churchmen have known how true this is. Tens of thousands of the holiest and best of their age, next to their Bible, have loved and valued their Book of Common Prayer."—*Canon Burbidge.*

A Preservative.—"Dr. Buchanan tells us that the Bible and a Scriptural Liturgy preserved the Christianity of the Syrian Christians. I can believe this statement, and this is another reason why we ought to value our Prayer-Book. A Church without a Prayer-Book may endure for a time, but a national Liturgy such as we possess is the best preservative of the faith of the Gospel; and, knowing this, we will bless God for that 'form of sound words' which He has committed to our hands."—*Idem.*

The Prayers of Experience.—Young ministers without the trying experiences of life, could scarcely, however gifted, express in extemporary prayer the wants of the aged and the suffering. But a written form of words meets this difficulty. Tribulation, and patience, and experience, have laid their chequered hand upon the pages of our Prayer-Book. Its prayers are steeped in the tears of saintly sorrow; they are stained with the blood of faithful martyrs. There is no tribulation, but its pangs are understood; there is no patience, but its endurance is tested; there is no experience, but its deepest depths have been sounded by our English Liturgy. And so the youngest curate prays as with the lips of threescore years and ten; and though he knows their meaning but in part now, the years shall pass away, as years must ever do, and by-and-by he shall know it, even as it was known to the aged ones whose representative he was when he was young. And is that nothing?

—*Canon Bardsley.*



Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON.

IV. BELLS AND BELFRIES.

Queen Anne and the Church," though "Fear God and Honour the King," "God save the Church," "Let us ring for Church and King," are still more general. A Banbury bell says, "I ring to sermon with a lusty boome, That all may come, and none may stop at home." At Morpeth a bell is lettered "Cry aloud, Repent, MDCXXXV," and gives the names of five wardens at that date, and a smaller bell in the same belfry bears the date 1662. At Galwal, Cornwall, a bell says,

"I'll ring allways my Maker's Prayes,"

and there is a representation of Charles the Second between each word. A few bells in different parts of the country have the whole alphabet on them, which is supposed to suggest everything that can be put into words in the way of supplication and adoration. The legend on another of the Bakewell bells just mentioned can only be understood by those who know something of bell-ringing. It is on the 5th bell:

"Thro' Grandsires and Tripples with Pleasure men range
Till Death calls the Bob and brings on the last change."

THERE are inscriptions on most of the old bells in our ancient churches, as though, in a fanciful way, they had always been considered to be voices. At first, these inscriptions—legends they are generally called—were in Latin. They were short sentences, such as "Praise be to God," "Glory to God in the Highest." A bell in Kirkby Wharfe Church bears the motto, "Jesus be our Speed, 1623"; and "Great Paul," in London, the suitable words in Latin: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

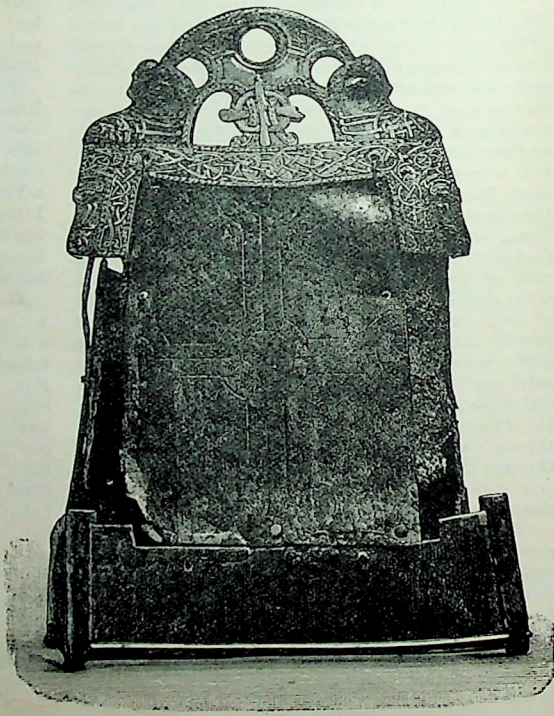
After a time, when learning had become, comparatively, more general, and there were those who could read English though they could not read Latin, English legends were placed upon them. Still later, it became the custom to give the name of the bell-founder, and this was often accompanied by those of the churchwardens. Rhyme was often chosen for these announcements, and very simple are some of the lines that we may still read upon them. When there are eight or ten bells, the legends count up to quite a serious amount of verse.

A Coventry church has rhymes on ten bells; St. Peter's, Nottingham, on five; and Bakewell Church, on eight, for instance. On the last mentioned bells there are twenty-six lines in all: the seventh one says complacently,

"Would men lik us joint agree,
They'd live in tunefull Harmony."

The names of bell-founders are mentioned in various ways, such as, "John Martin of Worcester he made mee," "Be it known to all that do wee see"; or "Know all men that doth me see that James Keene made mee"; or, "Be it known to all that doth me see that Newcombe of Leicester made mee." One of six bells at Gwinear, in Cornwall, says "Pennington cast us all." A bell at Calne says, "Robert Forman collected the moneye for casting this bell of well-disposed people as I doe you tell."

We have still several bells that are lettered "God bless Queen Anne," "God preserve



THE CAPPED BELL OF ST. CULLEN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

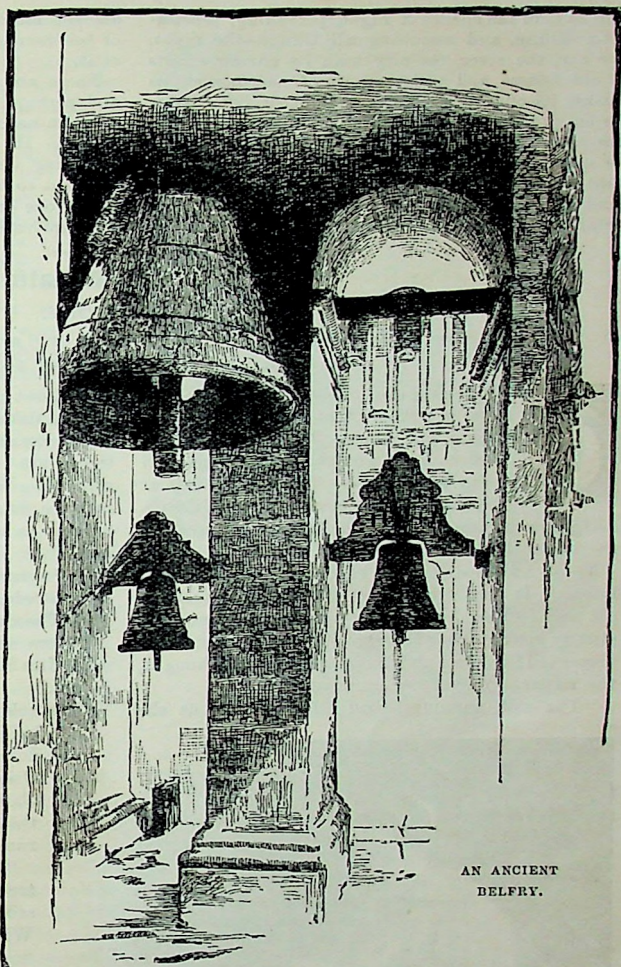
After the grand achievement of getting a peal of bells—we must consider the distance from the foundry and the bad roads for the transport among the difficulties to be surmounted—there was the organization, and probably instruction, of a company of ringers to be accomplished. To master the intricacies of the bewildering number of changes that are faintly indicated in the wording of this Bakewell legend was no mean task, and the undertaking had charms for many minds. There are antique works extant in which the art of bell-ringing is extolled as of similar gentility to other accomplishments in vogue among youthful squires in the days of old; and ever and anon there are revivals of interest in it. Ringers in Kettering Church have striven to outdo themselves in successive centuries. There were, and probably still are, inscriptions attached to the wall of the belfry recording that eight ringers, in 1729, completed the Grand-sire Tripples of 5040 changes in three hours and eighteen minutes; in 1731, in two hours and forty-eight minutes; and in 1840, in three hours and ten minutes. These announcements were supplemented with this advice,—

"Ye ringers all who prize your health and happiness,
Be sober, merry, wise; And you'll the same possess."

Many belfries, and by this word is now meant the belfry floor from which the ringers pull, have rules inscribed for the guidance of the ringers, some of which are in similar amusing rhymes. Gulwal has a long rhyming monition to the parishioners generally, desiring them, among other requests, not "to blame ye lads that use ye clapper." This is, however, a study apart from the subject of the present notes.

Where there are no "bell-houses," or steeples, the bell-cots that are substitutes for them are generally placed at the west end of the nave. Out of eighty churches in our northernmost archdeaconry, there are thirty bell-cots in this position, and three at the east end of the nave. In the case of one of these bell-gables, taken down in recent years, it was found that bones of horses' heads had been built up in the stonework, with a view, it was considered, to make the sound of the bells clearer and to carry it a greater distance.

We all know the timber belfries, often tipped with spirelets covered with shingles, that give so much charm to our south and south-east village churches. Some of these are marvels of construction. Made in the days when there was abundance of timber in



AN ANCIENT
BELFRY.

the neighbouring forests, there is no stint of material. At Margareting and Blackmore, in Essex, for example, there are belfries that those who are qualified to judge regard as very superior geometrical carpentry. Great oaken masses, shaped in the form of arches, with braces and buttresses, form bases for a second series of timber frameworks which support the bells, and above rise the modest spires, also of wood.

Thinking of quiet lanes, and meadows, and the humble village belfries that come into sight from them over-topping the clumps of adjacent trees, or, perhaps, dwelling upon some old inscription connected with our subject, such as that below the battlements of the steeple of Springfield Church, "Prayse God for al the good Benefactors. Ano. 1586," the great bells of our cathedrals seem to belong to another world. To hear great "Peter" of York Minster, we

will say, in the silence of night, pervading, penetrating, filling, and searching all things—the night, the air, the river, the city with its narrow streets of old houses and wider spaces of new houses, its nooks, its churches, the vast minster itself from its crypt to the tops of its tall towers, and all that the pale walls with their framed gateways encircle as with a cordon—with its fluent, mellow, solemn tones, is an experience not likely to be forgotten. And on the morrow, scanning and conning the details of the august minster, to come upon an

ancient stained-glass window with all the details of bell-founding depicted on it, seems a continuation of it.

There are twelve bells in St. Paul's Cathedral, and, perhaps, the bell-ringing there has reached the greatest height ever attained. As a contrast, however, to the clangour, the commotion, the great vibrating clash and clamour of such peals, it is pleasant to listen again to the mild and gentle call of the one or two bells in hundreds of our simple, yet captivating, village churches.

Burglar or Lunatic?

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "BY THE CORNISH SEA," ETC.
WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR PROUT.

THE doings of the burglars who had chosen a certain district in the south-east of England as their sphere of operations were causing anxiety to others as well as to themselves. The inhabitants of Patterden in general, and of Wisteria Lodge in particular, took the keenest interest in their reported movements.

Wisteria Lodge was essentially a woman's house. Its occupants were the widowed mother, old and feeble, three grown-up daughters, and the sturdy cook and her two satellites—a family of unprotected females: and therefore, so they thought, the natural prey of the cunning thief.

"I'm not nervous," said Miss Hopper, as she

poured out the tea; "I'm not a bit nervous. It's most unlikely that the burglars should come to Patterden at all. But suppose they do come. Say there are in Patterden twenty houses worth robbing. Well, then, any one of the nineteen may be broken into before Wisteria Lodge. A robbery is too remote a possibility to disturb my sleep."

"Of course, many houses are bigger than ours, and therefore more tempting to thieves," observed Miss Theodosia.

"More servants, more chances of detection," said Miss Sententia. "A little more milk, if you please."

"I'm told that burglars usually spy out the land beforehand," said Miss Hopper, putting down the milk-jug. "Now if they do so they will observe Samuel and the boy about the house, and, not knowing that they do not sleep here, may not care to run any risks."

"Samuel and the boy!" said Miss Sententia scornfully, giving her tea a vigorous stirring; "Samuel and the boy indeed! Why, if the burglars came in broad daylight, Samuel and the boy would hide themselves behind the cook's broad back. A man and a boy who could bring in a big caterpillar, tied in the middle by a string, and claim credit for the capture of 'a dangerous snake,' as they did, are just the heroes to tackle a burglar. For my part, I trust more to our own care in locking up, to our own good ears, and to the ringing of the big bell in the attic."

In due time the household retired for the night. Alas, for the supposed security! Alas for the protecting shadow of



"'I'm not nervous,' said Miss Hopper."—Page 134.

Samuel and the boy! The burglar came that night.

To be strictly accurate, he came in the morning. Miss Hopper opened her eyes just as the early sun was finding its way into her room, and said to herself, "That is the natural result of talking about burglars. I have been dreaming that I heard a scraping at—— Why, what's that? I do hear a scraping *now*," and her head disappeared beneath the bedclothes. But she soon regained her presence of mind, and debated the matter with herself thus: "Shall I ring the attic bell? Shall I open the window and call 'Police!'? Shall I frighten the thieves by shouting for Samuel? Perhaps it may be best to find out first what this scraping really is." So she clothed herself with a dressing-gown, and went softly down the stairs. The scraping proceeded from the drawing-room window, at which some one was working, apparently with a view of removing a pane of glass next the bolt.

Whether Miss Hopper would have opened the shutter to look, or what other steps she would have taken, can only be conjectured. As a matter of fact, she took no steps, for the cool morning air tickling her nostrils produced at that critical moment a loud sneeze.

The sneeze doubtless startled the rascal outside, for the scraping immediately ceased. Miss Hopper listened for some minutes in a silence broken only by the beating of her heart, and then, considering the circumstances, did a courageous thing. She unbolted the shutters, threw open the long windows, and stepped out upon the lawn. Nothing was there to disturb the peace of an early summer morning; nothing but the singing of the birds, and the hum of a very early or very late bee. She turned to the window. A pane of glass had been broken and replaced a fortnight before, and the burglar had evidently selected this vulnerable point for his operations. The half-hardened putty had been scraped off in considerable quantities, and only Miss Hopper's early rising it seemed had prevented the man's entrance.

Miss Hopper's disbelief in remote contingencies having thus lamentably broken down, she fell back upon the law of averages. It was hardly likely, she argued, that Wisteria Lodge would be visited again for a good many years, if at all. And so, relying on the law of averages and some new putty, the household slowly recovered their lost equanimity.

Alas, for the reputation of averages! In six days the burglar came again.

He was evidently a very punctual person and very methodical, for he began work at precisely the same hour as before, in the same part of the house, and in the same manner. Miss Hopper's keen ears were the first to catch the ominous



"So she clothed herself with a dressing-gown, and went softly down the stairs."—Page 135.

sounds, and she straightway aroused her two sisters and Hannah the cook; and then, at the head of her little army, marched down the stairs into the drawing-room. The scraping still went on.

"Peep through the keyhole," whispered the practical Sentientia.

"I can see his coat," said her eldest sister after a pause. "It is black or navy blue; and the man is crouching down and moving his arms."

"Be still while I ring the bell," said Sentientia, going softly out of the room.

It was too late. While she was on her way the pane of glass came in with a crash, and, to the horror of the three women, the shutters began to yield to vigorous pushes from the outside. They threw themselves against the frail barrier with all their might, and with success, the portly form of Hannah the cook making a magnificent barricade. At that moment the alarm bell rang out frantically, and they were saved. The burglar hastily departed, and soon some townspeople arrived, and, after a long interval, a policeman.

The policeman examined the window. There lay the broken glass and chips cut off from the framework of the window, and on the step was, what one of the ladies described as, a pool of blood. It was, the policeman said, clearly a burglar, but a very unskilful one; he would communicate with his superiors. These authorities were at first inclined to send to Scotland Yard for an expert detective, but finally decided that local talent would suffice. So a policeman was told off to watch Wisteria Lodge, and another officer was brought into the town to fulfil the ordinary duties of the watcher.

After Samuel and the boy had been commissioned temporarily to repair this damage, the ladies of Wisteria Lodge met in secret conclave and discussed the future. Miss Theodosia suggested the propriety of fixing a bucket of eucalyptus over the window and capsizing it by a string upon the burglar, so that he might afterwards be identified by the smell. This plan was negatived by a large majority. Finally it was decided to engage an ex-policeman whom they knew, to watch inside, without the knowledge of the official in the garden. So, doubly guarded, they felt secure.

Then an additional horror thrilled the nerves of the ladies. They learned that a dangerous madman was at large in the neighbourhood. Was the disturber of their peace really a burglar or this lunatic?

Five times the garrison inside and the watcher out went on duty, and five times they went off again with resultless regularity. The sixth night at length arrived. "Will he come?" was the question on every tongue. However much the ladies relied upon their custodians, it was not to be wondered at that they retired to rest in such a condition as to make nightmare a certainty. They tossed to and fro upon their couches, and turned their pillows many times to get a cool side, and at last, when all hope of so doing had been abandoned, fell asleep. Then the burglar came.

There was clearly method in his madness.

Time, manner, and place were as before, and Miss Hopper's ears again caught the suspicious sounds. The constable outside had apparently noticed nothing, and the ex-policeman was snoring. The latter, having been aroused, crept downstairs, and sought and found the constable. Together the two men rushed upon the individual at the window, who had not ceased his scraping. He yielded without a struggle, and allowed himself to be bound with a chain, which happened to be lying in the kitchen yard.

Being no longer needed, the ex-policeman went home to breakfast, leaving the constable alone with the prisoner.

Now, the Superintendent of Police had strolled out at day-break to test the vigilance of his subordinate, and was just in time to see the ex-policeman coming out of the gate of Wisteria Lodge. "Well, I never!" said he to himself. "It looks as if this is the joker we're after." So he followed until the ex-policeman reached his cottage, and then, putting his hand on his shoulder, the superintendent said, "I want you, my man."

The innocent ex-policeman looked up in astonishment, and naturally enquired, "What for, sir?"

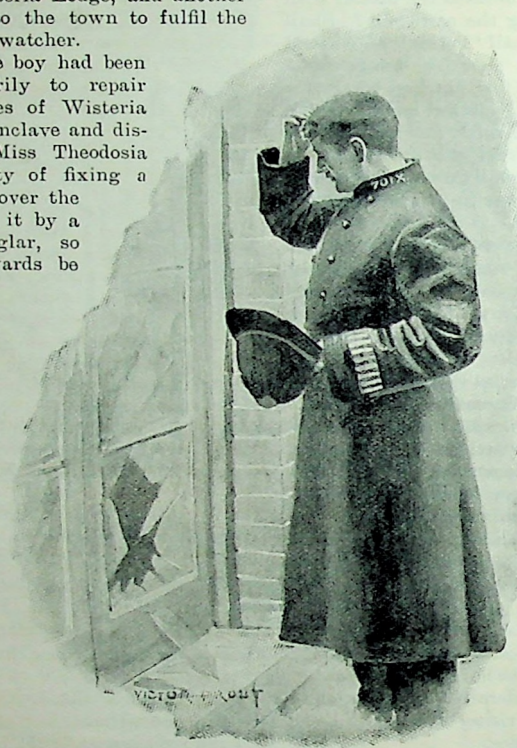
"I think you know

what for," was the answer. "Just come back to Wisteria Lodge."

They marched back in silence, but a broad grin broke out at intervals on the ex-policeman's face. At the gate they met the constable. "Step this way, if you please, sir," said that gentleman to his superior, leading the way to the back yard. Arriving there, he pointed to a figure dressed in rusty black, who was calmly eating a piece of bread sent out by the tender-hearted Theodosia, and said impressively, "That's the cove, sir; we caught him in the very act. *That's him.*"

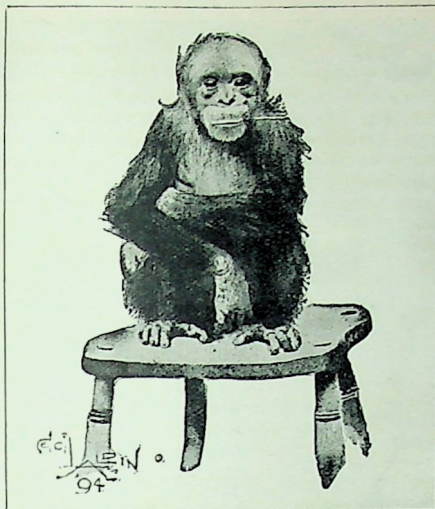
It was——!

"The policeman examined the window."—Page 130.



Sailors' Pets.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" ETC.



WHETHER there be anything in their surroundings at sea that makes animals more easily tamed than ashore is, perhaps, not a question to be easily answered. But one thing is certain: that nowhere do animals become tame with greater rapidity than they do on board ship. It does not seem to make a great deal of difference what the animal is, whether bird or beast, Jack takes it in hand with the most surprising results, evident in so short a time that it is often difficult to believe that the subject is not merely simulating tameness in order to exercise his powers upon his master or masters in an unguarded moment.

Of course, on board merchant ships the range of variety among pets is somewhat restricted. Cats, dogs, monkeys, pigs, sheep, goats, musk-deer, and birds (of sorts) almost exhaust the list; except among the whale ships, where the lack of ordinary subjects for taming lead men to try their hand upon such queer pets as walruses, white bears, and even seal-pups, with the usual success. Few pets on board ship ever presented a more ungainly appearance than the walrus. Accustomed to disport its massive bulk in the helpful wave, and only for very brief intervals hooking itself up on to a passing ice-floe as if to convince itself that it really is one of the amphibia, the change in its home-quarters to the smooth deck-planks of a ship is truly complete. And yet it has often been known not only to survive such a change, but to appear contented and happy therein.

Its uncouth gambols with the sailors are not to be described; but they are so funny that no one could witness them without laughter, especially when the sage, hoary appearance of even the most youthful walrus is remembered,—and, of course, only very young specimens could possibly be obtained alive. But, after all, the morse has its limitations as a pet.

Tamed as it often has been, and affectionate as it becomes, it never survives for a great while its privation of sea bathing, and to the grief of its friends generally abandons the attempt to become domesticated before the end of the season.

The white bear, on the other hand, when caught sufficiently young, is a great success as a pet, and develops a fund of quaint humour as well as intelligence that one would certainly never suspect from the appearance of the animal's head. Bears are notably the humorists of the animal kingdom, as any one may verify for himself who chooses to watch them for a few days at the Zoological Gardens, but among them all for pure fun commend us to the Polar bear. Perhaps to appreciate the play of a pet white bear it is necessary to be a rough and tough whalerman, since with the very best intentions his bearship is apt to be a little heavy-pawed. And as when his claws grow a very slight mistake on his part is apt to result in the permanent disfigurement of his playmate, his days of pet-hood are always cut suddenly short as he approaches full growth.

Seal-pups have no such drawbacks. They are pretty and affectionate, while an occasional douche of salt water from the wash-deck tub will suffice to keep them in good health and spirits for a long time. Such favourites do they become, that it is hard to understand how the same men, who will spend much of their scanty leisure playing with the gentle, amiable creatures, can at a moment's notice resume the crude barbarity of seal-slaughtering, with all its attendant horrors of detail. Apart from his cumbersome movements on deck, the seal seems specially adapted for a ship's pet. He is so intelligent, so fully in touch with his human playmates, that after a short acquaintance one ceases to be surprised at his teachability; it is taken as a matter of course.

Ordinary merchant ships are, as before noted, confined to a limited range of pets. Chief among them is the harmless necessary cat. But the cat's quiet domesticity never seems to take such a firm hold upon seamen's affections as does the livelier friendship of the dog. A dog on board ship is truly a favoured animal. So much so, that dogs will give themselves almost as many airs and graces as the one unmarried young lady usually does in the midst of a number of male passengers, and with much the same results. Once, indeed, the presence of two dogs on board of a large ship on an East Indian voyage nearly led to a mutiny. They were both retrievers, the property of the master. But almost from the commencement of the voyage one of them, a fine black dog, Sailor, deliberately cast in his lot with the men "forrard," where he was petted and spoiled, if a dog can be spoiled by petting. The other dog, a brown, dignified animal, called Neptune, kept to the



A POPULAR SAILORS' PET.

officers' quarters. And presently the two pets, by some sort of tacit understanding, divided the deck between them, the main hatch constituting a sort of neutral ground, beyond which neither might pass without a fight. Now, there were also some pets on board of a totally different kind, to wit, three fine pigs, who, contrary to the usual custom, were allowed to roam unpened about the decks. A fellow-feeling, perhaps, led Sailor, the fore-castle dog, to fraternise with the genial swine, and the antics of these queerly assorted playmates gave many an hour's uproarious amusement. But the pigs loved to stray aft, far beyond their assigned limits. Whenever they did so, but a short time would elapse before Neptune would bound off the poop, and seizing the nearest offender by the ear, gallop him "forrard" in the midst of a perfect tornado of squeals and clatter of sliding hoofs. This summary ejection of his friends was deeply resented by Sailor, who, with gleaming eyes, looked on, ready to interfere if Neptune should overstep the boundaries of his domain.

One day the foreseen happened. In the fury of his gallop "forrard," Neptune reached the galley door before he released the pig he had been dragging, then suddenly recollecting himself, was trotting back with deprecatory demeanour, when he met Sailor coming round the after end of the house. The two heroes eyed one another for a moment, but only a moment. Sailor felt, doubtless, that this sort of thing had gone far enough, and with a snarl full of fury they joined battle. The skipper was "forrard" promptly, armed with a belaying-pin, and seizing Sailor by the neck, began to belabour him heavily.

This was too much for the men, who had all gathered around. They rushed to the rescue of their favourite, forgetting discipline, rights of ownership, everything but the unfairness of the proceeding. The belaying-pin was wrested from the captain's grasp, the dogs torn apart, and with scowling faces the men stood confronting the raging skipper, who for some moments was hardly able to speak. When he was, he said many things, amongst others that he would shoot Sailor on sight; but it is perfectly certain that had he carried out his threat he would have had a complete mutiny on his hands. The matter blew over, but it was a long time before things had quite resumed their normal calm. A keen watch was kept over Sailor by the men for the rest of the voyage, lest evil should befall him.

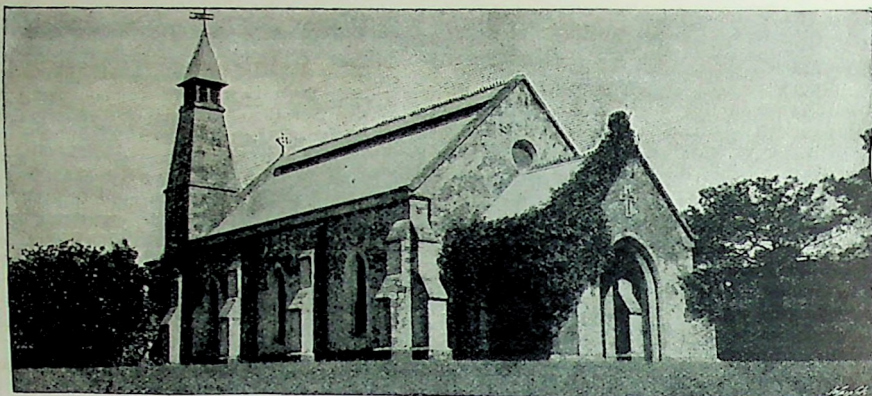
Monkeys are, as might be expected, popular as

pets. Unhappily, they disturb the harmony of a ship more than any other animal that could be obtained. For their weird powers of mischief come to perfection where there are so many past masters in the art of animal training, and nothing affords greater amusement to everybody but the sufferer when Jacko takes it into his head to get loose and ravage the contents of some fellow's bunk or chest. So much is this the case that many captains will not allow a monkey on board their ship at all, feeling sure that, however peaceable a lot of men he may have found his crew to be before, one monkey passenger is almost certain to be the fountain of mischief after his advent.

The things monkeys will do on board ship are almost beyond belief. One instance may be noted, where a monkey in a ship named the *Dartmouth* gave signal proof of his reasoning powers. He was a little black fellow from Sumatra, and from the time of his coming on board had seemed homesick, playing but few tricks, and only submitting passively to the petting he received. Passing through Sunda Straits he sat upon the fore-castle head looking wistfully at the distant land with quite a dejected pose of body. As we drew near the town of Anjer (it was before the awful convulsion of Krakatoa), he suddenly seemed to make up his mind, and springing up he covered his face with his hands and leapt shoreward. We were only going about two knots an hour, happily for him. He struck out vigorously for the shore, but suddenly realized the magnitude of his task apparently, for he turned sharply round and swam back. One of the officers threw him the end of the maintop-sail brace, which he grasped and nimbly climbed on board, a wiser monkey. Thenceforward his behaviour was quite cheerful, until his death from a chill caught off the Cape.

Goats, again, are great favourites on board ship, when they have been taught to let the running gear alone. But their inveterate habit of gnawing everything largely discounts their amiability. The pretty little mongoose, too, until he begins to fraternise with his natural enemies, the rats, is a most pleasant companion, full of play, and cleanly of habit. So is the musk-deer, but it is so delicate that few indeed of them reach home that are bought by sailors among the islands of the East Indian Archipelago. The same fate overtakes most of the birds, except canaries, that sailors buy abroad, and teach on the passage home no end of tricks. Yet deeply as these exotic pets are loved by fore-castle Jack, and great as is the pleasure he undoubtedly derives from them, the majority of them fall into the hands of Jamrach & Cross, or other keen dealers in foreign birds and beasts, when the ship reaches home. For it is seldom poor Jack has a home where to he may bring his pets.





THE CHURCH AT SHILLONG BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE—

Other Folks' Parishes.

VI. WHERE THE EARTH QUAKES.

BY ANDREW HOPE GAY, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHTHOUSE."

"**C**ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still." We may not have the natural beauties of India or Japan, the gardens that grow wildly luxuriant, the huge forests and snow-capped mountains. But, for all that, we would not change our own fireside for a home that might be rocked to fragments in a few seconds.

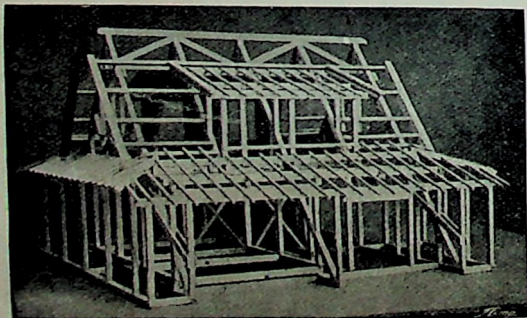
Parishes to which earthquakes are rather frequent and always unwelcome visitors may be so disturbed in a single night as to become unrecognisable. Fields and houses have been known to change places—a change for the worse and not for the better—and thus become unclaimable by law! Unhappily, when an earthquake removes part of your property on to a neighbour's grounds, you cannot prosecute the earthquake and force it to bring back the stolen goods. Yet nothing short of an earthquake would give you back your lost land.

The loss, however, seems insignificant if you have escaped the ruin of your house. Now that houses in volcanic countries are built to withstand the shocks caused by the trembling of the earth, the

inhabitants seem strangely unconcerned by any but the severest shocks. In England, people are aroused from their sleep and terror-stricken if they hear a sound like that of heavy wheels rumbling, and feel a movement as though some one were lifting up their bed. Yet a clergyman who has lived many years in Japan told me that earthquakes had rocked him to sleep! These are, however, the baby earthquakes, such as we occasionally experience in England, and not the disastrous upheavals of the crust of the world which have cost so much loss of life. Altogether, it is estimated, that at least ten thousand earthquakes occur every year, most of them disturbing the ocean beds.

By way of example of the havoc which has been wrought, we may recall the Calabrian earthquakes, in which more than 40,000 persons were killed. A still greater number perished in that of Lisbon, the most terrible catastrophe of the kind that has happened in modern Europe. Sixty thousand persons perished in the space of six minutes. Mountains rocked on their foundations. Some opened and split into huge masses, which rolled into the valleys beneath. The houses fell and crushed their hapless inhabitants. Many who had sought safety on a large quay, out of the reach, as they hoped, of danger from falling ruins, were suddenly engulfed with the quay on which they stood, and were never seen again. A vast area of the earth's surface was simultaneously shaken; the very lakes and rivers were agitated. The shock was felt in the Alps, and as far north as the Swedish shores of the Baltic; while to the west it extended to the great inland seas of America.

After reading such details it might be asked, "Who dare stay in a parish which might be swallowed up without a moment's notice?" It is one of the strange characteristics of mankind, that familiarity with danger breeds contempt. Scarcely has the calamity been chronicled



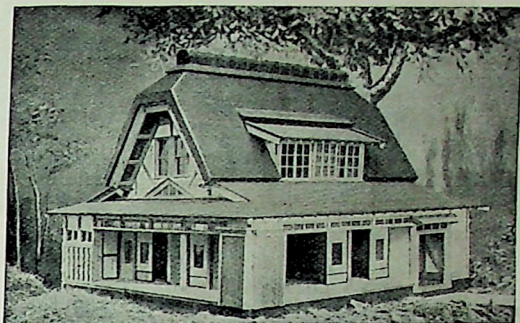
SKELETON OF AN EARTHQUAKE-PROOF HOUSE, SHOWING THE ROOF STAYS RUNNING RIGHT DOWN TO THE GROUND.

in the papers when the homeless inhabitants are found building their houses in the same place. This is the case over and over again in Japan.

The most recent of the great earthquakes provides us with an illustration of the terrific powers at work in the boiler of the world. On the 12th of June, 1897, an earthquake was felt over a surface of the globe equivalent to two hundred times the size of Great Britain. But for the fact that there were no large cities within the area of its activity, the Assam catastrophe would have been more destructive than that of Lisbon. Our two photographs of the church at Shillong, one of the prettiest hillside stations in all India, show how completely buildings were wrecked. At eleven minutes past five the church stood as you see it at the head of this article; sixty seconds later scarcely a single stone remained standing upon another. Only a short time before a new organ had been put up, and the church redecored. All that was saved was a single box of surplices.

A lady who witnessed this devastation on that eventful Saturday afternoon wrote: "To my left, I saw great clouds of dust, which I afterwards discovered to be the houses falling and the earth slipping from the sides of the hills. To my right, I saw the embankment at the end of the lake torn asunder, and the water rushing out, and the sides of the lake falling in, and at my feet the ground cracking and opening."

"As I went along, everywhere it was the same—not a house standing, people rushing about, wives looking for their husbands, parents looking for their children, every one stricken with terror, not knowing whether those belonging to them were dead or alive. I then rushed on to the cricket ground, where I found a crowd of people collected. There were some who had been ill in bed, and had rushed out in their nightgowns with bare feet, some half-dressed, and some crying, and some in hysterics; everything in the wildest state of confusion. And then the rain came. This seemed extraordinary, because before the earthquake there was not a cloud to be seen,



THE SAME HOUSE COMPLETE.

whilst five minutes afterwards we were surrounded by cloud and mist."

Upheavals of the sea-bed are even more alarming than the shaking of continents. "I saw," says one eye-witness, "the whole surface of the sea rise as if a mountain side, actually standing up. Then came a shock, accompanied with a fearful roar. I called to my companions to run for their lives. Too late! With a horrid crash the sea was on us, and at one sweep—one terrible sweep—dashed what was Iquique on to the Pampa. I lost my companions, and in an instant was fighting with the dark water. The mighty wave surged and roared and leaped. The cries of human beings and animals were dreadful. A mass of wreck covered me and kept me down, and I was fast drowning, when in a moment I was, by a returning wave, swept into the bay."

"I knew no more until I found myself on the Pampa, and all dark around me. I was without trousers, coat, shoes, or hat. Trying to collect myself, I thought of another wave, and crawled away to the mountain side, scooped a hole in the ground, and got in. Here, wet and shivering, I spent the night. In the morning I looked out and found Iquique gone, all but a few houses round the church."



—AND AFTER.



The Young Folks' Page.

WOODEN LOCKS AND KEYS.



THE Egyptian lock and its key are both of wood, and when a man has locked his door he throws the key over his shoulder, where it can hang all day suspended by a string round his neck. This custom explains that verse of prophecy, "And the key of the house of David will I hang upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open" (Isa. xxii. 22); which passage again leads us to the further and clearer mention of the solemn truth in the book of the Revelation, "These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth" (chap. iii. 7).

LOOK TO THE END.

"How much longer do you mean to stand debating, Ned?" said the plank over the pit to the donkey. "Don't you see how secure I am?"

"At this end, sir," said Ned, "you are well fixed and firm, I see; but, to be honest with you, I have my doubts of the *other* end; and while that is the case, I think it more prudent to stop on this side, though, under other circumstances, I should be glad to go over!"—MRS. PROSSER.

A SUNDAY MISSION.

"I SHALL soon be ninety," said a poor woman; "and," she added, "I cannot see to read now. My poor head troubles me, and I am all alone."

She had been a widow fifty-seven years, and had had to fight her own and her children's battle.

What a cheering effect it would have sometimes if on "Happy Sunday"—so lonely to the aged and to the infirm—a trio or a quartette of young persons looked in and sang a hymn before the old friend went to bed! The young folk would sleep the sounder and wake the happier!

ALEX.

"TRUE AND FAST."

THE Eltrick shepherd, James Hogg, says of the shepherd's dog:—"He will follow his master through any hardship, in hunger and fatigue, without murmuring or repining, till he literally falls down dead at his feet." "Hector," one of the poet's own dogs, once carried fidelity to an extreme. A dark and pouring night prevented his seeing that the lambs were already safely shut in on every side: and so, hungry, worn out, and cold, his eyes steadfastly fixed on his charge, he watched till the break of day. Well might Hogg write:—

"Man, here is one will haud ye dear!
Man, here is one will ne'er forsake ye!"

William Cowper, who "would not let the man his friend who needlessly trod upon a worm," after telling the story of a faithful spaniel, gives a lesson worth heeding:—

"But chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To HIM who gives me all."

C.B.

THREE KINDS OF BOYS.

THERE are three kinds of boys in the world—the "I wills," the "I won'ts," and the "I can'ts." The "I wills" effect almost everything, the "I won'ts" oppose almost everything, and the "I can'ts" fall in almost everything.

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.

Trifles even
Are as leaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as *thorough* as you can.

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!

'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Hearts without it
(Never doubt it)
Are as worlds without a sun!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true,—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.

Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And for ever,
Now or never,
Be as *thorough* as you can.

A.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

1. WHAT Psalm speaks of the Lord as the "King of Glory?"
2. Which Psalm speaks of God having "gone up with a shout, and with the sound of a trumpet?"
3. Which Psalm tells of the Ascended Lord receiving "gifts for men?"
4. Where in the Epistles is Christ spoken of as entering Heaven as our "Fore-runner?"
5. Where is the Holy Ghost spoken of as the "Spirit of Counsel?"
6. Where do we read of joy as connected with the Holy Ghost in the experience of God's people?

ANSWERS (See APRIL No., p. 95).

1. Gen. xl. 20; St. Matt. xiv. 6. 5. 1 Kings xiii. 24; xx. 38.
2. St. Luke xviii. 1-8. 6. Psalm cxli. 4.
3. Hagai i. 9-11. 7. St. John iii. 27. John the Baptist.
4. St. Luke xvi. 20. 8. Ruth iv. 14-17; 2 Tim. i. 6.

A BOY WHO SAVED LIVES.

SOME years ago the American Congress voted a gold medal to Mr. Joseph Francis for "his distinguished services in discovering inventions for saving life, and other humane purposes." The medal, costing £1,200, was given by the President to Mr. Francis when he was in his nineteenth year. Young Francis was a Boston boy. In 1812, when he was twelve years old, there were a large number of shipwrecks, and the terrible tales of horror touched the boy's heart. The war had destroyed his father's

property, and broken up a family of seven children, so that Joseph's earnings were necessary, to the last penny, to aid in the support of his brothers and sisters. In these circumstances, he conceived the idea of a life-boat, and proceeded—a boy of twelve years—to produce a model. Every moment, when he was not required to be at work, he spent in a shop in Clark Street, near Hanover. His progress was slow, but sure. With

thought, tact, resolution, and force of character necessary to produce the life-boat were good enough to produce more and even greater results.

W. M. T.

A GOOD REPLY.

"WHAT an insignificant little thing you are!" said a Puddle by the wayside to a Raindrop, as it splashed into it one morning.



REGULAR OR LUNATIC?—THE SECRET REVEALED.

"It was the family pet—Laddie, the collie!"—See page 134.

pluck and hope he worked on, sometimes baffled and disappointed, and often laughed at, but never yielding to discouragement. He was eighteen years old when his life-boat, with all its life-saving qualities, was completed, and was placed on exhibition at the fair of the Mechanics' Institute, in Boston, in 1819. When his life-boat was complete, the battle of his life was won. What manner of stuff he was made of was clear then. The

"Perhaps so," said the Raindrop; "but I reflect as much of the sky as I have room for, and the bosom of the proudest lake can say no more!"

"LADDIE."

To explain the picture on this page we need only refer our young folk to the true tale by the Rev. John Isabell, on page 134, which they will find exciting up to the very last line.

Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY."

VI. A VOLATILE SPIRIT IN OUR HOMES.

IT is not with that "merry heart" which the wise man says "is a continual feast" that I want to deal in this paper. It is with a much more mundane thing.

In a former paper I promised to tell you how a certain volatile spirit called ammonia could work marvels for the busy housewife. To begin with, this brownie softens the hardest water, making it fit for laundry and other kinds of work. Cleanliness, as we all know, is a powerful factor in keeping a "sweet" home. Now, cleanliness of the skin is almost of more importance than cleanliness in the house. This personal cleanliness can only be secured by a constant change of underclothing. The reason given by an economical woman against changing her vest, well, say every week, is, that all flannels shrink in the wash. With the help of ammonia I think you will find this plea is a fallacy.

Take a tub of lukewarm water (in the proportion of two parts hot to one cold), and add to it a tablespoonful of our volatile spirit. Stir into this mixture enough soap jelly (made by dissolving shreds and ends of ordinary soap in hot water over the fire) to make a lather. Having turned your vest, or combinations, or flannels, wrong side out, shake them well. A lot of fine white dust will fly from the garments. These particles are portions of your own skin, which would have poisoned our home atmosphere if allowed to soak up perspiration. When well shaken (like a chemist's bottle), immerse the articles in your tub of preparation. Be sure that every inch is covered with water, for any portion left unsoaked will shrink. Cover the bath with a close-fitting lid of some sort. An inverted tray, if wrapped over with a blanket, will answer. Our object is to cork in, as it were, our volatile spirit, until it has done its work.

This will be in about an hour's time. At the end of sixty minutes you may lift the cover, and you will be greeted with a sight of a lot of dirty, "duckery-dun-coloured" fluid. Don't be alarmed. Put in your hands bravely, and gently squeeze out the, by this time, absolutely clean garments. After a rinse in warm, pure, soft water, drying in some windy (not sunny) spot, and a rub over with a cool iron, your flannels will be soft, smooth, utterly unshrunk. Try this plan, and you will prove how good a one it is. Jaegers, woolies of all sorts, will last for years if treated after this fashion, and, however often they are changed, will not shrink.

Ammonia will wash the children's hair too. Curls will not look fuzzy and rough, as they are apt to do after immersion in ordinary hard water. Only be careful that the wee ones keep every eye well shut, or rebellion may follow!

Flowers do much to render our abodes "sweet homes." Now, geraniums and fuchsias are apt to wither and flag unless some stimulant is occasionally given them. A few drops of our volatile spirit, added to the contents of a watering can, will work wonders. Buds will swell, blooms revive, wood make fresh growth. Only be advised. Do not try to hasten matters by giving strong doses of ammonia. Otherwise you will do more harm than good. In trying to produce blossom, your plants will kill themselves. Ammonia is such a powerful stimulant that caution must be exercised.

Clean windows in our sweet home are a necessity. If you want bright panes of glass then, wash with a solution of water in which a few drops of ammonia have been mixed. They will rival the best crystal or diamond!

Some of us are apt to put by our best hair brushes at home. We keep them for visiting. Our reason being, that soda spoils ivory, and takes varnish even from wooden backs.

This is undoubtedly true, but why use soda? Ammonia will do the work better and quicker. Moreover, it will not make ivory "yell," nor interfere with the most delicate varnish.

I do feel that it is such a mistake to keep all our pretty things for strangers, and to think anything is good enough for Home—

that blessed spot which I should wish always spelt with a capital, as it is the most important place in the world for us—and ours.

All kinds of grief we try to banish from our circle, yet bees and wasps will occasionally find entrance therein. A bottle of ammonia is a useful thing to have about the place when summer is ended, and our little friends begin to grow torpid and wicked. If Tommy or Rosabelle is stung by the sleepy insects (entirely in self-defence against being sat upon), apply a drop of the volatile spirit at once, and no evil result will follow. The very pain of the sting, too, will be taken away at once.

If the mistress of the sweet home be herself overtaken with sudden faintness, half a teaspoonful of ammonia in a wineglass of cold water may be administered safely, and will remove the faintness speedily.

The care of silver in an ordinary household is by no means a light job. It is usual in most small houses to have a weekly "clean" of table utensils and ornaments. Full well I know the labour involved. A large apron has first to be donned; newspaper spread on the tables; basins of hot water put handy; polishing mediums prepared; gloves donned; and what not? Then hours are often spent in large houses in getting the silver, electro, or German metal into a state of cleanliness.

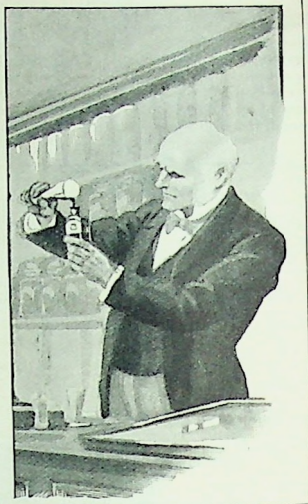
"I would not mind the work so much," said the eldest daughter in a friend's house one day; "but it all seems like lost time. To-morrow the forks and spoons will look just as badly again. It is hopeless."

Very soon I made Ada B— sing a different tune by just introducing our volatile spirit to her.

After every meal, every day, the table appointments should be soaked in a basin of boiling water impregnated with a few drops of ammonia. Or, if this mixture will be too hot to handle. Leave the spoons soaking, then, until all the other dinner things are washed up and put away. Then, fish out the forks, etc., give them a rub with a "chummy," and they will always be brilliant as the day they came out of the shop. Besides, the weekly cleaning will no longer be necessary, and your silver will last double the time it would have done under the old regime.

We all know how lamp chimneys will fly, and at the most awkward times! This nearly always happens if we have washed them with soap and water. Now, no lamp chimney should ever be washed at all! If some quite un-rub-out-able stain be found on one, smear a piece of newspaper with a few drops of ammonia. Thoroughly dry it afterwards, and you can light the Duplex or Little Wonder with an ordinary match and extraordinary safety! Being a volatile spirit, it will neither contract nor expand the glass, and therefore there is no risk of explosions.

We all know the German fairy story about the Brownies and Boggarts. Now I think I have proved to you that ammonia is a veritable Brownie, doing work quicker and better than we could. Finally, I have found ammonia such a save-all in worry and work, that I am anxious to share the blessing with other overworked, harassed house-mothers.





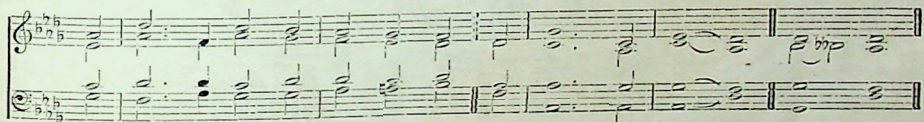
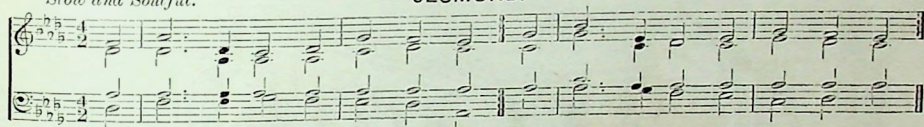
NIGHTFALL.

Eventide.

An Evening Hymn, by the Rev. G. W. Briggs, B.A.
Music by C. H. Briggs, Mus. Doc. (Cantab.)

Slow and Soulful.

JESMOND.



mf. ONCE more, O Lord, 'tis eventide :
Once more on Thy dear Name we
call,

dim. As, like a curtain, far and wide
The shadows fall.

mp. The winds are hushed, the air is still,
The birds their evening carols cease :

p. Deep silence broods o'er dale and hill,
pp. And all is peace.

mp. So, Jesu, if life's day be past
Ere Thou shalt come, and we must
rest ;

dim. So let us sink to sleep at last
Upon Thy breast :

f. Till, when the glorious dawn shall
break,

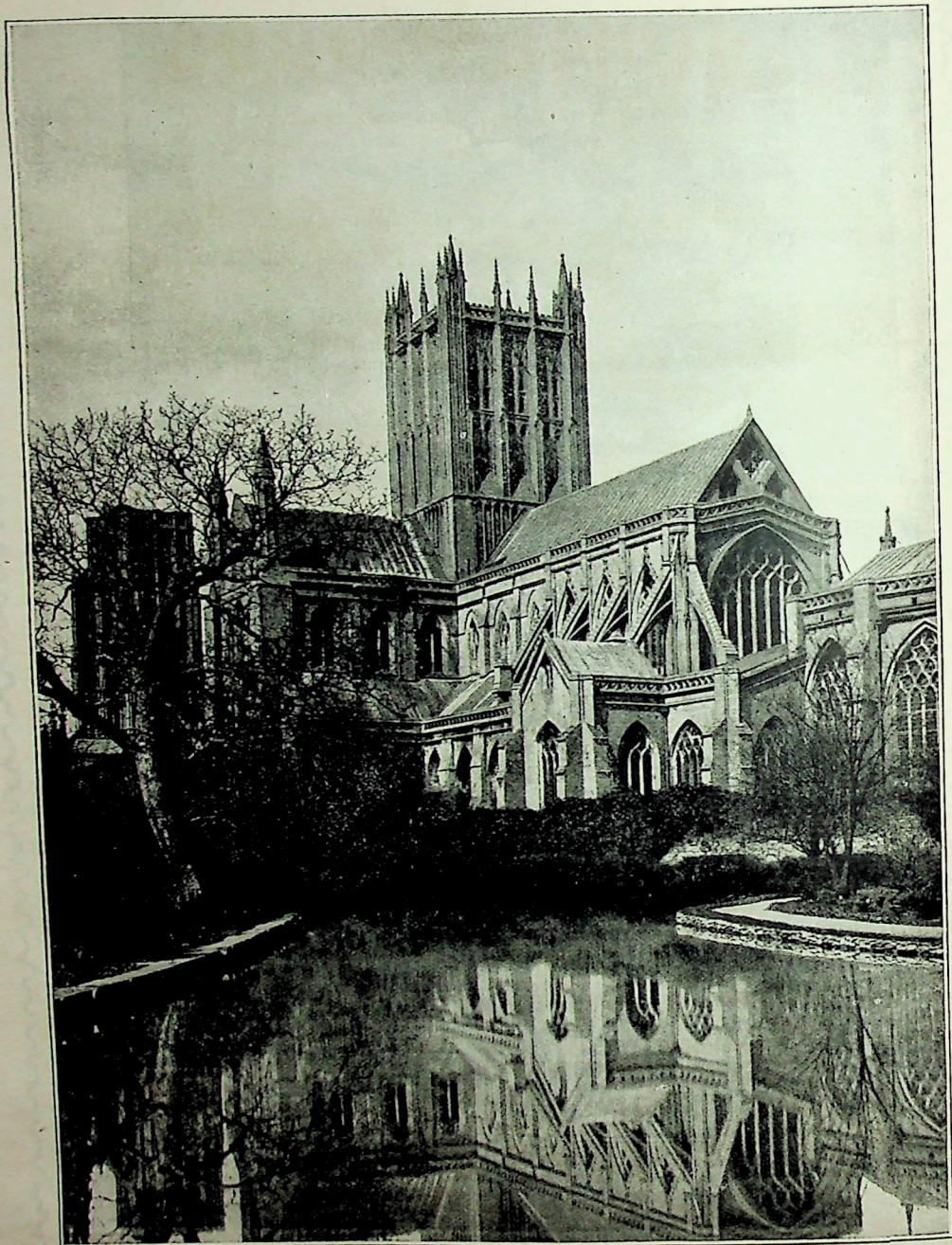
cres. And shades of night be chased away,

ff. With all the ransomed host, we wake,
mf. To endless day.

Amen.



EARLY DAWN.



From the Photograph]

WELLS CATHEDRAL.

[by MRS. FRITH, Relgate.]

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE RESCUE.

FRED PYKE had his faults—plenty of them. Physical cowardice was not, however, one of those faults. Beyond a stout stick he had no weapon of defence, and since he was ignorant of this particular animal's disposition, he could not tell how great might be the danger of an encounter. But he did not think of holding back.

No doubt, at the first moment his impulse was to rescue Margot with the least possible risk to himself. When she failed to obey his shout, an impatient word slipped from him, and for an instant he hesitated what to do next. Then, seeing no other mode to be feasible, he made a sharp run and cleared the brook at a bound. As he sprang, Margot rushed towards the paling, slipped, went down upon both knees, and only saved herself by a violent effort from falling prostrate. In that position she remained as if petrified.

The bull was still advancing, albeit in a somewhat half-hearted fashion, as if he were not quite sure of his own mind. Had he chosen to charge at full gallop, he must have come up with Margot before Pyke could reach her. As it was, the two arrived together from different directions, and a heavy blow from Pyke's stick not only broke the stick itself in half but induced the bull to reconsider his intentions.

Rather relieved at his easy victory, Fred picked up a heavy stone and flung it at the retreating foe. Then he steered his way cautiously through the mud towards Margot.

"It's all right," he said. "The creature don't seem to be of a vicious sort. Let me help you up."

Margot lifted her face with a faint little smile of gratitude—a pretty smile, as Owen had noticed from the first, and as Fred noticed now.

"I'm glad you were near. I was frightened. How good of you to come!"

"Wish I'd been a minute or two sooner. This mud's nasty. Shall I give you a hand?"

"I'm afraid to move. I don't want to go in deeper."

With the help of his grip, she found her feet slowly—not without a wince.

"Not that way—oh, please not"—as Fred was about to draw her up the bank. "Not near that dreadful animal."

"He won't run at you again. I'll keep him off. Plenty of stones to throw at him."

"I can't. Oh, I can't. Another way, please. Please another way. Couldn't I get to the Farm through this next field? If you wouldn't mind just helping me over the paling. I'm—stiff with my fall."

Fred looked dubiously at the mass of slimy mud which intervened between them and the paling. Then he glanced at the deplorable state of Margot's skirt.

"I suppose you can't be much worse than you are already. Yes, I can get you over—but you'll be up to the tops of your boots in slush. Can't think what Farmer Handfast is about to leave such a state of things here! He ought to have it properly drained."

"Oh!" shrieked Margot, as she slid into a soft black compound, half-way to her knees.

"Ah!" echoed Pyke, in a tone of disgust. Trying to haul her up, he put his foot incautiously on a spot not tested, and immediately lost sight of his own ankles, after the same unpleasant mode.

"Oh dear!" gasped Margot.

"Wait a moment. I see; here's a better way. Stop where you are—one minute—that's right. Now I can help you." Fred had found firmer footing, and he held out a hand to her, clinging with the other to the paling.

"Jump to that stone. Now—jump!"

Margot seemed to be a poor hand at jumping. She made a slight attempt, drew her lips together, and floundered in anew.

"Not that way. You're going wrong. One good jump——"

Margot's response was again a failure; but he half lifted, half dragged her to the paling, and more than half lifted her over. Beyond it a second struggle through slimy mud awaited them, and at length they reached firm ground.

Fred looked askance at his trousers. Margot stood at the top of the bank, panting.

"What a mess we're both in. I'm glad to be out of that field. I'll never go through it any more."

"You won't find cattle there always."

"But they might come in."

"I dare say the bull didn't mean much harm."

"Oh, but he did. I know he did. You've saved me from a great danger, and I shall always, always be grateful to you."

This was a view of the question too agreeable to be argued away.

"Well, of course—he might be viciously inclined. There's no knowing. Good thing I had a stout stick."

"I think it's a good thing you were so brave."

Margot was toiling slowly along, as if the chase had tired her. To herself she uttered a little faint "Oh dear!" Fred was too much occupied with his own gratification to notice this.

"Any man would have done the same. I'd rather be the one to do it, though—for *you*," pointedly.

"It doesn't matter who it is a man helps, as long as he helps somebody." Margot spoke cheerfully, while another small "Oh dear!" followed under her breath.

"It makes a lot of difference. One would do it, of course, for other people, too, but one would rather do it for—somebody like you," ventured Fred, not quite knowing how far he might go. "Anyhow, it's a

good thing I happened to be there."

"Are we going the shortest way we can?"

"Yes. There's no other way. If we get through that gate we can walk round by the lane." Fred did not suppose that Margot's people would wish him to escort her home; but since she did not dismiss him he was in no hurry to depart. Besides, she seemed to move with difficulty, and he decided that she might need further help.

"I've never been in this field before. The cows were almost always here. Oh dear!" sighed Margot once more, and she came to a standstill.



"He cleared the brook at a bound."—Page 147.

Fred looked at her in surprise. "Is it too far for you?"

"I don't know. Yes, I suppose so. No, it isn't, really—only I've bruised my knees a little. If I could rest a minute——!"

The felled trunk of a tree stood invitingly near. Fred suggested the use of this; and Margot was glad to follow his advice. She looked pale.

"That's the second time I've been nearly killed in one month," she remarked.

"I shouldn't wonder,"—Fred spoke slowly, kicking away a stone—"I shouldn't wonder if they told you that the bull is an innocent beast—never harmed a child. People don't like to allow that they keep a fierce brute, who ought to be made away with."

"But then I know better. I know what danger I was in—and so I know how much I owe to you." Margot spoke with decision. Then she laughed. "Isn't it funny? I must have seen you, but I've never even heard your name."

Fred was not flattered. He would have thought it natural that, seeing him, she should take the trouble to find out who he was.

"I'm Fred Pyke, Mr. Heavy's clerk. My mother and I've not been long in South Ashton—don't know people here well yet."

"Mr. Heavy? That fat man with the red face? Isn't he a sort of lawyer? And don't you live near the church with your mother?"

Fred declared that that was the very ticket. "Your folks don't seem to take to me particularly," he said, looking away. "Can't tell why. But they don't."

"I'm sure they'll be grateful to you now. You must come back with me, and let them thank you. Just think—if you hadn't been there!" Margot shuddered. "Now I'll try to go on."

Fred was in no hurry. He liked to sit by her, and to receive her thanks and grateful smiles. He began to think that he really had played an admirable part. It was pleasant to feel that he would be pointed out in the village as having saved Mrs. Handfast's niece from a violent death.

In a minute she made a move, and he suggested a longer halt; but Margot could be determined. She was bent upon getting home, and no second halt was made, though she walked slowly, and that little faint "Oh dear!" recurred more often than Fred imagined. Before the house was reached she had grown very white, and seemed to find

it no easy matter to get along. Fred made her hold his arm, and Margot led the way to a side door, where she hoped to slip in quietly. She had changed her mind about introducing Pyke to the family, recalling something that she had heard about their not wishing to know much of this young man or his mother. On the whole, Margot began to hope that he would not expect to go in with her.

But at the door they found themselves face to face with Mrs. Handfast and Owen Forrest.

"Why, Margot——"

Margot sat down on a little bench.

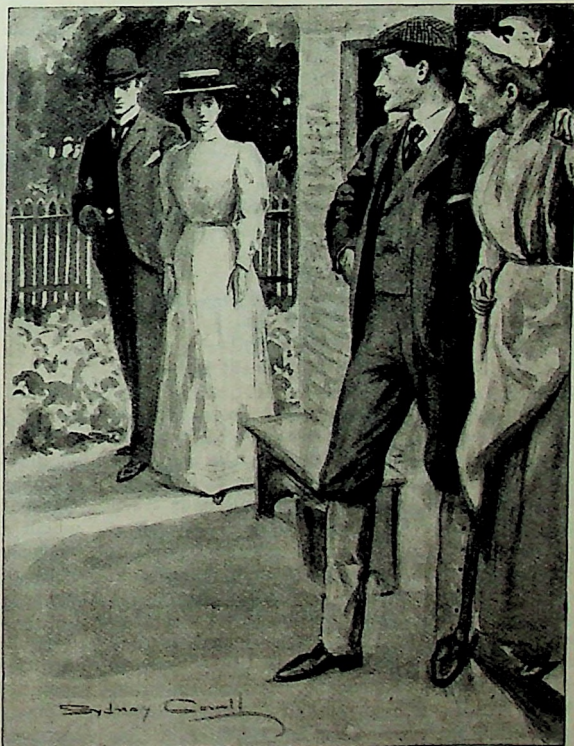
"I've been run at by the bull. And Mr. Pyke saved me. He drove the bull away."

"What bull?" asked Owen shortly. "Not Black Spot!"

"The young bull in the meadow behind your kitchen-garden." Fred's voice was at least as short as Owen's.

"Black Spot! He's as playful as a kitten."

"Blackie!" at the same moment uttered Mrs. Handfast. "My dear child, you needn't have run



"They found themselves face to face with Mrs. Handfast and Owen Forrest."—Page 149.



"But Margot did not make haste."—Page 150.

away from Blackie. He wouldn't have touched you."

"I told you so!" muttered Fred almost inaudibly. Margot heard him, and she flashed up angrily.

"That's all very fine; but you weren't there, either of you. You didn't see; you can't know. The creature chased me half across the field, and I fell down. If it hadn't been for Mr. Pyke, I should have been killed. The bull was very nearly up with me when Mr. Pyke drove him off." She looked at Fred with grateful eyes, full of tears, and with her prettiest smile, that smile which from the first had won Owen's heart. "I shall never, never forget," she said. "I don't care what anybody says, Mr. Pyke. I shall always know that you have saved my life,—that you might have been killed yourself in saving me. And if ever I can do anything for you, you'll only have to ask me."

Fred shook hands with her, wearing a gratified air, and made his way off, hardly looking at the

other two. Mrs. Handfast smiled. Owen had seldom in his life been farther from a smile. Margot burst into tears.

"It's too bad, too bad," she said.

Mrs. Handfast took this for petulance pure and simple.

"Anybody in the place can tell you what a harmless creature Blackie is, Margot. I dare say you were frightened—you are pretty easily frightened, you know. And of course Mr. Pyke was right to go to your help. Any man would have done that, I hope, if he saw a girl frightened. Only you don't need to be so desperately grateful. He was in no sort of danger himself. I don't suppose you were either, though it's never wise to run away. Almost any animal runs after a person running away."

Margot dried her eyes slowly.

"I'd better get off my muddy things," she said.

"I think you had. You will take cold if you don't. And you had better rest too. She's quite pale with her fright, isn't she, Owen?"

Owen's silent gaze bespoke unutterable things. Mrs. Handfast saw it; and her manner, despite her own will, grew a degree curt.

"Come! your wisest plan is to make haste," she said. "Lavinia and I will have the nursing of you if you catch a chill."

Mrs. Handfast was very rarely betrayed into any words which could by the utmost stretch be called unkind. Margot turned mutely away, her lips quivering. Owen saw, and was angry with his old friend, though he kept the anger down. Margot crept upstairs so slowly that Mrs. Handfast thought her sulky.

"Come, make haste, Margot."

But Margot did not make haste.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. PYKE'S ATTEMPT.

"Who did you say, Gibson? Somebody from the village?"

"Yes, your ladyship. I told her your ladyship was engaged at this hour, and she asked if she might come another time."

Lady Wallace looked up from a pile of notes, which she had been writing. She sat at her davenport in the morning room, and the sunlight came through venetian blinds in slender rays, lighting up her fair hair and simple dress.

"What is her name?"

"Pyke, your ladyship. She's a widow, living near the church. She wouldn't say what it was she wanted."

"Begging probably. You are sure she did not ask for Sir Stephen?"

"No, your ladyship. Would your ladyship wish that she should come again?"

"No; it is a long walk from the village. I can spare two or three minutes. Bring her here, Gibson." Lady Wallace was very kind-hearted, and seldom refused an interview to any one in South Ashton.

So Mrs. Pyke, in her best black gown and bonnet, was brought in. At the sight of Lady Wallace she dropped an involuntary curtsy. She had come without consulting Fred a second time, and some uneasiness lay below the confident manner. Lady Wallace, still seated at her small writing-table, glanced at the little widow.

"I have heard your name," she remarked. "You take in needlework, I believe?"

"Yes, your ladyship. And I shall be glad to do some for your ladyship any day you're pleased to give me some. But it isn't *that* I'm come to speak about to your ladyship to-day. It's about a situation."

Lady Wallace waited for more. A question might have helped Mrs. Pyke, but no question came.

"It's about a situation as I heard your ladyship was interested in. A nursery-governess' place, my lady, to somebody your ladyship knows. And seeing as Margot—Miss James, I mean—can't take it, I thought I'd make bold to come and tell your ladyship of a girl I know who'd be proud to be nursery-governess in the house of any friend of your ladyship's."

Lady Wallace made no reply. She seemed to be waiting for Mrs. Pyke to finish. The continued silence was embarrassing. Still, Mrs. Pyke was bent on making the most of her opportunity.

"Susy Bryant—that's to say, Miss Bryant—she's a girl I've known a many years; not that she's any relation to me. She's the daughter of a farmer, who lived near my home before we came

here; and a nice pretty girl as you'd wish to see, and uncommon well-educated, *she* is. She's just set her heart on being nursery-governess in a good family; and there's those that 'ud speak for her, as your ladyship would find sufficient. And I thought I'd just make bold to come myself and tell your ladyship about Susy Bryant. I wouldn't say anything, my lady, as long as I thought Margot James at Sutton Farm might be able to go; but now she won't be able, and I thought there couldn't be any harm in me coming to tell

your ladyship of Susy. Begging your ladyship's pardon for taking the liberty, all the same. If your ladyship wouldn't mind me getting Susy to come and see your ladyship—or getting her friends to write—"

The silence took effect at last. Mrs. Pyke came to a complete stop. Then Lady Wallace broke the oppressive stillness, speaking in a very quiet voice,—

"Who told you about the nursery-governess being wanted?"

This was the question which Mrs. Pyke had rather feared, but which afterwards she had persuaded herself was not likely to be asked. Or, if asked, she thought, it would be easily evaded.

"I just heard it spoken of, your ladyship, in the village. And so I made up my mind—"

"That is no answer. I wish to know who told you."

Mrs. Pyke twisted her handkerchief, and said nothing.

"I should like to know who it was that told you," came again.

"Your ladyship, I see a lot of people, and it wouldn't be easy for me to remember. It might have been one or another. Only, if it was true, I just thought I might as well let your ladyship know about Susy Bryant, in case your ladyship shouldn't mind—"



"But I do assure your ladyship—honestly—it wasn't your ladyship's maid!"—Page 152.

"You have said all that before. I do not want to hear your reasons for speaking. I want to know how you heard that I was enquiring after a nursery-governess. I mentioned it to nobody in the village; and in my own household only one or two knew anything of the matter."

Mrs. Pyke had seldom found herself in so tight a corner. If she should betray the maid who had gossiped, that maid would not forgive her in a hurry. After a perplexed break, she muttered something about—"Mrs. Handfast."

"No. That is out of the question. I know Mrs. Handfast well. She was my mother's house-keeper when I was a child. I would trust her word in the face of all South Ashton. Mrs. Handfast is absolutely true. Take care, Mrs. Pyke. If *you* say what is not true, you take away the value of anything that you may say afterwards."

This was a new notion to Mrs. Pyke, who seldom troubled herself either as to truth-speaking, or as to consequences of falsehood, so long as she could slip out of a difficulty.

Lady Wallace hesitated, then spoke again. "I

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

THE GOD-MADE CALM.

BY THE LATE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

WHEN storms come it is to God we must look to be "delivered out of our distresses."

Is it Discipline? "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Is it Punishment? "*He* hath torn and *He* will heal."

Is it Trial? "But the God of all grace, after ye have suffered awhile, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

If with the Psalmist we say, "One deep calleth unto another because of the noise of Thy waterspouts," don't let the waves of God hide out God. "Why art thou so vexed, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I shall yet thank Him, who is the help of my countenance and my God."

When you cry, "Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me?" then go to God Himself for your peace, and you shall yet give Him thanks for the help of His countenance. "He maketh the storm a calm."

And when the world vexes you, when, it may be, you are robbed of your money, when you are jostled against the wall, or driven from your place upon the footpath into the mud, when your peace is broken, and the winds and the waters rise in your soul, when in the awful loneliness of desertion, or death, your heart becomes like a

have had doubts for some time about one person in my household, and you, perhaps, may be able to guess her name. Unless you can explain satisfactorily how this information reached you, my doubts will have become certainty."

Mrs. Pyke spoke in desperation, "It was somebody that lives where the lady lives, ma'am—I mean, my lady—"

"Ah," said Lady Wallace quietly. "That sounds more definite. Where what lady lives?"

"The lady who wants the nursery-governess—Mrs. Wallace."

"And she lives—where?"

Mrs. Pyke was non-plussed. She either had not heard, or had failed to note the name in her memory.

"I see." Lady Wallace's voice was low. "And I am sorry that things are so."

"But I do assure your ladyship—honestly—it wasn't your ladyship's maid!"

"Who said that it was?" asked Lady Wallace; and Mrs. Pyke knew that she had "put her foot into it" again.

vault, and you hear a moaning therein as of the wind when it blows around the lone chamber of the confined dead—then, God give us to remember He is above it all, and He can make the storm a calm.

Blow then the fierce wild winds whence they may, and how strong they may—

If they smite *our bodies*—"Our strength is made perfect in weakness."

If they smite *our minds*—"In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul."

If they smite *our conscience*—"If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things." "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Through Christ, God says to all storms, "Peace, be still." "What manner of man is this that the winds and the waves obey Him?" He is the One to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth. He is "the Prince of Peace." He is the One of whom it is said that "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." He is the One who was sent "to guide our feet into the way of peace." He is the One who said, "That in Me ye might have peace." He is the One of whom the Apostle said, "He is our Peace." He is the One who said, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

Away then, in all troubles, "to Thee, O God": for "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose

mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee": away to Jesus, whose birth-song the angels sang, and singing, sang of Peace: "Peace on earth." "He maketh the storm a calm"—a God-made calm.

"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
Peace, perfect peace, Death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished Death and all its powers.
It is enough: earth's troubles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace."

"READ" AND "LEARN" THE CXIX. PSALM.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.

BISHOP COWPER calls the 119th Psalm "a Holy Alphabet, so plain, that children may understand it; so rich and so instructive, that the wisest and most experienced may every day learn something from it." In Germany it is called "the golden alphabet of a Christian man," and children are taught to repeat it in their early years.

St. Augustine, who wrote a commentary on the Psalter, reserved his observations on this Psalm to the last, "because," he says, "as often as I essayed to think thereon, it always excelled the power of my intent thought, and the utmost grasp of my faculties." In the Prymer of Henry VIII's time (1545), it is described as "The A B C of godly love; the paradise of learning; the shop of the Holy Ghost; the school of truth. In which appeareth how the saints of God esteem the Holy Laws; how fervently they be given unto them; how it grieveth them that they should be despised; how fervently they desire to learn to walk in them, and to fulfil them."

What a happy world it would be, and what happy homes we should have, if all of us were of this mind! God's "precepts" are all "promises" of good: and, as Hooker said, "The highest law is the highest liberty."

Matthew Henry, in his own quaint way, describes this Psalm as "A chest of golden rings, rather than a chain of golden links"; while Bridges compares it to "many pearls on one string, of equal but independent value." In the diary of William Wilberforce we find the following entry, written during a time of intense political excitement:

"Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Psalm in great comfort." John Ruskin says: "It is a strange thing that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which to my child's mind was most repulsive, the 119th Psalm, has become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love to the law of God."

It is the especial glory of this Psalm that it bears such noble testimony to the Holy Scriptures.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

BY THE REV. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A.

OUR love to Christ springs not from sight but from trust. "In whom," writes St. Peter, "though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." It is the echo of the Saviour's words to Thomas, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." And Tennyson gives the same thought—

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy Face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

The unseen Saviour is grasped by faith. Love and trust are inseparably united. Both are the result of the Holy Spirit's work in the heart. Both are needed. If either fails the other cannot last. Absolute confidence is essential to love. The loyalty of true love is essential to trust. The doubting heart cannot love. The lukewarm or cold heart cannot trust.

Let, then, both faith and love be carefully guarded. Keep close to Jesus. Be alone in His presence. Pour out your souls in spoken words of devotion during the solitary walk or in the secret chamber. Read much about Him. Study most of all the Bible that speaks of Him. Associate with those to whom He is dear. Avoid the flippant and shallow, the cynical and unbelieving. Practise your love in obedience. Nourish your faith with knowledge. Thus Christ will become all in all to you, and your soul will be rooted in love. And an exultant joy will result. "In whom believing ye rejoice," literally leap for joy. A joy which is a foretaste of heaven. A joy the essence of which is that though we see Him not, we love Jesus and trust Him absolutely.

GEMS FROM RUTHERFORD.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

WHYY should we believers go to heaven weeping, as if we were to fall down through the earth for sorrow? None have a right to joy but we; joy is sown for us, and an ill summer or harvest will not spoil the cross.

Christ will not cast water on your smoking coal: He never yet put out a dim candle that was lighted at the Sun of righteousness.

Make much of Christ, and of His free grace, and employ Him and His strength.

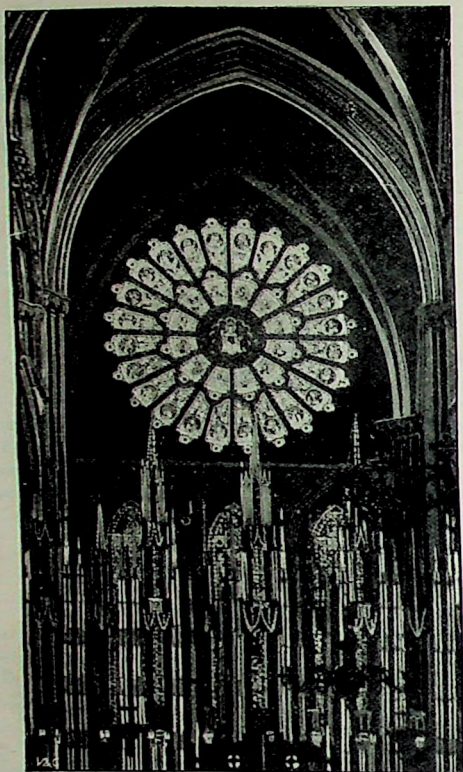


Photo by]

[F. W. MORGAN, Durham.

FAMOUS ROSE WINDOW: DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON.

V. CHURCH WINDOWS.

THE windows of an ancient church are among its interesting features. The alterations made in the circumstances and conditions of our predecessors, as time went by, are nowhere more apparent. We may see the need for protection and shelter in the small openings, not wider than a man's hand, nor longer than an arrowslit, with which the first church builders pierced their low, thick walls; and the gradual growth of disregard of danger from foes, and the need of more light, that came to pass slowly in the greater size of the windows, which were made from time to time larger and larger, till, after many years, there were such masterpieces accomplished as those presented to us especially in our cathedrals.

The single light placed side by side with another became a couplet, and this, by the addition of one more, became a triplet, calling for special treatment.

The windows were sometimes divided by mullions into five, seven, nine, and more lights, and the great arched headings that encompassed them were filled in with tracery of exquisite designs. These beautiful windows vie with each other for grace and splendour. The east window in York Minster takes precedence for height. It is seventy-five feet high and thirty-five feet wide. It is followed by the example in Gloucester Cathedral, which is seventy-two feet high and thirty-eight feet wide. The east window in Carlisle Cathedral, which has nine divisions, is claimed by its admirers to have the finest design in its tracery; and that in Dunblane Cathedral has also had a first place claimed for it. In the matter of subdivision of lights all are exceeded by the east window of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which has fifteen lights rising in tiers to a great height.

Rose windows, marigold windows, and wheel windows, as various circular openings are called, according to the particular design exhibited in their tracery, are another branch of this interesting study. There are rose windows in some of the churches the Normans reared for us, as at Barfreston, in Kent; but these do not compare in size and beauty with those of later date. Two in the transepts of Lincoln Cathedral are often spoken of as the Dean's Eye and the Bishop's Eye, and sometimes as the Master's Window and the Apprentice's Window; and these look down upon the wealth of monuments, sculpture, and carving, and add to the interest. There are two also in the transepts of Westminster Abbey. To stand midway between them, and look from one to the other, up and down the lines of clustered columns, past the tombs of kings and queens and their ministers of state, and beyond them to the memorials in the Poets' Corner, and to think of the processions, coronations, royal marriages and burials, they have looked down upon, is to put one's self in view of much of the history of the land. Beverley Minster and Waltham Abbey Church have further examples.

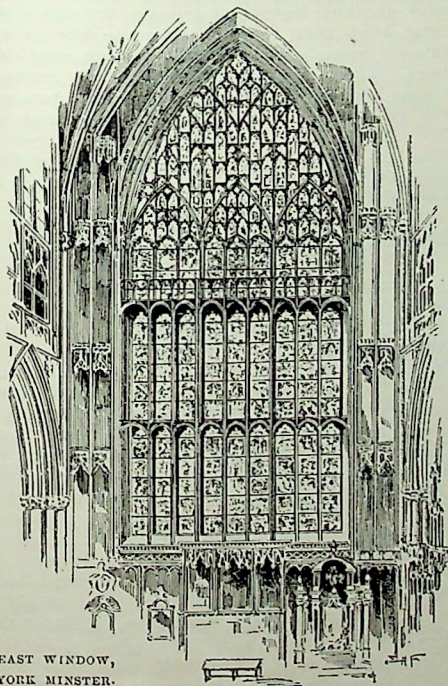
Some old churches have small windows low down, generally on the south side of the chancel, that were evidently afterthoughts. In some cases they are immediately under those that were the original window openings; in others, they have been broken through the walls irrespective of apparent intention to maintain any particular order. Their leading curiosity consists in the fact that a large number of them have been bricked up and otherwise filled in and dispensed with. What they were for, or why they were filled up, is not known. In looking at the old walls of an ancient church, these old-world items should not be overlooked, as they are a matter of antiquarian interest. Neither should we pass by the curious slanting openings, sometimes called squints, that differ from these external lights by being made in the internal walls. We may see them in various positions, often on each side or on one side of the chancel arch; and sometimes they are so arranged that it is possible by looking through two, or even three of them, for persons in distant parts of the edifice to see all that is taking place at the extreme end.

Our predecessors in these long-ago centuries put stained glass into some of their windows. Their earliest efforts represented figures and ornamental devices drawn simply with broad black lines; but as the art progressed in successive centuries, efforts were made to make the glass more pictorial. Backgrounds of scenery were introduced, more figures were clustered together; and, still later, the idea of a painting was eventually carried out. On entering a church it was not unusual for the eye to be attracted, in these latter days, by the large glass paintings in the windows before it had time to note, perhaps, the grand roof of the old carpenters, or the lines of majestic columns, or the brasses in the floor, or the monument tombs with recumbent effigies. The ancient glass, with its rich tones and simple treatment, is certainly far preferable to the more striking attempts—often very questionable in form—to attract attention in the House of Prayer where God alone is great. The tall, slender, graceful window in York Minster, known as the Five Sisters of York, is an instance of this reserve in design and colour.

We have the interesting information concerning the great east window in York Minster, that it was made by John Thornton, a Coventry glazier, in 1405. It contains upwards of 200 compartments, in each of which is represented a Scriptural subject. It is also a bright example of subserviency to the general effect of the great building. Canterbury Cathedral



TWO KINGS: THE JESSE WINDOW, MARGARETTING, ESSEX.



EAST WINDOW,
YORK MINSTER.

has ancient stained glass of much interest. A Spanish ambassador is said to have offered £10,000 for one of its windows, and his offer to have been rejected. The glass in the east window of Gloucester Cathedral is also ancient. It has been taken out, cleaned, and replaced within remembrance, when its brilliant hues and fine texture were recognised at their full worth. Smaller churches are often rich in stained glass, telling of founders and benefactors. Heraldic devices and merchants' marks, as well as doubtful legends, are very frequently portrayed. The Tree of Jesse is a favourite subject, as is also the Doom or Judgment. We find interesting items in special subjects occasionally, such as, to give an instance, an organ with a double row of pipes, blown by a hand-bellows.

But there was even more than the design depicted to be gathered from old glass. Just as to this day we say "blue is true," and green is considered to denote "forsaken," not to continue the list, there was a meaning expressed by the colours used by the old artists. Divine love and wisdom, faith and spirituality, were indicated by tints. There was no doubt in the hearts of these artistic workers, a desire to express their sense of the greatness and goodness of God. In these modern days, when the population has so enormously multiplied, and our churches need to be increased by thousands, our aim must first be to secure the simple rather than the grand. Happily, we know that our God, in infinite grace, will meet and bless us in the humble village church, or humbler mission room, "where two or three are gathered together," as well as within cathedral walls. He "dwells," indeed, "in the high and holy place"; but He enters also the lowly temple of "the humble and contrite heart."



[From Photograph by ZAIRBAZ, Chomouitz.]

NOT A CHURCH TOWER, BUT THE
OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT
OF MONT BLANC.

Other Folks' Parishes.

VII. SERVICES ABOVE THE SNOWS.

BY H. SOMERSET BULLOCK, M.A. (A.C.)

THEY have generally been services with congregations of two or three. Far up above the smoke of cities and the dust of highways a psalm has been read and a hymn sung. A short service, but a very real one. But where is it held? Sometimes on a rocky pinnacle which from below seems to pierce the blue sky—a steeple rising more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea; sometimes on a snowy dome of eternal snow, the loftiest point in all Europe.

From the very earliest times—in the Old and New Testaments there are many examples—men have felt drawn to intercourse with their Maker among the everlasting hills. Even our Saviour often went up into a mountain to pray. So, too, in these days of noisy business and constant cares, many of us love the mountains for their stillness, their steadfastness, their glorious height above the world of towns and cities. And some there are who, though they cannot climb Alpine peaks, or even British hills, yet daily ascend in prayer. Thus it is that

"We all sometimes may stand
Above our own every-day level, and know that our nature is
grand
In its possible glory of climbing."

When, indeed,

"Our low life sinks behind us; we look up to God's infinite
height."

In July and August, morning services on the summits of the Swiss mountains will often be the beautiful consummation of long hours of effort to reach the topmost point. At early dawn we at home can fancy these prayers and praises as the first to rise

to God, whose righteousness is like the great mountains; for the mountains first catch the sun.

There are not only services above the snow line, but parishes. A few hundred years ago the upper Alpine valleys were almost uninhabited. There were uncanny legends of fearsome dragons, which came down from the icy regions to devour any intrepid mortals who dared to venture near their lairs. There *were* dragons—not in the grotesque shapes imagined by the Swiss peasantry, but none the less dangerous. They were Winter Frost, and Snow Avalanches. Masses of ice and snow broke off from the mountain side and came crashing down without warning. Even to this day signs of the terrible destruction wrought by avalanches are not wanting. Uprooted trees, wrecked homes, torrents diverted, are the work of the dreaded avalanche.

No wonder that the upper valleys remained for years unpeopled. But a time came when a few men, more courageous than their fellows, not only drove their cattle to the higher pastures, but finding that the perils could be avoided by care and caution, actually stayed throughout the long winter season, when they must frequently have been snowed up and entirely cut off from communication with the outer world. Their success in braving the anger of dragons—in plain words the devastation of avalanches—induced others to follow their example. With the increase of population came the need for churches. At first these were simple wooden structures, which even if carried away by an avalanche could be quickly replaced on a safer site; but experience taught men lessons. Prominent knolls were chosen on which stone churches were put up, generally provided with fine spires, visible for miles up and down the valley.

Very often it is a matter of surprise to visitors that these churches are frequently at some distance from the scattered hamlets; occasionally the build-

ing stands in solitary grandeur. The reason is clear enough. When the early settlers chose pastures for their flocks they scattered widely, selecting the best and safest ground. The church had to be erected at the point most convenient to a majority; hence it was put up on the top of a little hill, well in sight of all the parishioners, but not actually close to any one of them. In times of danger the bell used to be rung, to warn the whole valley.

Besides these Swiss parishes above the winter snow line, there are what I may call holiday parishes. In the summer months English people collect at the various attractive resorts, and for their benefit chaplaincies have been formed, and English clergy combine Sunday duties with their holiday rest from home parish work. Tiny churches have sprung up on the green slopes of the mountains near hotels, and here for eight or ten Sundays services are held. Even these sturdy little buildings do not always withstand the winter dangers. A few years ago that at the Eggishorn was carried away by an avalanche, and only a mutilated harmonium was found to tell the tale of disaster. Happily, such an accident could not happen in summer, or, I fear, congregations would be small, and chaplains difficult to secure. There are several "Bishops" of the Alps; their titles have been granted by their many friends who meet them at their favourite haunts year after year. Thus Dean Lefroy has been called the "Bishop of the Riffel Alp," while another well-known visitor is known as the "Bishop of Belalp."

Very early in the season the chaplain has sometimes to be contented with a very small congregation. The hotel may be full of foreigners, and the church bell rings in vain. On one occasion after the chaplain had rung the bell—he has often to be his own bell-



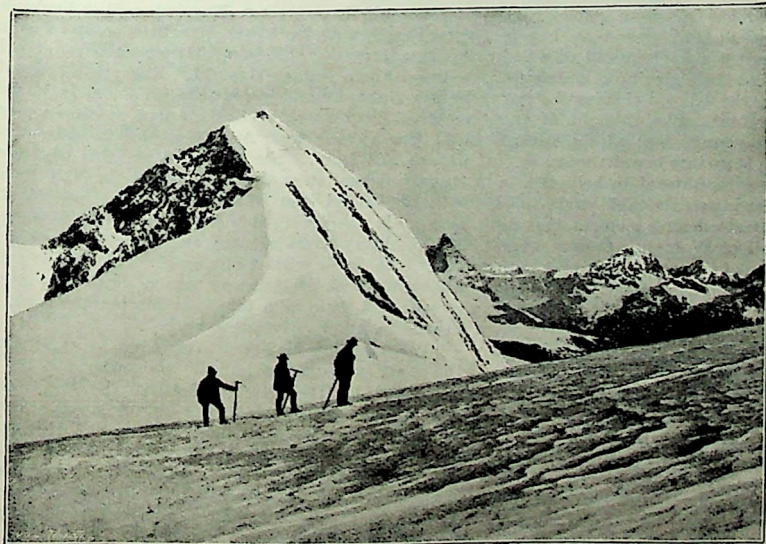
A SWISS GUIDE.

ringer, organist, and verger—he found one lady present. Not knowing exactly what to do, he asked her if she would like the service. "Yes," she answered, "for she had been abroad for three months, and had long looked forward to the coming of the chaplain in the early summer."

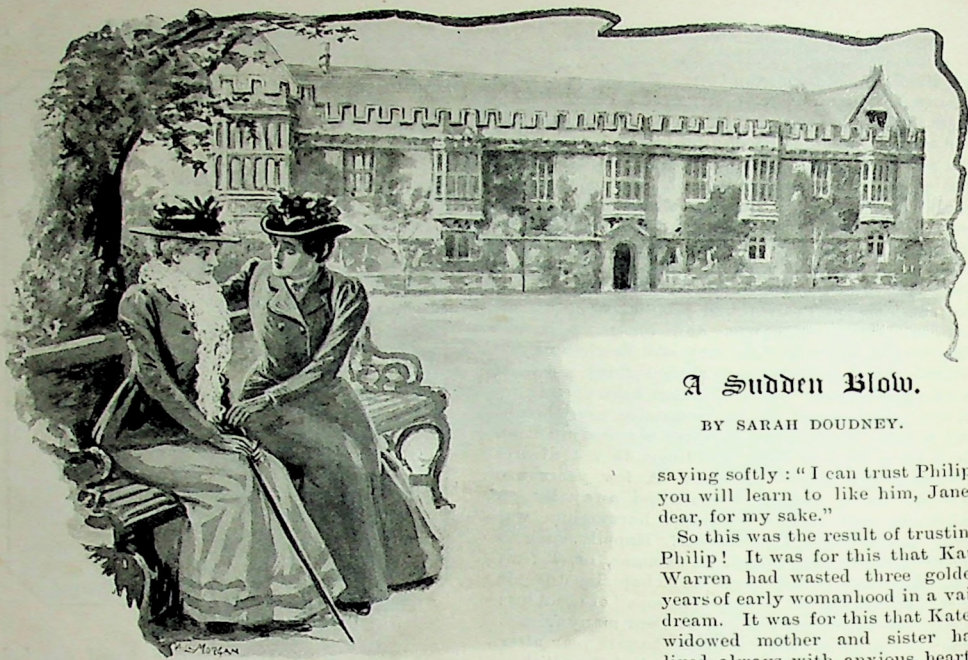
After the service the clergyman again inquired if a sermon would be welcome—surely the first

time a congregation has been asked that question. "Oh, yes," was the answer, "if it is not giving too much trouble." And after the sermon a collection was made. The following Sunday English visitors had arrived, and the congregation considerably increased.

On Saturday evenings it is usual to have a choir practice, and the singing is invariably hearty, every one doing his or her best with hymns and canticles. The organist is either the chaplain himself or a volunteer from among the visitors.



NEARING THE SUMMIT.



A Sudden Blow.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

saying softly : "I can trust Philip ; you will learn to like him, Janet, dear, for my sake."

So this was the result of trusting Philip ! It was for this that Kate Warren had wasted three golden years of early womanhood in a vain dream. It was for this that Kate's widowed mother and sister had lived always with anxious hearts, in daily fear of the girl's miserable awaking.

Only to Kate herself this marriage would be a surprise, for others had long suspected Philip Chilton of but smouldering affection. Rumours of his marked attentions to Miss Farleigh had come to the Warrens' ears ; but Kate was obstinately deaf to every warning voice. Philip was her king, and he could do no wrong. Even when Miss Farleigh came to stay with her sister, Mrs. Browne, and Philip saw her every day, his poor little sweetheart refused to entertain a jealous thought. Everything would be set right by-and-by, she declared ; they would see that Philip was perfectly true ; it was a pity that her mother and Amy persisted in their suspicions and fears. She had said all this to Janet Murray when they stood together in the little orchard behind the Warrens' cottage at Woodrising. It was spring-tide then ; the white blossoms of the cherry trees scented the clear air, and the grass was fresh with light rain. Seasons go and come ; summer glides away like a dream ; winter is over and gone, as a tale that is told ; but a girl's heart can know only one spring.

"What a blow for her !" murmured Janet, letting the paper fall from her hands. "Oh, what a blow !" She stood by the window, lost in thought, quite deaf to the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Presently the door opened, there was a clink of china and a fragrance of coffee ; and then a little sniff. A meek voice began to make apologies in a nervous tone.

"I'm very sorry that breakfast is so late, ma'am ;— I am, indeed ! But I've had a surprise this morning, and it has upset me."

"I have been thinking about you all day."—Page 160.

CHAPTER I.

KATE WARREN.

ONE morning, at the close of August, Janet Murray looked out from her bedroom window, and said to herself that the summer was nearly over.

Down below, the long gardens were gaudy with masses of pink and scarlet ; sunflowers reared their great golden heads against a background of ivied wall ; but in Janet's mind these glaring colours only awakened a regret for the delicate tints and dewy perfumes of May and June. She thought of the morning breath of the young roses as she turned away, with half a sigh, to go into her sitting-room.

Her landlady was later than usual in bringing in breakfast ; but the paper lay on the table ready to be unfolded. Miss Murray stood for a moment looking at the rugged grey wall of Worcester College, overgrown with heavy heaps of ivy, and watching a swift flutter of wings about the dark foliage. And then, in a leisurely way, she opened the daily paper, and began to scan the first column.

"On August 30th, at St. Catherine's Church, Woodrising, Hants, by the Rev. W. Keene, Philip, eldest son of Sir Henry Chilton, Bart., to Margaret Mary, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Farleigh, of Cedar Lawn, Richmond, Surrey."

Janet had come to that time of life when our own griefs lie far behind us, and we have leisure to be sorry for the troubles of our friends. She had, at that moment, a distinct vision of a fair girlish face, set in sunny brown hair, and heard a sweet voice

There was a second sniff, and Janet turned round. Mrs. Budd, her landlady, was putting the things on the table, with tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked, stooping to pick up the paper, and feeling that all her sympathy was expended on Kate. She had none left for Mrs. Budd's little grievances, and yet she must let the good woman tell her tale.

"Mr. Gardiner told me this morning that he will leave me in a week from to-day," said the landlady, with a quivering lip. "What I've done to offend him, I'm sure I don't know! He says that he has been watched and tattled about, and that he isn't going to stand it any longer. You can't think, ma'am, how dreadfully my feelings are hurt. I thought he'd made up his mind to stay for years and years."

"I have always supposed that he was very comfortable," said Janet, really surprised.

She had seen very little of the fellow lodger who occupied the rooms below her own. But she had received an impression of a short person, in a black suit, very stout and florid, who glanced at her with restless black eyes when they chanced to meet in the entry. Once or twice Mrs. Budd had referred to Mr. Gardiner as "a most liberal gentleman," one who never worried anybody about money, but gave it with an open hand. And Janet, who was a thrifty Scottish body, had silently congratulated herself on knowing when to spend and when to save.

"You see, ma'am, it's impossible to say how long the rooms may be empty," the landlady went on, "and I can't afford to have empty rooms; my rent is too high, and my expenses are too heavy. It isn't as if I'd been prepared for his notice, ma'am; that made it all the harder, you know. Why, it came to me quite sudden, just like a slap in the face!"

"A slap in the face." The words seemed to strike some chord in Janet's memory. She remembered an old story which she had heard from her father's lips long years ago.

"Mrs. Budd," she said, "I was once told of a man whose life was saved by a slap in the face. He was walking on a strange road in a wild country, and night was coming on. So dark it grew that he could not see clearly where the path led, when suddenly a large bird flew out of the bushes, and smote him full upon the face with its wing. The blow was so sharp that he made a step backward; and then, in the waning light, he looked closely down upon the way. Right before his feet yawned a wide chasm; a few paces more, and he must have perished in its depths."

"That's a very striking story, ma'am," the landlady said. Her tears were dried, and she stood regarding Janet with an attentive look.

"It is a story that is repeated in all our lives, not once, but many times," Miss Murray answered. "Sometimes we feel only the blow, and do not see the danger that we have escaped. But we may be sure that we were not smitten without a reason. The day may yet come, Mrs. Budd, when you will remember your slap in the face with a grateful heart."

Cheered and quieted, the landlady retired, and Janet sat down to her deferred breakfast in a thoughtful mood. Looking back on her own life, she had thanked God for many a sharp blow. Now that she was no longer young, now that her

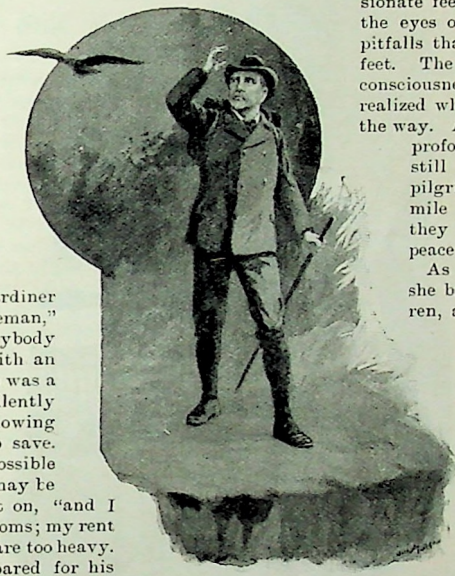
sight was clear from those mists of passionate feeling which so often obscure the eyes of youth, she could see the pitfalls that had threatened her hasty feet. The sense of guidance and the consciousness of protection are strongly realized when we are nearing the end of the way. At this moment Janet felt a profound pity for those who were still at the beginning of their pilgrimage. How many a weary mile they had to tread before they learnt the secret of abiding peace!

As soon as breakfast was over, she began to write to Amy Warren, at Woodrising. Philip had added to his cruelty by getting married in a village where everyone knew the story of his love-making. His father and mother were both invalids, too feeble to take part in any festivities, although the marriage of their son and heir was an important event. Mrs. Farleigh still lived in her big house at Richmond, and it seemed odd that Margaret was not married

from Cedar Lawn instead of from the doctor's house. Janet came to the conclusion that the whole business had been arranged by the doctor's wife, Mrs. Browne. To tell the plain truth, she had never liked Mrs. Browne, and had always suspected her of a desire to humble Kate.

Yes, Mrs. Browne had been silently working to marry her sister Margaret to Philip Chilton. And she had slighted the Warrens in a hundred petty ways, resenting the refinement and high breeding of the widow and her daughters, and letting them see that she looked upon them as nobodies, living in a mere cottage. The doctor was a kindly-natured man, and he had done his best to make amends for his wife's disdain.

Janet had paused, pen in hand, letting her



"The blow was so sharp that he made a step backward."—Page 159.

thoughts wander back to the old days before the love trouble had begun. She pictured Kate as the pretty little girl whose bright spirit had gladdened the quiet house, and helped the mother and sister to bear their sorrow. And then she wrote on, asking them to send Kate to stay with her for a while, promising that she would take care of the poor child, and try to lighten her burden of grief.

"I hope she will come," she said to herself as she closed the letter. "It will be good for me to do some comforting. One's sympathy must not get rusty for lack of use."

It was growing rather late in the afternoon when Janet took her way along Beaumont Street, and Oxford looked more than ever like "a city of dreams." The front of Balliol was draped with vivid green; the Martyrs' Memorial caught a touch of warm light; the stately trees stood motionless against the calm sky. She crossed the road, passed under the entrance gateway of St. John's, and entered the beautiful gardens.

Sitting down on one of the benches under wide-spreading boughs, she looked away to the majestic walls of the college, and thought of all the memories that clung to the place. How many spiritual struggles had been fought out there! How many dreams unrealized had been dreamt there! How many souls, tired of wandering through the maze of doubt, had come back at last to the old path and the "Kindly Light" that never fails! Janet was a woman much given to reverie, and these grave buildings always laid their solemn spell upon her when she came under their shadow. So lost was she in her musings that she did not notice a slender girl, who had come quietly to sit on the other end of the garden seat.

Nor did the girl notice her, for she, too, was wrapt in a reverie. She had come here to be alone and revive the remembrance of joys that were ended. And as she gave herself up to the luxury of grief, the tears streamed fast down her pale young cheeks, and she could not repress a low moan of bitter pain.

Slight as the sound was, it reached Janet's ear, and she turned her head. In the next moment her arm was thrown round the slim figure, and she was saying very earnestly and tenderly:—

"Kate, my darling Kate! I have been thinking about you all day, and I did not dream that you were so near me. How is it that you are here?"

Kate Warren could only answer with a sob; but a little ray of comfort stole into her heart unawares. The two were quite alone under the shelter of the great tree, and she drew close to Janet before she spoke.

"I arrived only last night," she said at last. "Uncle James met me in London. Amy and I started from Woodrising by an early train yesterday morning."

Janet understood everything without further explanations. "Uncle James" was Mr. Bennet, a lawyer in Oxford. Mrs. Warren had telegraphed to her sister, Mrs. Bennet, to take charge of her unhappy child.

"I—I meant to come to you to-day," poor Kate went on; "but oh, Janet, I was not strong enough for anything! I have had such a blow—such a cruel, crushing blow!"

"Yes, dear; I know," Janet said softly. "The paper told me. And I have written to your mother, asking her to send you to me; but here you are, and I mean to take care of you."

"I am very weak," the girl whispered.

Janet's heart went out in unspeakable yearning towards the poor aching heart by her side. She prayed silently for words, the right words, to heal and bless.

"There is always strength to be had, Kate," she said; "only we do not seek it until we realize our weakness. Don't you

feel that One is waiting to comfort you?"

"No," sighed Kate. "At present I feel only pain."

"But, dear, the pain will pass away. It seems impossible to believe this."

"Quite impossible just now. Oh, Janet, why have I got to go on living?"

She lifted her listless hand, and let it fall on Janet's knee. There was a dull misery in her voice which her friend never forgot.

"You have got to go on living, Kate, because there is work for you to do in this world. God does not take His children away before they have learnt their lessons. It is the waiting and the learning and the striving that makes them fit to go. No, Kate, you are not fit yet."



"In a leisurely way she opened the daily paper."—Page 158.

The tears began to rain over the pale cheeks again; but the friendly words had gone straight to the mark. How lightly she had talked of flying out into the unseen! How little she had thought of all that lay beyond death! Janet had spoken truly; although the world might be a hard place to live in, she knew that she was not fit to leave it.

The tears did her good, and calmed her. The day was ending; a great benediction seemed to brood over the gardens, the soft haze of evening crept upward and onward, and the shadows grew deep. They rose from the bench, Kate leaning on her friend's strong arm, and walked slowly towards Beaumont Street, where the Bennets lived.

"Stay with me a little longer," the girl entreated; and they went indoors together.

Later, when Janet Murray was sitting in her own room again, it gladdened her to feel that Kate was near. It was better for her to be taken away from Woodrising until she had grown accustomed to the sense of loss. And Janet had confidence in the future; she believed that Kate would find the balm that heals all wounds of the heart.

When she opened her well-worn Bible to read a chapter before going to rest, the night wind sighed softly through the open window. Then the voice of Great Tom, sweet and sonorous, came vibrating through the quiet air, and she lifted her head a moment to listen. The familiar note of the big bell, striking one hundred and one, fell on Kate's ears too, and reminded her that she was in Oxford, far away from the scene of her sorrow.

(To be continued.)

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

RICHARD BAXTER and the *Prayer-Book*.—Richard Baxter wrote in his old age:—"The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments do find me now the most acceptable and plentiful matter for all my meditations. They are to me as my daily meat and drink; and as I can speak and write of them over and over again, so I had rather read or hear of them than of any of the school niceties which once so much pleased me."

In the Mission Field.—"I look to our mothers to be the mothers of missionaries for Africa: missionaries not necessarily to be ordained. Africa demands unique treatment: and we must teach the people, rapidly emerging from slavery, to use their bodies in industrial pursuits as a step to higher teaching. Nothing then could be better suited for rousing and raising their moral sense than our Book of Common Prayer, with the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer—especially the Ten Commandments. Thus we should, under God, build up a strong people with Evangelists of their own, who would do for Africa what we could never hope to do."—*Bishop Ingham, of Sierra Leone.*

Read your Prayer-Books.—"There are, I fear, a large number of communicants, educated people in most respects, who are scarcely aware that the Articles of their Church are printed with the Prayer-Book, and who have never read them over, wherever printed. And far graver still is the ground for fear that numbers of adult church-goers, numbers even of regular communicants, practically do not know their Bibles at all in any first-hand sense; rarely read them in private, not often hear them read in the worship of the family, and listen all too perfunctorily to the rich provision of Scripture provided for us in every service. And this, although they are members of a Church which bids them pray the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, and has framed the Sixth Article, and has solemnly endorsed the first Homily."—*Professor Handley Moule, D.D.*

The Book of All Ages.—The Prayer-Book exhibits the accumulated wisdom not of a single age, or

country, but of all the ages. It is not a legacy bequeathed to us by our forefathers alone; but a casket of the wisest controversy, in which piety has gathered up and enshrined the gems of the holiest utterance wherever syllabled, careful only to conceal the blessed speaker's name. In all its essential outlines it has been the consolation of God's people, of our fathers, and of our fathers' fathers, for more than a thousand years."—*Dean Burgon.*

The Thirty-nine Articles.—Bishop Stillingfleet says: "The doctrines of our Church are to be found in our Thirty-nine Articles; and, whatever the opinions of private persons may be, this is the standard by which the sense of our Church is to be taken."

Bishop Burnet says: "The Thirty-nine Articles are the sum of our doctrines, and the confession of our faith."

Bishop Beveridge says: "The bishops and clergy of both provinces of this nation, at London, in 1562, agreed upon certain Articles of Religion, to the number of thirty-nine, which to-day remain the constant and settled doctrine of our Church."

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth writes: "The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion contain an exposition of the doctrines of the Church of England—they contain no enactment of anything new in doctrine, but they are only a declaration of what is old. In them the Church of England affirms that HOLY SCRIPTURE containeth all things necessary to Salvation."

The Collects.—The Collects are a store-house of devotion. Their language is in the best and purest English known, and is thoroughly Scriptural. "It is a delight to us (says Dean Goulburn) to know and believe that in the results of the Reformers' work (forty-eight old Collects translated, nine altered, and twenty-nine new made) we have not only Scriptural truth, but that truth as tinged and dyed in the experience of very learned and devout men, all of whom suffered, whilst many died for the championship of it. It was out of their own treasury that they brought forth things new and old; that is, out of the store-house of hearts disciplined into the knowledge of the truth by God's Word and Spirit and Providence."

The Tiniest Shells in the World.

A CHAT WITH A COLLECTOR.

BY H. T. INGRAM.

ILLUSTRATED BY SKETCHES AND NOTES BY JAMES SCOTT.

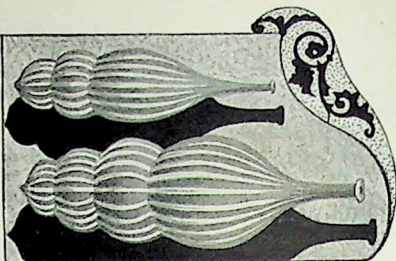


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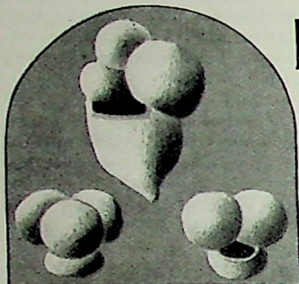


Figure 1.

I.
FEW of us have been asked to a garden party some fathoms below the surface of the summer sea; still fewer would accept any such kind invitation, even if it were coupled with the offer of a complete dress suit proper to the occasion—in other words, a diving costume. Going down to tea, or the submarine equivalent, provided by King Neptune, is a painful, a very painful experience. Suppose you have been helped into your waterproof diving dress, your wrists surrounded by tight-fitting rubber cuffs, your head enclosed in an ungainly helmet. Good! You are correctly and fashionably attired, and the only drawbacks are that you can't curl your moustache or take off your hat. Now you step—somewhat clumsily, it must be allowed, owing to the weight of your leaden-soled boots—on to the first rungs of the ladder which hangs over the gunwale of your boat, and the descent downstairs begins.

No sooner has your massive headpiece, with its huge goggle eyes, disappeared under the water, than you feel a queer sensation in your head. For the first time in your life you may discover that you have ear-drums, and that to have a tattoo beaten upon them causes intense pain. That is the first experience of every diver. Strangely enough, the severe pressure on the ears seems to abate as soon as one reaches the bottom of the sea, a few fathoms below the rippling waves. You are no longer greatly troubled with ear-ache, but can look about you and admire the furnishing of Neptune's best parlour. Shells, sea-fans, sea-flowers, sea-weeds,—which might more fittingly be called sea-ferns,—sponges, surround the diver on all sides. Queer fishes flash out of the green depths, and at sight of the stranger flash away again. But you have come for shells, and can spare no time to admire the scenery. Hastily you gather what first come to hand.

You have no wish to stay longer than you can help: the singing in your ears, the uncanny silence, the shadowy shapes of this under world all make you anxious to leave as soon as you politely can. At length you pull the communication cord, and immediately you leave the many-coloured carpet of the sea and are drawn upwards.

The after effects are most unpleasant. Head, nose, ears, suffer great pain, which often continues for a week. Happily for the professional diver, this is only the result of a first experiment. Use is second nature, and after a few descents the bad symptoms entirely disappear, and the diver experiences but little inconvenience.

So much for one method of collecting shells—a method which only the enthusiast or the merchant would care to employ.

The holiday-maker frequently goes shell-hunting, but he draws the line at diving with the hands and arms. Yet he may have exciting adventures. A search for the marvels of the sea in great caverns—the home of the waves, which at high tide growl like chained dogs, even in summer—is not to be lightly undertaken. The vaulted roof above, the deep green full-flowing water below the boat's keel, the dripping walls and dim light are "sleery" to the nerves.

A few stout-hearted men have had the temerity to venture to extend their explorations by swimming—the only means of progress into the far "reaches" of these caverns. But it is hazardous work, and "creepy" work besides. For most people it would be enough to dream of cleaving the cold green water,

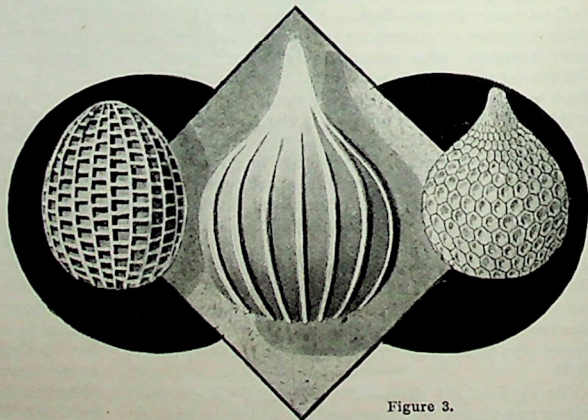


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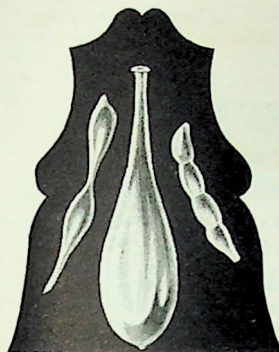


Figure 5.

may never be able to "walk leisurely over the sea-bottom, as we promenade through our parks," we may, none the less, take advantage of the researches of divers who have risked their lives to explore the depths of the ocean. And this by using a microscope.

"It has been my purpose," writes Mr. Scott, "to give samples of the most minute specimens of Nature's prolific productions. Only a microscopist can understand the astounding magnificence of these tiny shells, or their endless variety of formation. I can only suggest by the accompanying drawings, which I have carefully prepared from the actual specimens, the real beauty of these minute works of God. The average size of the shells pictured may be represented by a small pin's head. Many of them are even smaller than the dots scattered broadcast among the words in this paper.

"The markings and shapes, as shown in the illustrations, cannot be detected by the keenest natural eyesight; only the microscope can reveal the wonder of workmanship. Many are of opaque whiteness, whilst others are transparent as clear glass. In general appearance they differ widely from the shapes of larger shells. At some period every one of these shells, so strangely like beautiful pottery or china, was occupied by a living creature—a tiny speck of jelly-like substance, yet possessed of powers of movement, and able to work for its living. There are millions of these minute specimens of life existing in the ocean.

"In the magnified group, numbered Figure 1, we have some most peculiar shapes, which closely resemble odd little porcelain baskets, the two drawings at the foot of the illustration giving a front and back view of the same shell.

a taper fastened ingeniously above one's head, and the only sound, the swish of the tide against the rocks, and the drip of the sea-soaked weeds.

There is, however, a more comfortable means of becoming learned in conchology, or the study of shells. Our artist, Mr. James Scott, with the aid of a microscope, shows us

that though we

"Could one have a more complete contrast than that afforded by the flask-shaped specimens in Figure 2? The delicately carved ribs are marvels of beauty, and the whole shell is to the naked eye as the finest of tiny white specks. Imagine, then, the fineness of the ribs stretching along their surfaces.

"Another flask shell may be noted in Figure 3, together with one, egg-shaped, entirely pricked out with minute depressions, which have innumerable upraised ribs and intervening cross-bars to add richness to its simple form. Its companion boasts a tracery of network.

"A pair of the most beautiful forms are given in No. 4 illustration. As may be seen, they are rather flat spirals. Although in general appearance each bears a likeness to the other, the markings displayed upon their surfaces could not be in greater contrast.

"Now give a peep at picture No. 5. There again we have a remarkable diversity of patterns. A transparent flask, twin-flasks, and a—well, without seeking a comparison so prosaic as to be quite incompatible with my desired treatment of the subject, I cannot liken the right-hand shell to anything. Can you realize that it is a shell? It could be laid conveniently within the dot which forms the full-stop to this paragraph.

"Number 6 is a rose without a thorn—a shell flower of wonderful

beauty. You would like to wear it in your buttonhole? Certainly, but how many would you need for a bunch? Say two thousand at twopence a bloom. You don't think you'll buy any to-day! I thought not."

A word or two may be added about diving for shells without a special diving suit.

The suffering undergone in getting used to the pressure of the water is often very great, and Diver's Paralysis may be the result if deep water is explored.

The Indian pearl fishers are among the most expert divers in the world. These "sea-gipsies" as they are called, can stay under the surface from a minute to eighty seconds, and there are well authenticated cases of their reaching a depth of a hundred feet.

To aid them in making a rapid descent a granite stone is held in the hand of the diver, or occasionally by his toes. Once at the bottom he gathers the shells as fast as possible into a net, which at a given signal is drawn up to the boat above.

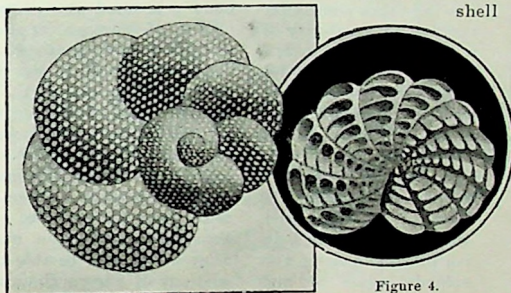


Figure 4.

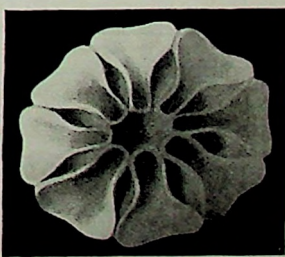
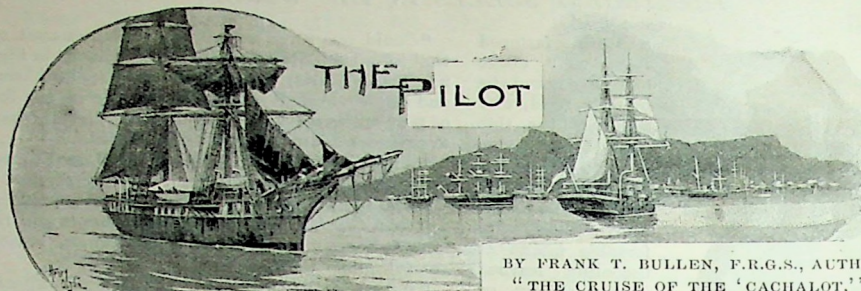


Figure 6.



BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF
"THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" ETC.

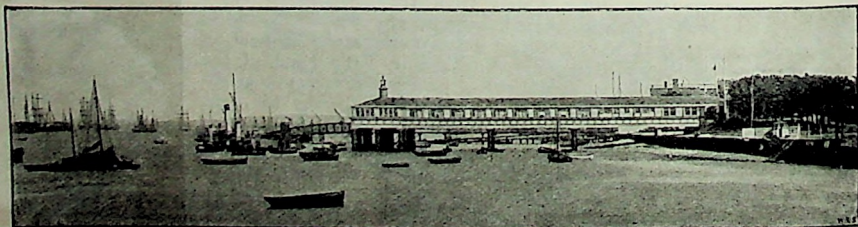
myself that I have had much success hitherto in explaining the reason.

Let me try again. There are many ports, London especially being one of them, the entry into which is attended by so much danger, necessitates such a vast amount of local knowledge and constant practice, that it would be unfair—absurd, in fact—to expect a man whose life is spent in navigating the open sea to come suddenly to them after a long voyage, and take his vessel in past all dangers with confidence and certainty. The local knowledge required for such an operation does not merely consist of accurate acquaintance with the coast shoals, lights, and buoys; it must also comprise an almost daily cognisance of the vagaries of currents and tides, which are liable to constant alteration in both force and direction, not only by the regular operations of natural laws, but by the capricious impetus given by the winds. Also there is to be taken into account the difficulties of bad weather in all its varieties, especially fogs and gales. Now, the intimacy of this knowledge possessed by our pilots is such, that there is no doubt that in case of an emergency like war making it necessary to extinguish every light and remove every beacon and buoy along our coasts, they would still be able to conduct vessels safely in and out of our ports, as many of the channel pilots were known to do on the German coasts during the war of 1870. This ability on the part of pilots is a commercial factor of no small importance. Marine insurers are released from their obligation to make good losses of ships caused by neglect to take pilots in waters where they are necessary, except in cases where making short trips the captain has qualified as a pilot and is permitted to fly an exemption flag. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the presence of a pilot on board absolves a captain of all responsibility.



BY what process of selection is such a uniform standard of excellence obtained among pilots? Is it that in the training process so severe a winnowing takes place that there is no possibility of a survival of the unfit? For unfit there must be, since pilots are but men, and yet whoever hears of a case of unfitness among them?

I speak primarily of pilots belonging to the Port of London, and, secondarily, of all British pilots. Among this splendid class of men you may search for a lifetime, and then not succeed in finding a duffer. Yet among the exigencies of pilotage there are innumerable opportunities for failure, numberless chances for a man to show his faulty spot. Dimly and uncertainly all shoregoers know what a pilot is, but, as in most nautical matters, definite understanding of his duties and responsibilities can hardly be looked for among landmen. I have often been naively asked by shorefolk why a pilot should be necessary when there is a captain on board the ship qualified to take her safely to any part of the world. And I cannot flatter

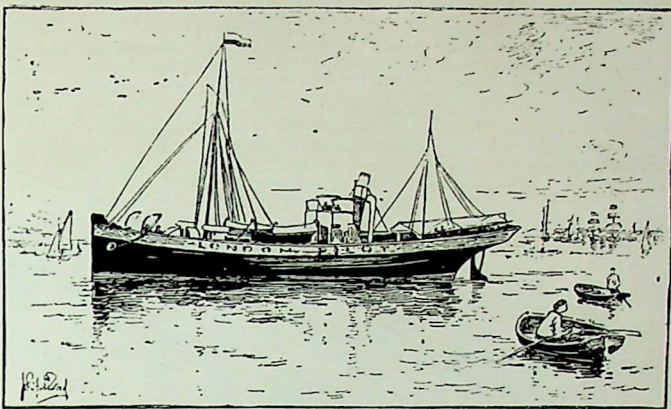


ROYAL TERRACE PIER, GRAVESEND. HEADQUARTERS OF THE SEA AND RIVER PILOTS.

He must still be on the alert, in case of the pilot's incapacity or negligence, although such a contingency, as I have said, is practically unknown.

There are many callings easier than that of a pilot, apart from the enormous responsibilities he has to assume at a moment's notice. Coming up Channel homeward-bound on a winter night, running before a furious westerly gale, your eyes burning in their sockets with straining after perils that beset you on every hand, the light on Dungeness greets your gaze like the eye of a friendly angel. For just on the eastern side of the low sandy point you know that a little schooner is dodging about, her large cabin full of wise and ready men awaiting their turn to relieve you and your fellows of what is undoubtedly a great burden of anxiety. You have been absent from home twelve or fourteen months, coasting in India, plying between Australia and 'Frisco, hunting everywhere for freight, and you have almost forgotten how the land lies around your own home. In any case, you have had an anxious run from the Azores, and when the cockle-shell of a dingy comes alongside in answer to your blue flare, you must be a queer fish indeed if you do not feel inclined to welcome him as the best friend you have in the world.

Out in all weathers, always in charge of many



From a sketch by

STEAM CUTTER PILOT.

[JOHN FULLWOOD.]

lives, often under conditions of fearful danger, is it any wonder that the pilot is our beau ideal of a seafarer? Of what extraordinary acts of heroism he is capable let the pilots' roll of honour tell. How nobly he fulfils the grave demands of his great calling all sailors know. And I think one of the most valued compensations he receives for the hard and dangerous life he leads, is the knowledge that the mere fact of his coming on board a homeward-bound ship gives to all hands a sensation only excelled in pleasantness by her passing in through the dock-gates, a sensation bred of uttermost confidence and veneration.

A Lullaby.

FOR MOTHERS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

OH, the sun went down through the mountain pass,

(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

And the wind it walks in the whispering grass,

(Sleep, my little one, sleep!)

And the women they have gone from the coffee field,

With their baskets heavy from the harvest's yield—

And the evening bell from the church tower has pealed—

(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

The dusk has fallen, but the moon will rise

(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

And the stars are busy in the soft blue skies

(Sleep, my little one, sleep!)

The linnet is a-nest, and the owl awake,

The bull-frog clamours in the mountain lake,

And the orange boughs in the night breeze shake.
(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

There is peace spread over the city roofs

(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

And the roads are silent from the tramp of hoofs

(Sleep, my little one, sleep!)

And far and near with a tender gleam,

The lights that shine from the windows seem

The soft, red flowers of a maiden's dream.

(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

But day will come over the mountain top,

(Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!)

The sapphire veils from the hills will drop,

(Sleep, my little one, sleep!)

And the world will wake and the streamlets leap,

And the dew be dried that the night shall weep.

Till then, my little one, sweetly sleep,

Sleep, my little one, sleep, oh!

R. V. S.



FETCH AND CARRY.

The Young Folks' Page.

"FETCH AND CARRY."



HERE was once a very clever man, with a beard like a collie dog's tail, whose one desire was to write a book with the title, "How to be Happy." He studied babies—at a distance—for he was rather afraid of them, and dared not hold one in his arms for fear he should drop it; he watched children on their way to school; he asked questions of the "grown-ups," but for some reason or other he never got the same answer twice. There seemed to be no one way of being happy. Not a single person knew of a tap which you could turn on and let happiness run out.

When he had almost despaired of making a start with his book, he happened one afternoon to call on a very old woman, and in three words she gave him her secret of happiness, and the clever man thought it so good that he decided that no book was needed, for there would only be three words to put in it. They were simply "Fetch and Carry."

"I'll tell you, sir," said she, "what I've found all the years I've been alive. It's 'fetch and carry' for other folk has been the beginning of all my happiness, and I see no signs of the end yet, thank the Lord. I was taught it when I was a slip of a girl, and watched the dogs go slap dash into the sea after a stick. 'That's the sort of way you've got to 'fetch and carry,' said my mother, 'you must put heart and soul into it; and, mark my word, you'll get a rare deal more happiness than you expect.' When I grew up I read it in the good Book, and 'twas plain as could be: 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Doesn't that mean fetching and carrying for other folk just all you know? I reckon it does, and it's been the making of me."

So the clever man went away and thought ever so long over the old woman's three words, and whether it is because he is putting them into practice or not I leave you to guess, but he is now the most cheery old gentleman to be met for miles round.

R. S.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

SUPPOSING an ungainly, uncouth, uneducated, unattractive boy said he intended to be President of the United States, and supposing he was ragged and shoeless, that at seventeen he drove a canal boat, at nineteen was a rail splitter, at twenty kept a store, and in every one of these more or less failed, if such a one declared his intention of attaining the high position of President we might have laughed at him. Yet Abraham Lincoln, the greatest President of the United States who ever lived, except Washington, was just such a man as I have described. The secret of this is found in the passage, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

The secret is diligence, not talent, not luck; there is no such thing as luck. The secret is not things turning up. Things would not turn up unless they were turned up. Indomitable perseverance, fixed tenacity of will is the secret. "Dogged does it," as one writer says. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most accomplished persons whom history has produced, is described as a man who "toiled terribly." Abraham Lincoln, who at

first failed in all sorts of things, took at last to the law. Buying the only law book he could afford to purchase, he sat under a tree, shifting his seat with the sun. Having mastered that one book, he not only achieved a phenomenal success as a lawyer, but, as I have said, attained an exalted position among the rulers of the earth as President of the United States.

But success is not the highest thing in life; it will not necessarily bring happiness. President Garfield, when asked as a boy what he meant to be, said, "I must make myself a man; if I don't succeed in making myself a man I shall succeed in making myself nothing." Success, however brilliant it may seem, is not success, but a curse, if a man has been false to himself and his highest interests. On the other hand, we may be perfectly sure no man can be a failure who has been true to himself, to God, to his country, and to his highest interest.

SMILES AND FROWNS.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
It would open, I know, for me:
Then over the land and the sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would strive to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street:
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
In the depths of the deep, deep sea.

L. M.

WHAT THE FLIES DID.

A SWARM of flies stopped a train of heavy carriages some time ago in North America! It happened in this way. In some of the railway carriages in America they put the grease in a box over the wheel. The friction causes the grease to melt, and enables the wheel to go round nicely. If the grease does not come down the wheel will get hot and will set the carriage on fire. One day the engineer saw that one of the wheels was getting hot—red hot. He stopped the train to examine the cause and found a number of flies had got into the grease-box, and prevented it running down the wheel. So the little flies stopped the huge train.

Mind the "little sins" (as some foolishly call them) do not rob you of the "oil of grace," which is needed every day for the wheels of life.

C. B.

THREE KINDS OF BOYS.

THERE are three kinds of boys in the world—the "I wills," the "I won'ts," and the "I can'ts." The "I wills" effect almost everything, the "I won'ts" oppose almost everything, and the "I can'ts" fail in almost everything.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT secret was to be kept from the greater part of the disciples until after the Resurrection?
2. Which are the first and second appearances in the Bible of the Angel of the Lord to a woman?
3. Show that Aaron was older than Moses.
4. Show that he is an example of meekness, of intercession, and of a forgiving spirit.
5. What natural gift had he?
6. Name two points in which he could not be a type of Christ.
7. Name three occasions on which he was in special fault.

8. Find three cases when God ordered that men should slumber heavily.
9. Name an animal used in two cases to punish disobedience.

ANSWERS (See May No., p. 119).

1. Gen. xxxii. 24; 1 Sam. xv. 11; St. Luke vi. 12.
2. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13.
3. Gen. xxiv. 63 (Margin); St. Luke vi. 12; Acts xvi. 13; xxi. 5.
4. Col. iv. 16.
5. 3 John 4.
6. 1 Tim. vi. 10.
7. St. Mark iv. 29.

Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY."

VII. THE DUST-BIN.



GOING TO MARKET.

THERE is one spot connected with most homes which is anything but sweet! I mean the dust-hole! Its contents are manifested when the Corporation dust-cart comes on its unsavoury rounds, and any one who has walked behind it knows that he has done so at the risk of typhoid and other kindred fevers. Decayed vegetables, mouldy bread, offensive meat bones, sour tea-leaves, filthy rags: all these items make up the contents of that terrible scavenger's covered cart, which periodically patrols our highways.

Now, I want to show the readers of *Home Words* that such a monstrous heap of rubbish as is bi-weekly collected from their individual dust-bin should never be called into existence.

Let us take the things mentioned in detail, and see how best we may use our own rubbish. That each portion of that load is valuable, is shown by the fact that every large city provides an army of rag-pickers, who live on the proceeds of their industry. They make use of what we throw away. Ought not each thrifty housewife to try to do the same?

We will take the bone nuisance first. We all know how rapidly bones grow sour if put away with the smallest particle of flesh adhering to them. Well, we must never so lay them by. When a mutton bone (or any other one) leaves the table almost bare, finish the job at once. Scrape off each tiny scrap of meat. Some of those bits will pass through a mincer and provide rissoles or mince for the goodman's supper. Gristle and skin must make their way into a stock pot. I hope every occupant of a sweet home possesses such an utensil.

If you do not, a large crock with a cover will answer almost as well. This earthenware pot must stand all day on the range, whilst into it every morsel of refuse from the table must go. Every night this stock pot must be emptied, and the pot itself cleaned. The next day, a firm white stock, fit for soup or gravy, will be strained from it. Flavoured with curry powder, this is easily turned into mulligatawny. Mixed with boiled vegetables, we get purée from it. Coloured with tomatoes, we find an appetising broth. Thickened with farinaceous foods, we turn out really satisfying soups. All these, as you see, owe their existence to our once despised bones! But they have not yet done their work. We want them to act as fuel! Take the now clean, dry "osseous deposit," and when dinner is done, burn it. "But the

awful smell!" I hear some of you objecting. There will be none, my friends, if you proceed as I advise. After the principal meal of the day, make up a small fire of round coal. In the heart of it put the bones, covering them with a layer of damped slack or coal dust. Put the rings in place and pull out the dampers of the range. Fumes of all sorts are then warranted to go up the chimney. When teatime comes, rake up the live embers and you will find no trace of bone.

Vegetables must be treated in the same way. Potato peels, turnip rinds and tops, carrot scrapings—all these are priceless as fuel-savers if burned before they have time to grow offensive. Tea-leaves should be hoarded if we want to keep our homes sweet. They are useful in gathering dust off a carpet. Then they and the dust they have helped to damp must be burned in the fire.

We have still mouldy old rags left to deal with. Well, these should be treated as advised for kitchen rubbers. They must be put bone-dry into a pot of boiling water, in which has been incorporated a spoonful of paraffin oil. After boiling for half an hour and being rinsed and dried, they will no longer merit the title of rags. They will be useful as dusters or lamp-cloths.

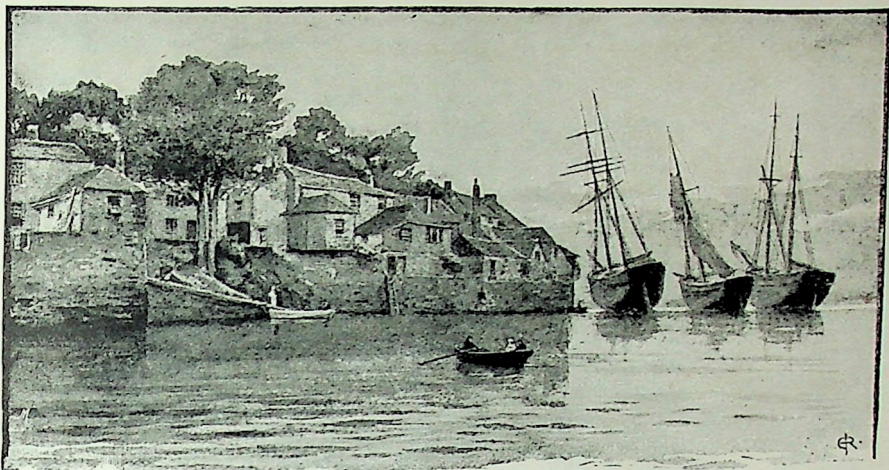
Bread is perhaps the most reprehensible object in a dust-bin. Every scrap of it can be put to a good use by a conscientious housewife. Rough bits or half slices left at table may be soaked in skim milk, put into the oven and rebaked. They will emerge therefrom in the shape of "pulled bread." These will be a delicious addition to the supper menu. Pieces too small for this can be left on a tin overnight in an oven. Crisply golden brown, these scraps may be crushed with a roller or glass bottle and put away. When wanted for frying purposes they are found all ready, and greatly enhance the appearance of our fresh herring or fillets of plaice. Our new loaves are also not deprived of their due allowance of "soft." These dried crumbs are useful in more ways than one. A cupful of them materially lightens suet puddings of every description. A safe formula for their use is the following:—Always give equal parts of bread-crumbs, flour, and suet. Then you can add varieties of flavourings. For instance, a cupful of fine crumbs, a cupful of carefully shred suet, and a cupful of well-dried flour form the initial foundation of treacle, apple, or ginger puddings. By itself even, it is not to be despised.

Crusts of *clean* bread make good bread and milk for Baby's breakfast. They also form the principal ingredient in Queen shape. Soak well in boiling skim milk; beat up with a fork; add the yolk of an egg; cover with a layer of any kind of jam. Bake a golden brown and mask with a veil of white of egg whisked up with a knife on a cold plate. One egg, after this fashion, consolidates and ornaments a pudding at the same time.

CROUTONS of bread are easily made. With the top of a tin cut out clean circles; fry in boiling fat; when done, scoop out the centre and fill with minced meat of any kind, or with stewed fruit. Piled up high and respectfully dusted with chopped parsley or fine sugar, these casseroles look dainty and most appetising.

A Medical Hint.

We mothers know that lime-water is often ordered by the doctor to be mixed with baby's bottle of milk. Now lime-water procured from a chemist costs something. How to make it ourselves is therefore a consideration. Take a large red earthenware jar and place in it a lump of common unslaked lime. This can be procured for nothing where kilns are at work, or enough bought of a passing carter for id. to last out twelve babies and a lifetime! On the lump pour as much water as the jar will hold. It will immediately turn milky, but, after standing for a few hours, will regain its clearness, though it has absorbed as much lime as it can contain. As you take from it, keep on adding water. Do not be afraid of the solution becoming too strong. Water can only absorb a certain quantity, and the rest is deposited as sediment at the bottom of the jar. This lime-water is useful in many digestive disorders as well as for our babies. It is tasteless, and very useful when added to growing children's milk.

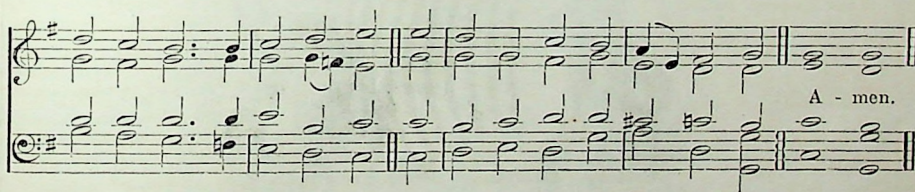
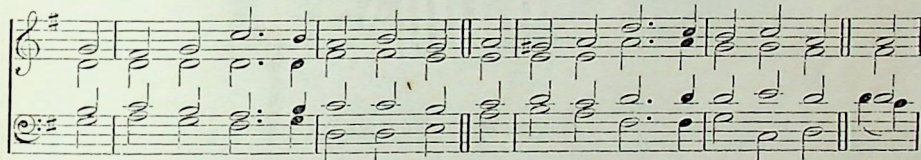


“I have made: and I will bear”

(Isaiah xlv. 4).

Words by the Rev. G. W. BRIGGS, B.A.

Music by C. H. BRIGGS, Mus. Doc.



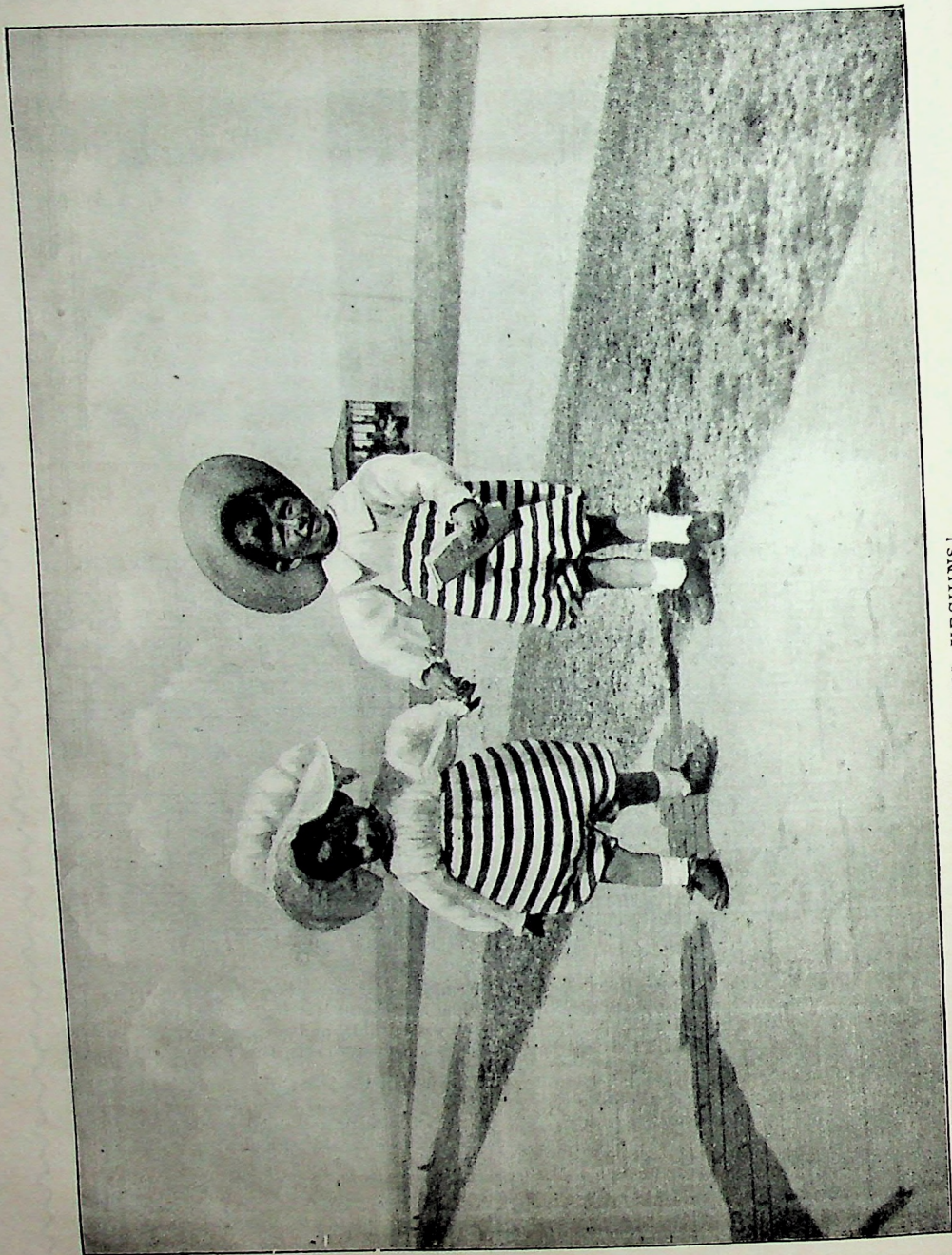
WHEN passing mists o'ercloud the sky,
And my soul longs for purer air,
Thy promise shall be ever nigh—
Thou, Lord, hast made: and Thou wilt bear.

Though failure threaten all around,
Though none be near the load to share,
Though hopes be shattered to the ground,
The work is Thine, Lord: Thou wilt bear.

Though many a teardrop dim the eye
For loved ones lost that seemed so fair,
And reason halt, and wonder why,
Yet Thou hast made, Lord: Thou wilt bear.

Though torn the heart, though doubts assail,
Though racked the brain with many a care,
Though health decay, and reason fail,
Yet Thou hast made: and Thou wilt bear.

Come life, come death, come joy, come pain,
My faith shall rest unshaken there:
Though all else fade, this shall remain,
Thou, Lord, hast made: and Thou wilt bear.



SEA URCHINS!

[From a Photograph.]

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. PYKE'S TONGUE.



"WHY should you have supposed me to refer to my maid," asked Lady Wallace, "unless you have had something to do with her in the matter?"

Mrs. Pyke stood mute, and convicted.

"As it happens, the only person who heard me mention this to Sir Stephen was my maid. I told her that I did not wish it to go farther. This is not the first time that she has acted thus—though till now I have given her the benefit of any doubt that I might be able to feel. Another time, Mrs. Pyke, I should recommend you not to meddle in matters with which you have no concern."

What *would* the maid say to Mrs. Pyke—if this meant dismissal?

"I am not sure yet that Miss James may not go to my cousin," continued Lady Wallace coldly. "But if not—"

"No, your ladyship. She won't be able. She's had an accident, and hurt herself, and the doctor says she'll have to keep quiet for ever so long."

"I had not heard it. If that is true"—with a stress upon the "if"—"I must find somebody else. But I should not think of advising Mrs. Wallace to try a young woman of whom I know nothing—especially one recommended by one who does not speak the truth. Now you may go. Good-morning."

Mrs. Pyke went—wrathful at heart, and extremely uncomfortable as to possible results.

Nor were her fears unfounded. That very day the maid, whose gossiping tendencies had brought about Mrs. Pyke's action, called upon Mrs. Pyke, to deliver herself of her mind concerning Mrs. Pyke's conduct. She had received an intimation to quit next day, with a month's wages in pocket; and she found it no easy matter to discover words vehement enough in which to clothe her opinion of Mrs. Pyke. Since Mrs. Pyke, too, had a pretty large repertory of vigorous expressions at command, the scene was a stormy one; and a good many villagers drew near to listen and be amused.

Fred, coming up in the midst of the lively dialogue, brought it to a rapid conclusion, and improved the occasion by giving his opinion also concerning that which his mother had done.

"Just as things were getting straight! And you to be nagging me with the past, and talking about my promises to you! And now you've gone and put everything crooked," he declared vexedly. This of course was in private.

"I'm sure, Fred, I did it all for the best. Nobody can't say I didn't. I wanted you to have Susy within easy reach," sobbed Mrs. Pyke.

"Didn't I tell you not to do anything of the sort? Didn't I say in plain words I'd no wish for Susy to be within easy reach? What good would it do if she was near? One woman's tongue's enough in all conscience," retorted the irate Fred.

Meanwhile Lady Wallace had driven to Sutton Farm, for two purposes; first, to make sure of that which she practically knew already, that Mrs. Handfast had not mentioned the affair out of her own family; secondly, to inquire whether there was any truth in the report as to Margot.

The first question received easy settlement. Not a single individual had been told of the wanted nursery-governess, except Mrs. Handfast's husband and Margot—not even Lavinia, as Mrs. Handfast had preferred to leave the decision entirely with Margot herself. Mrs. Handfast had been almost as much perplexed as Lady Wallace, to find that the thing was known—perhaps more so, since she had not the clue possessed by Lady Wallace to the gossiping maid.

With regard to the second question, it was unhappily true. Mrs. Handfast had gone through some sharp self-reproaches since learning the true cause for Margot's slowness the day before.

"We thought at first it was only her knees, my lady—she'd gone down upon them, on the stone, and they were badly cut and bleeding. You wouldn't have thought she could have walked all that way back on them—and not a word to young Pyke, nor to any of us—and me scolding her for not going upstairs quicker, and thinking she was in the sulks. I've been sorry ever since. She's a strange girl—so easy frightened some ways, and yet she's got courage too. But that might be all right in a day or two, if there

wasn't something else. I s'pose it was in falling, and trying to save herself; but she's got a twist in her back, and the pain kept her awake all night. The doctor says it's nothing serious, and she'll be all right if she keeps quiet now; but if she was to exert herself it might get bad. He told Margot she'd have to lie still for a week or ten days; and he told me he didn't believe she'd be able to do much of anything for a month or six weeks. Margot's been crying, because she had made up her mind to go to Mrs. Wallace, and now she's afraid Mrs. Wallace can't wait for her."

"I am afraid she cannot. The accident is a great pity. She particularly wants a nursery-governess in good health, to ramble about with the little girl in Scotland. I am sorry. What about young Forrest?" asked Lady Wallace.

"He seems very much cut up about Margot, my lady—and put out, too, that young Pyke, and not he, should have driven off the bull. Owen was there only a little earlier."

"I thought your young bull was counted safe."

Mrs. Handfast laughed.

"My husband says he'd never have touched Margot. He just chased her because she ran, and when he'd got up with her he'd have let her alone. But Margot don't believe that. She don't like to think she was frightened about nothing; and I dare say Pyke made a lot of fuss about saving her from being hurt."

"Young Pyke. Was it his mother who came to see me?"

"Yes, my lady. I'm told he was vexed with her for going."

"It has brought matters to a point as to my maid. I have been dissatisfied for some time, and this shows that I have had reason. I shall part with her at once. Where do the Pykes come from?"

"Nobody knows much about them, my lady—as far as I've heard. I don't seem to have heard any harm of them; but my husband he don't like the young man, and I don't take to Mrs. Pyke."

CHAPTER XV.

LAVINIA'S TROUBLE.

SOME people are very disagreeable directly they do not feel well, or have to bear pain. Margot was not one of them. She proved to be a winning invalid—anxious not to give needless trouble, and grateful forever for every little kindness.

During ten days she was not allowed to come downstairs at all. The doctor, being a cautious man, declared that everything depended upon care in the early stages. Margot was ordered to lie still, and in no wise to exert herself.

So long as this condition of affairs lasted, everything went with smoothness. Owen never saw Margot; and though his inquiries were frequent, he looked gloomy, and stayed but a



"Mrs. Handfast stooped down and kissed the girl."—Page 173.

short time. He could not get out of his head what Pyke had done for Margot, and how Margot had thanked Pyke.

Margot did not so much as mention Owen's name. She was much more disposed to mention Pyke's name, being anxious to impress upon the Handfast family the ferocious nature of the bull, the narrowness of her escape, and the courage of her rescuer. Though she failed to convince others of her own superior knowledge in the matter of Black Spot's disposition, both Mrs. Handfast and Lavinia seemed to enjoy hearing her talk upon the subject.

Naturally they did so; since her interest in Fred Pyke might mean a less interest in Owen Forrest. Lavinia was grieved to see Owen unhappy; but she was still more grieved to know the cause; and

it comforted her to see how little Margot seemed to dwell upon the thought of Owen. Of course, she could not really tell. Silence often means, in such cases, not less interest but more interest.

At the end of ten days Margot was so decisively better that her imprisonment was lessened.

"The doctor says you may try going downstairs to-morrow, Margot. He thinks you are getting over the strain nicely."

Mrs. Handfast stooped down and kissed the girl; and an odd feeling came over Margot. Would going downstairs make a difference? She had enjoyed being the centre of love and tenderness all these days.

"I suppose I'm glad," she remarked rather doubtfully. "It has been so nice up here. I shouldn't mind another week of it—really. And I can't go to Mrs. Wallace now."

"She has found another nursery-governess."

"Then I must hunt for something else—as soon as the doctor lets me be about."

"I don't think he will, just yet. He says you will have to be careful for the next month or so, not to strain yourself again."

"It doesn't matter—for me. Only for all of you. I don't want to be in the way. But you have been so good and dear to me—up here."

Mrs. Handfast felt a twinge of remorse, not for the first time. After all, was it fair to show vexation towards Margot merely for being more attractive than Lavinia?

Margot had not exerted herself to win Owen. She had been pleasant to him, but in no marked fashion. Owen had fallen in love, if in love he was, without effort on her part. It might be hard upon Lavinia; it might be a great disappointment to Mrs. Handfast herself; but was Margot to blame?

Had Margot indeed known of the old state of things between Lavinia and Owen,—an indefinite state, yet one which might have led to marriage,—and had she deliberately tried to attract Owen, matters would have been different. But Mrs. Handfast saw no signs of anybody having even spoken to Margot about Owen in connection with Lavinia. The girl had kept to their own family circle during her visit at the Farm; not taking to any of the South Ashton people, and not coming in for village gossip. The only person not belonging to Sutton Farm, with whom Margot had talked much, was Owen himself; and from him, of course, no hint would arrive. She had seen almost nothing of Mrs. Forrest and Lily.



"Come, Fly, come with me. I'm going out."—Page 175.

By this time, Mrs. Handfast was beginning to doubt seriously whether Owen had ever really thought of marrying Lavinia. She knew how fond the young fellow was of herself; and she could believe that she and others had been mistaken in expecting aught else. All through, Owen might have thought of Lavinia merely as an adopted sister. The worst of the matter was that Lavinia might not have regarded him merely as an adopted brother.

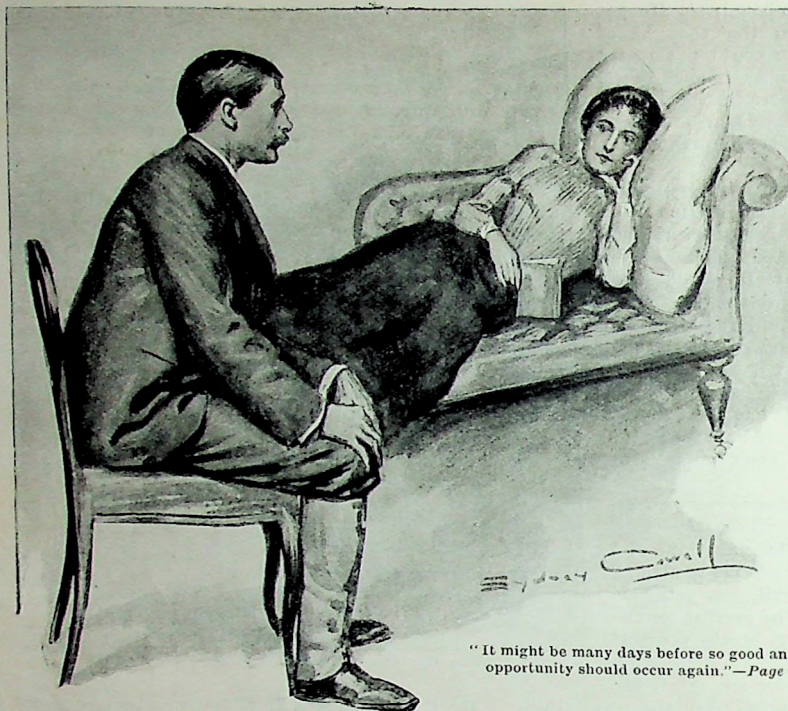
Some of these thoughts, not so clearly expressed, swept through Mrs. Handfast's mind as she stood by Margot's sofa.

"Only 'suppose you are glad'!" she said, reverting to Margot's first utterance.

"Well, I've liked this. I've felt like a little bird in a nest—being taken care of. And lately it has seemed as if I were all astray, and belonged to nobody. Aunt Mary, isn't it odd that I should have been twice in such danger—twice so near together? I might have been killed both times—I mean, either time."

"I don't know about the second time, Margot. We can't any of us believe that Black Spot really meant mischief. Of course, young Pyke likes to think so."

"Is he that sort? I thought he seemed nice. Of course, I don't know him well. And none of



"It might be many days before so good an opportunity should occur again."—Page 175.

you take to him. I can see that. Nor Mr. Forrest. He isn't in the least like Mr. Forrest. Mr. Forrest is so quiet and slow. I can't help laughing at him sometimes."

"But you like him, don't you?—even when you laugh at him?"

"Oh yes—I like him. I really do like him." Margot blushed. "He is funny sometimes; but I think he is good. Mr. Pyke is handsomer and more amusing—in another way. Don't you see what I mean? You can't help laughing at Mr. Forrest; and yet all the time you know that he is good. And you don't laugh at Mr. Pyke, but only at things he says—things he means you to laugh at. And all the time you know that he isn't so good—not nearly so good—as Mr. Forrest. I don't know how one can tell; but somehow one can. Mr. Forrest thinks most about other people, and Mr. Pyke thinks most about himself. If I were in trouble—real trouble—I would rather go to Mr. Forrest for help. But if I just wanted a pleasant hour, I would go to Mr. Pyke."

"That's not saying much for Mr. Pyke."

"No, I suppose not. But still, after all, he was as brave as Mr. Forrest would have been."

"Only Owen would not have counted it bravery at all."

Margot smiled. "You mean that Mr. Pyke is the most conceited of the two. Well, yes; I daresay he is. All the same, I liked him that day." Then she sighed. "People are so different—and so queer. Don't you often feel disappointed in them?"

Was she thinking of Owen, or of Pyke, or of Mrs. Handfast herself? Mrs. Handfast could not decide this point.

"As soon as I am about again, I want to see the poor little boy," observed Margot, with one of her quick changes of subject. "He's nearly well enough to travel,

Lavinia says. And she says he is going to live with his aunt. Wasn't it curious that I should have changed my seat in the train just in time. If I hadn't changed it, Aunt Mary—then you wouldn't have all this bother with me. I should have been killed, and the little boy would have his mother still. I always have a strange feeling when I think how very, very near I was that day to the end of everything."

"Not the end of everything, Margot. I shouldn't wonder if it's more like the beginning of everything."

"Yes; I know. I meant, of course, everything in this world—things as they are now. In the other world everything must be so very different. I've been thinking a good deal lately—one ought to give more time to *that*. I wonder whether, perhaps,—whether I'm to live on so that I may learn—"

"Learn what?" as she came to a pause.

"Why, how to do what is right. How to live more for God—not just for myself. I'm afraid I have—very much. When mother was dying, she begged me to think more of the other world—of not only pleasing myself. I've always meant to try; and I forget so often. If you see me forgetting, and going wrong, you'll tell me, won't you?"

Mrs. Handfast's promise came silently.

Next day a new leaf was turned in the chapter of events. After early dinner, Margot made her way downstairs, to lie on the couch in the parlour. And almost directly Owen came in.

He did not say whether he had heard that Margot would be visible that afternoon. He entered gravely, as if uncertain of his welcome. Mrs. Handfast, knowing his face as she knew Lavinia's, read the question written there:—"Is Margot thinking of Pyke?" And when Margot looked up at him, with her prettiest smile of pleasure, the change in Owen's face was like the change from grey dawn to mid-day sunshine, only more abrupt.

From this moment Mrs. Handfast gave up hope on behalf of Lavinia. Whether Margot cared or did not care for Owen, no further question could exist as to Owen's caring for Margot.

When first he appeared, Lavinia had been beside Margot, working and talking. She moved away, however, and Owen took the vacated chair. He asked anxiously about Margot's health, consoled with her on the imprisonment she had undergone, visibly racked his brains to find subjects which might entertain her, make her talk; and when Lavinia put in a word, looked round with a face of almost annoyance, as if the interruption were unwelcome.

Fly, the big dog, sat close to the sofa, with his head against Margot.

"If Fly had been in the meadow that day," remarked Margot, "he wouldn't have let the bull chase me."

Owen's face clouded. He objected to hearing about the bull. It galled him to feel how narrowly he had missed being himself Margot's rescuer from danger—or from what she reckoned to have been danger.

Margot laughed. "You don't believe the bull meant any harm. But I do. That's the difference."

"Perhaps I'd believe it too—if I had been the one to help you," he said, in an undertone, not meant for others to hear. Both Mrs. Handfast and Lavinia did hear, however. "I—I daresay it isn't fair—but I can't stand anybody doing anything for you, except me. That's what it is."

Lavinia went with a hasty movement towards the door. "Come, Fly, come with me. I'm going out," she said.

Nothing could keep Mrs. Handfast from following her—not even the knowledge that she was leaving those two together, and that Owen might utilise the opportunity. Why, indeed, should she wish to hinder him? If Owen had made up his mind fully, the sooner he should speak the better, perhaps.

She found Lavinia in her small upstairs bedroom, putting on her hat before the glass with trembling hands.

"Are you going out, dear?"

"Yes, mother. I've got to see——"

"Somebody in the village?"

"I—I don't know——"

Lavinia kept her back resolutely turned, and fumbled in a drawer as if in search of something.

Mrs. Handfast waited a minute, and then noted bright drops falling against the light.

"Mother, don't wait, please. I'll be back—soon——"

But Mrs. Handfast went close behind her, and said quietly, "You needn't want to hide anything from me. As if I couldn't see it all!"

Lavinia turned, and tears were running fast.

"It isn't—anything," she said brokenly. "I'm only—silly. I shall be—all right presently. I didn't like—Fly not coming. Everybody is so fond of Margot—and I——"

A little pitying sound from Mrs. Handfast served to finish off Lavinia's self-command. Mrs. Handfast sat down on the edge of the bed, and took her child into her arms without a word.

"If only we could have guessed—and not asked her here," Mrs. Handfast at length said.

"It's nobody's fault." Lavinia spoke with unexpected firmness. "Don't you see, mother? Margot couldn't help it. And—Owen can't——"

"But if she hadn't come——"

"Wouldn't that have been worse? If Owen didn't really care—for somebody—and thought he did—and found it out afterwards? Mother, don't you see? I'd rather—much rather—he should find it out now. Sometimes I did think he cared a little—for me—and sometimes I didn't believe it meant anything, only that he is so fond of you. Only I couldn't help—wishing——"

"Yes, I know. Poor pet!"

"I shall feel better now. I couldn't say anything—and I didn't think anybody saw. Now I know you know, and that makes such a difference."

Lavinia burst into fresh tears. Mrs. Handfast soothed her caressingly.

"Mother, if he is to be happy, I'll try to feel as I ought about it. Of course I do care for him; but I mean to make it the right sort of caring. Don't you think I shall, in time?"

The opportunity given to Owen by the sudden retreat of Mrs. Handfast and Lavinia was not to be neglected. It might be many days before so good an opportunity should occur again.

"There's something I want to say——" he began.

"You needn't look so dreadfully solemn about it. Have I done anything wrong? Tell me what it is, and I won't be naughty again."

To make an offer of marriage in the face of Margot's laughter was out of the question. Owen looked at her reproachfully.

"I wish you'd stop making fun of me, Margot." The name came readily, though he had been wont

to call her "Miss James" ten days earlier. "I dare say I'm a stupid fellow enough; but if you only just knew how it——"

"How it what?" Margot spoke merrily still.

"Hurts!" he said in an undertone.

She stopped laughing then, and became as grave as he was himself.

"Does it really? Do you mind—such a little thing? And only from me?"

"It isn't a little thing—from you."

"But just nonsense——"

"Yes,—it—it wouldn't have hurt from any one else, you know. It's only—from *you*!" Owen had no great command of language. The best he could do for himself was to go on repeating that one idea.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Must I be always grave?" Then she laughed. "No; of course you don't mean that. You don't mind if I laugh at other people, so long as I don't make fun of you. That's it, isn't it?"

"Margot, can't you understand? Don't you see? If you weren't different from all the whole world to me, I shouldn't care. I can't help it if I'm stupid. That doesn't make me love you any the less. I'd do any single thing in all the world to show you that I love you. Won't you give me one word—just say I may hope? I don't know how to get along without it. Just tell me that, perhaps—by-and-by—when you've got to know me better—perhaps you'll get to love me, like I love you. No; not so much—I don't think

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

"NOT YOUR OWN."—1 Cor. vi. 19.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A., VICAR OF
HOLY TRINITY, MARGATE.

IF all the loves of all the world were gathered into one, it would not equal the love of Jesus. If all the heroism in it were made one great whole, its fires would pale before the burning grandeur of the Cross. He is Head over all. "Our wills are ours to make them Thine." We are not our own,—“we are bought with a price.”

The story of the slave-girl goes right to the heart of the matter. She stood trembling and fearful in the auction-room, waiting to be sold, heartsick with dread of what might be. Who would become her master, body and soul? She saw approaching her an old man of benevolent face, and she cried to him, with imploring tones and stretching out beseeching hands, "Oh, buy me! oh, buy me!" And he spoke to her kindly and at great cost bought her; but when he had paid down the price, he turned to her and said, "Now you are free; I bought you to set you free."

you could—that! But, if you'll just try—if you'll just let me have one scrap of hope—it'll help to carry me on. I don't know how to wait longer without it, Margot."

"If I'll just try—what?"

"Try to care enough for me to promise to be my wife some day."

This was unmistakable. Margot could no longer feel it possible that she should have misunderstood his meaning. She looked downward doubtfully, twisting the fringe of the shawl which partly covered her. But a slight gleam, as of a smile, might have been detected in the downcast eyes.

"I'd promise you a comfortable home, and every single thing in the world that I could do to make you happy. I would, Margot."

Margot knew it. She was sure that he would do his utmost. And she knew that she cared for him. True she had laughed many a time at his deliberate modes of thought and action; but that had been merely girlish fun. Although she could not exactly say, deep in her heart, that she *loved* Owen, using the word in its full sense, yet she certainly did feel she knew nobody else like him.

Moreover, the thought of an independent home was no small attraction. "I shouldn't have to be a nursery governess any more," she said to herself. Her face brightened at the thought. Owen, watching her, brightened in quick response.

"Say you'll have me, Margot," he entreated.

And what did she do? In a passion of gratitude she flung herself at his feet and sobbed out, "No! no! I will be your slave for ever."

Bought with the price of the precious blood of Christ, shall we not at His feet exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" Thrice blessed and altogether true is the soul which can say through the grace of God's Spirit, "No longer my own; but His who bought me."

A SEASIDE LESSON.

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.

THE Lord Jesus had finished His work on earth, for His human life was done. Now He appears, standing on the shore waiting for His disciples, who are tossing on the lake. He had told them to go before Him into Galilee, and they had gone; but the Master had not come, and they had nothing to eat. Judas, who held *any* bag for the apostolic company, had proved himself a traitor, and their funds were very low. Peter suggested that they should go a-fishing, as they had often done before,

and see what they could get. So they went forth, but they could catch nothing. Ah, I think the Master was just testing them to see whether they would trust Him for their daily bread. He had always supplied their need before, they had never lacked in His company, but now they are in real want—and, mark you, the trial does not come until we are in real want—and so they would go a-fishing; but they could not catch anything.

Oh, Christian, when you have begun to walk by faith you cannot go back and walk by sight. Fishing without God's command may do very well for getting your breakfast when you are an ungodly man, but it will not do when you have begun to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. You will find then that you have undertaken to do nothing that is not in accordance with His will: if you do it will prove a failure, as this fishing was a failure.

So when Jesus stood on the shore, and said, "Children, have ye any meat?" they were obliged to say "No"; they had to confess their failure. Then Jesus said unto them, "'Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.' They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." And when they had brought them to land what did they find? A fire of coals, and fish laid thereon, and bread. It was all prepared. Oh, if only we could wait! We wait until we think it is almost hopeless, and then we begin to strike out for ourselves. It is just the last half-hour that tests the faith, and just the last half-hour that rewards the faith.

Then the Master on the shore tests them: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" "Yea, Lord," is the response; "Thou knowest that I love Thee." "Then, Peter, feed My lambs; tend My sheep." It seems as if the Master was there saying to Peter, If you had time to spare, were there not lambs to be fed? Were there not sheep to be attended to? What was this want of faith on your part which led you to go out fishing? Did you think I had forgotten you? Do you not see that this faithlessness of yours has just lost you an opportunity of feeding My lambs, feeding My sheep? Their Master tests them upon the shore.

Ah, the Master will be testing some of us it may be on our holiday by the sea. There will be opportunities in the lodging we may occupy of doing work for the Master—of feeding His lambs, His sheep. There will no doubt be opportunities upon the very beach itself. We may say a word to some child; we may take part in some service; we may be feeding His lambs down upon the shore. But, alas! many Christians leave their religion behind them, and seem to think when they go for a holiday that they are off duty altogether. Jesus Christ said, "Lovest thou Me?" If you really loved Me, you would not only be doing something in the class in Sunday School, but you would do something for Me on the seashore, and you would count it your greatest joy to be doing something for Me here as well as at your home. You would think it a great joy to spend two or three weeks there teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ and of His love.

"FULL JOY."

"These things I speak unto you, that My joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full."

O SOVEREIGN Lord, Thy Kingly words

Bring wondrous love to view;

And wouldest Thou have our hearts like Thine,
As full of love, and true?

We ask like children in the dark,

We scarce know what we say;

To us the joy Thou wouldest impart
Seems rightly far away.

We view it as a distant sun,

Whose beams just reach us here;

Forgetting all is near to faith,
While Thou art ever near.

We come to life's own springing well,

A drop we taste and live;

And speak of this as though 'twere all
The Master had to give.

Lord, raise our faith to higher joys,

To larger views of Thee;

Oh let us reach the heights and depths
Of LOVE's own mystery!

W. P. BALFERN.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON.

VI. SOME DETAILS IN OUR OLD CHURCHES.

WHEN we examine our old churches—whose antiquity is of ancient days, to use the fine phrase of the prophet—we are aware of many minor details worthy of note. Let us look at the various seats, for instance.

Most ancient churches have a seat or seats recessed in the south wall of the chancel for the use of the clergy. Sometimes there is only one of these seats; sometimes two; more frequently three; in some places four, as at Luton and Turvey; occasionally as many as five, as at Maidstone and Southwell Minster. They are called sedilia, from the Latin word for a seat. In a few instances they occur on the north side. In some cases, where there is only one of these recesses, it is so wide that two persons can sit in it; and it often occurs that when there are two or three they are grouped together under one ornamental canopied heading. Some of them are very graceful, with columns and delicate mouldings and cusplings, as shown in our illustration.

Besides these sedilia, a few churches have a still larger recess eastwards of them, which may have been intended for a bishop of the Church on special occasions.

We have a few instances of wooden sedilia, as in the church of St. Nicholas, at Rodmersham, in Kent. This county, by the bye, has a large number of sedilia. It also gives the rare example of stone stalls

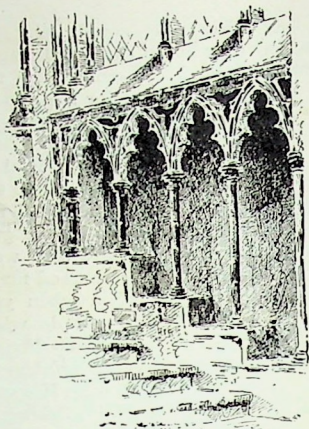
on the north and south sides of the chancel and at the east end as well. This is in Stone Church. In Cheriton Church there are stalls on both sides of the chancel of a somewhat similar character. There are eleven stone seats, also, on each side of the chancel in Great Sampford Church.

The accounts of churchwardens inform us there were pews before the Reformation. Both at Ludlow and in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, in the me-

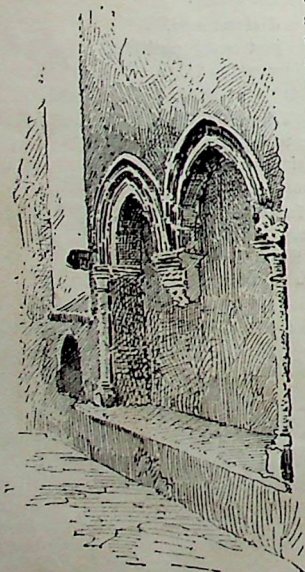
tropolis, there are several entries relating to these items. In the Ludlow book we may read that Mr. Langford received six shillings in 1542 for boards to make the "comyn pews";

and that while Elizabeth Glover was only charged eightpence for a "knelynge place," Mrs. Poton paid six shillings and eightpence for a pew "under the pilpitt," and Alis Rogers three shillings and fourpence for her mother's pew. In the books of St. Michael there are entries relating to the "meyres pue," and of a payment for a lock for Master Stokkars pew, and for a hinge for the pew of Russ's wife. Of later examples we have a greater number. One of the old churches in York, St. Cuthbert's, has a pew with the date 1636 cut on it and this inscription, "Donne at the charge of this parish." There are very handsome Jacobean pews at Bury, in Sussex. In some village churches the squire's pew may be distinguished from the rest by its extra enrichment. Occasionally it is closed in and covered with a canopy, as at Wensley in Yorkshire, and Breedon-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire.

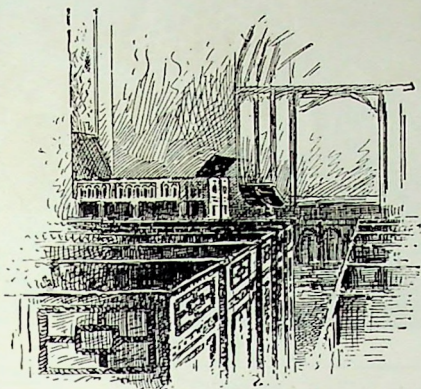
But we gather that open benches were in general use. We may see antique examples in St. John's, Halifax, St. John's, Leeds, dated 1634, in Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, and in several Kentish churches. The ends of the benches are often enriched with carvings, as in the church of St. Michael-le-Belfry, York. As we look upon them we may fancy the old soft-toned bells are ringing, and that the old parishioners are bending their steps towards the sacred edifice intent upon taking their seats in it. There are fragrances and resonances in the air. In the early part of the last century, we may remember, the men of these long-past congregations tied their hair in a queue, and wore three-cornered hats, knee-breeches, and buckles in their shoes, and the women powdered their hair and drew it up over small cushions, and wore hoops and sacques. Before their time, those who wended their way to these old seats carried rapiers and wore doublets and trunk hose, and their dames made their great ruffs stiff, sometimes with



FOURTEENTH CENTURY SEATS,
PALACE CHAPEL, WELLS.



ANCIENT SEATS, ALDINGBOURNE.



JACOBÆAN PEWS AND PULPIT, BURY, SUSSEX.

yellow starch. Not to dwell too long, however, upon such details, we may be certain we enter through the same doorways that gave access to these passed-away generations, and that as we cross the time-worn thresholds our eyes are met by the same vistas of noble columns and arches, lighted by the same windows, and often spanned by the same grand open-timbered roofs, that also greeted their sight.

In many large churches that belonged to collegiate and other institutions, we may see the stalls that were in continual use. They are generally very handsomely carved. The actual seat is furnished with a hinge that permits of its being thrown back, and the lower side of it is ornamented with various curious carvings. These misereres, as they are called, exhibit great diversity in the tastes of the carvers, some representing grotesque creatures, others fables, and some beautiful flowers. Boston, Manchester and Carmel have many of these details. In Ripon Cathedral the stalls are dated 1489 and 1494.

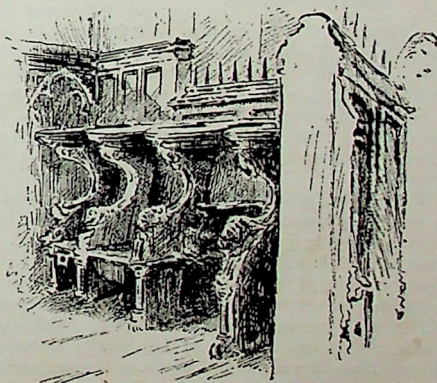
A rarer kind of seat is the so-called frid-stool, a stone chair that was placed in churches that possessed what was termed the right of sanctuary. Offenders who could seat themselves in these chairs were safe from their pursuers. Antiquaries are of opinion that they may also have served as seats for the early bishops. The only examples left to us are at Hexham, Beverley, and Sprotsburgh. York and Durham also possessed the right of sanctuary, but their frid-stools have disappeared. In the recent rebuilding of the chapter-house at Durham, portions of a large stone seat were uncovered in clearing the site, that had the appearance of having been a chair of distinction.

Several of the old churches in the city of York have preserved their ancient chairs. They are generally placed within the communion rails, though some are to be seen removed to the vestry. Jarrow

has kept the chair of the Venerable Bede for more than a thousand years. Connington Church keeps that in which Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have sat previous to her execution. Hereford Cathedral has an oaken chair, three feet nine inches in height, composed of upwards of fifty pieces, chiefly rails, that tradition says King Stephen sat in on Whit-Sunday, A.D. 1142. Winchester Cathedral treasures the chair in which Queen Mary sat when she was married to her cousin, King Philip of Spain. The Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey is the supreme example. When examined with a microscope, this has been ascertained to have been once enriched with colour and gilding.

Early in the last century, in many churches, to obtain more sitting accommodation, galleries were erected in various places, but most frequently across the west end of the nave. A revolution in taste has now brought about the removal of most of them. The choir was often located in them. In Chilvers Coton Church, Warwickshire, there is an external flight of stone stairs to give access to the gallery. When these features were in fashion royalty did not disdain them: for we know the court occupied the gallery in Richmond Church; and the smart folks who came to the services in sedan-chairs, with diamonds on their snuff-boxes, lace ruffles at their wrists, and spots of black sticking-plaster on their faces to augment the charms of their complexions, considered them as points of vantage. They had their day; were found awkward and cumbrous; and so many have been removed that those left to us must be considered curiosities. In one of these, in St. Clement Danes, in the metropolis, we may see a brass plate affixed to the back of a pew with the following inscription on it:—

"In this pew and beside this pillar for many years attended Divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson."



MISERERE SEATS, WEST CARMEL.

The Tiniest Shells in the World.

A CHAT WITH A COLLECTOR.

BY H. T. INGRAM.

ILLUSTRATED BY SKETCHES AND NOTES BY JAMES SCOTT.

II.

A SINGLE visiting card, when it is covered with a layer of white chalk, is a cabinet of 100,000 shells! In one ounce of sea-sand from the Antilles four millions of minute living creatures may be counted—if you have the time.

These statements are no wild exaggerations. They are simple facts which any microscope can verify: and this may prepare the way for another surprising piece of information—that the beautiful shells, illustrated in this and our last paper, could comfortably rest on a threepenny-piece, allowing plenty of room for appropriate setting.

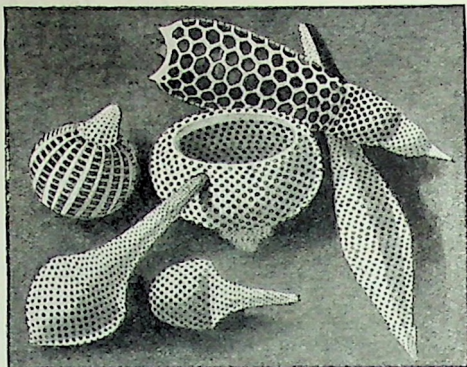
To these marvels of the sea the microscope gives us the key, and by its aid, together with the magic lantern, photographs of the tiniest of shells may be thrown upon the sheet. Yet how many people know who gave us the microscope?

The story of its discovery reads like a tale. Two men, Leuwenhoeck and Hartzoeker, seem to have hit upon the right arrangement of the lenses at about the same time,

less than two centuries ago. According to history, they keenly disputed about the priority of invention. The former was, however, the real father of the microscope in the opinion of many authorities. Leuwenhoeck lived a lonely life; he long dreaded lest any one should penetrate into his secrets. His wife and daughter alone were in his confidence, and his door was invariably closed against his young rival.

Hartzoeker, who had some inklings of the idea of a microscope, made attempts to add to his information by prying into the work of Leuwenhoeck. In this he failed: and, stung to more decided action, he openly declared the discoveries of the older scientist to be fables, not worth the paper on which they were written. Eventually, by the help of the chief magistrate of his native town of Leyden, he introduced himself, under an assumed name, to Leuwenhoeck, in order to pirate his labours; but the old microscopist, recognising him, very speedily showed him the door.

The great Dutchman never possessed an instrument to be compared in point of perfection to those



A Group of Shells.

which are obtainable to-day; he only employed simple lenses which magnified sixty times. Now we have opticians who obtain an enlargement many thousands of times greater than the original.

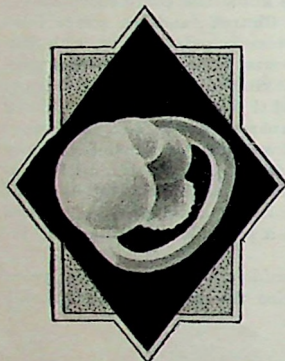
As specimens of the beauty shown by the microscope, examine the first illustration, a group of shells, each one so infinitesimally small as to be practically invisible to the unaided eyesight. These architectural wonders were once the homes of living creatures. They are rarely, if ever, sub-let, and the original lease soon runs out. When their inhabitants die the walls are quickly destroyed, and they, at last, go to form the white walls of Old England—in other words, they become chalk.

Strange as it may seem, these insignificant atoms mere specks as they are, have had an enormous effect upon the shape of our earth. Take the case of the *Miliola*, little shells which owe their name to the fact that their size does not exceed that of a grain of millet. It has been proved by geologists that they were once so numerous in the Parisian seas, that in settling down they formed mountains which are now quarried to build French towns. The greatest part of the stone in the houses of Paris is simply shell matter; in fact, the capital may be said to be built of microscopically minute shells. Lamarck has declared that the remains of microscopic creatures have had more influence upon the crust of the globe than those of elephants, rhinoceroses, and whales.

Some of the greatest architectural triumphs of the world consist of material once the shell-homes of animals. The Sphinx and the Pyramids have lasted for ages: they are made of shells. In the time of Strabo it was maintained that these shells were the remains of seeds used as food by the ancient workmen who had abandoned them, and



Like a Bird's Wing.



Like a Diamond Ring.

that they had been fossilized by the action of time. The microscope clearly shows that these so-called seeds are shells.

How many went to the making of the Sphinx? "Ask another," you say. Certainly that is an easy question in comparison with one that I could have asked. How many shells go to the making of a mountain? I can give you a hint. It has been calculated that it would require about ten million shells to make a pound of chalk, and that in forty cubic inches there are 150 million shells. Mountains are, in fact, made of entire shells piled up, or of shells crushed fine, or of microscopic shells so small that the eye cannot distinguish their shape.

I have, I fear, kept your wondering faculty so long on the stretch that a personal recollection of shell-hunting may serve as a rest.

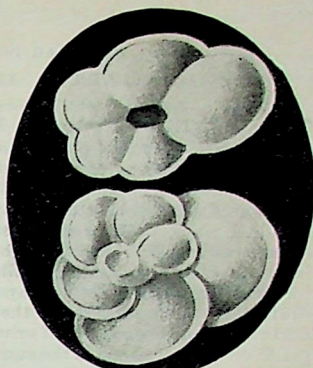
On one occasion we determined to explore some tempting caverns, shallow enough, but boasting a floor of shells. They are close to the Old Harry rocks, half way between Swanage and that pearl of

English villages, Studland. You can see them from the steamers if you keep a fairly good look out, unless the attractions of Old Harry should take up all your attention. There is usually

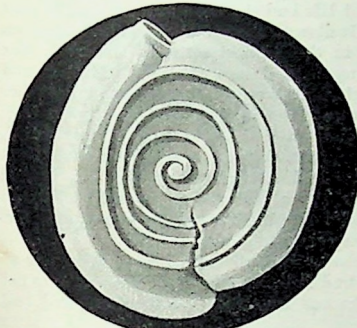
a fairly strong current round about the headland, though for all the world it looks as calm as a mill-pond where the sea laps the tiny patches of beach at the mouth of the caves. But we did not know that the sea wore a mask out here when we pulled in a four-cared boat from Swanage. There must be some genuine hard work done if you are to reach the abode of Old Harry. It is all against the collar, too—a steady, long pull against a current that races and runs according to wind and weather. Still we succeeded, and others can do the same. But success is something like a rose: you pluck it without hurting yourself; then you try experiments—putting it in your buttonhole, for instance—and one of the thorns finds you out. In other words, pride cometh before a fall. We ran up the old boat on the pebbles. Report says you may find very curious shells and stones in these sea-swept caves. Perhaps you can. We all went for them without a moment's consideration. The old boat, however, grew tired of waiting, and, like a horse left to itself by the roadside, went off exploring on its own account. One of us turned round just as she had drifted out of reach. Then it was that the sea laughed grimly. At high tide the water washes to the top of the caves. He laughs

longest who laughs last, however. One of us had to swim for our craft, and assert at least a temporary supremacy over the sea; but there were some anxious minutes before we could make sure that we were not to be food for the fishes. Happily the current close in was but half as strong as out further, and the old boat ground on the beach safe and sound again.

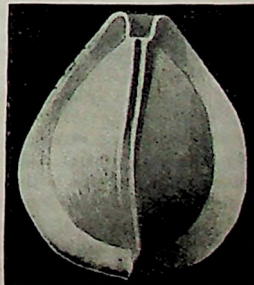
This month many of us will be at the seaside, and if any go shell-hunting let them beware of time and tide. The pursuit is engrossing, and one is easily tempted by the rainbow colouring of the larger shells, such as Scallop, Cowry, Whelk, and Piddock, to go further and fare worse. The piddock is particularly worth notice, for it is a world-builder. You rarely pick up a perfect specimen, for they are among the most fragile of shells. When their inmates are alive, they are incessantly boring their way through chalk or limestone. "Very rarely," writes a well-known naturalist, "have I picked up a really perfect piddock, with both its valves uninjured. But even from the broken pieces that one finds it is easy to realize something of the wonders performed by this lowly mollusc. Channels of the sea, five-and-twenty miles from shore to shore, would not even yet exist but for its untiring labours. For the piddock prepares, as it were, the way of the sea, whose waves might otherwise beat for ages upon the cliffs and rocks, and yet beat almost in vain. Daily, nightly, hourly, it is ceaselessly extending its burrows; the sea enters in and easily washes away the narrow walls between. And then, its foundation cut away, huge masses of rock fall and are swallowed up in the waves; and so the sea gains ever upon the land. The solid chalk on which so much of our island rests, the still more solid limestone, these are being slowly but surely cut away by the piddock. When they have disappeared the sea will reach the mud and the clay, and we all know, from what is now taking place along the Norfolk coast and elsewhere, how little mud and clay can withstand the ceaseless beating of the waves."



Shell Flowers.



A Wonderful Spiral.



A Shell Tulip.

A Sudden Blow.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE BLACK CAT," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

ILLS ARE WELLS.

A FORTNIGHT went by. Mr. Bennet and his wife were wise enough to let Kate go on in her own way, assured that she would recover best in the healing atmosphere of thought and silence. And Janet was with her every day, helping her in a hundred ways, walking with her through the old streets, and leading her through ancient gateways into dim chapels and stately halls, ever haunted by historical memories. Then, as days went on, the leaves drifted slowly down through the quiet autumn air, and the first delicate shades of crimson tinted the Virginia creeper. The end of the summer had come; but sometimes a faint tinge of colour stole back into poor Kate's pale cheeks, and her sad eyes were brighter. It always comforted her to sit in Janet's home-like room and open her heart to her friend.

"Oh, Janet," she said, "I did not think I should ever be able to speak of my sorrow! I hope you are not tired of me and my sad story, dear; you have done me so much good."

Janet heard these words with a thrill of unspeakable thankfulness. She was silent for a moment, putting a tall glass of dahlias on the table, and pulling up the blinds to let in the golden light of the afternoon. Something in the tranquil glow out of doors had sent her thoughts wandering back into the past, and she remembered a certain thorny path which she had trodden alone, without a friend's hand to sustain her. But when human companionship is denied, there are spiritual consolations too sacred to be told; hours when One walks with His child under chill autumn skies and falling leaves, and reveals His infinite tenderness. To Janet, with her deep nature, these solemn experiences had been granted; but to Kate, who was of a slighter make, the earthly helper was sent. And the best helpers are always those who have had their own help straight from God.

"From the first, I wanted you to come to me, Kate," said she at last. "You see, I have had a special training and teaching; and now that you have spoken so freely there is something that I want to say to you,—something that you could not have borne to hear at first."

"Tell it me," said Kate, with perfect confidence.

"It is this,—I believe that the day is coming when you will thank our Father for the blow that struck you down. I believe that the stroke which left you prostrate on the earth, has saved you from plunging into the depths of an abyss. A marriage with Philip would have been the very worst thing that could befall you, Kate."

A flush crossed the girl's delicate face.

She was lying back in a deep arm-chair, her bright head resting against the dark cushion, and her slender white hands clasped in her lap.

"But I loved him," she said in a low voice. "And if—I had been with him always, my love would have influenced his whole life."

"For a time, Kate; but it takes something stronger even than a woman's love to influence a man's life. And, my child, I am not sure that you loved him in the right way. To be a true lover you must love Truth and Goodness better than your dearest. If he sinks, you must not seek to please him by descending with him. The only love that ever endures is the uplifting love."

A silence fell upon them both, only broken by the crackling of the small bright fire in the grate. Kate was thinking deeply. Of late one or two talks with Janet had set her to question herself.

What sort of life had she been leading for the past three years? It almost seemed that she had not been living at all in the highest sense of the word, but merely existing in a dream of love. Mother and Amy, although dear, were seldom in her mind; her whole being was given up to one idea. It was very seldom that she sent a thought beyond this world. No wonder then that she saw everything through a blinding maze, and never, for an instant, beheld Philip Chilton as he really was,—a self-indulgent man, who had flung honour to the winds, and forgotten God long ago.

And now the hard truth was forced upon her at last. Philip had married Margaret Farleigh to get her money; he was in a sea of difficulties, and had



"Oh, ma'am, the most dreadful news!"—Page 183.

seized the only plank that could keep his head above water. It was a common story, as everybody would say,—too common; and yet it seemed to poor inexperienced Kate as if hers was a rare case. She could scarcely believe that any other girl had suffered as she was suffering now.

The sky was growing darker. Janet lifted a lamp from the side-board, set it on the table, and lighted it. A cheerful glow was diffused over the room, and the rich velvet of the dahlia attracted Kate's wandering glance. She sat up in her chair, and was beginning to praise their beauty when the landlady came in with the tea-tray.

Mrs. Budd was visibly agitated; all the china clattered as she put down the tray, and Janet, who knew her ways, saw at once that there was something on her mind.

"What is it, Mrs. Budd?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, ma'am, the most dreadful news! You remember poor Mr. Gardiner, and how upset I was when he told me that he was going away?"

"Indeed I do," Janet answered.

"Well, ma'am, he moved to Ivy Terrace, and at first he was just as pleasant as anybody could be. But all of a sudden he took the strangest turn, and declared that folks were trying to poison him. Yesterday it seems that he went downright raging mad, and smashed the glass, and all the ornaments in the parlour. They had to get three or four strong men, ma'am, to take him away to the asylum."

There was a little pause, and then Janet said softly,—*"Are you not very thankful now, Mrs. Budd, for your slap in the face?"*

"To be sure I am, ma'am," returned the poor woman heartily; "and I'm quite ashamed to think how I fretted at the time, and thought that nobody was ever so illused before. Why, there are those good people in Ivy Terrace all in confusion, and here am I with a nice young gentleman below, and you up here! The next time I get a slap

in the face I shall believe that it means a deliverance."

"That is just what it does generally mean," said Janet, with a glance at the listener in the arm-chair.

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

But it takes a long time to learn that lesson, Mrs. Budd, and it is seldom quite mastered till we get to the end of our schooling."

The landlady went her way downstairs, and Janet laid her hand gently on Kate's shoulder.

"Come and have some tea, dear," said she cheerfully.

The girl started as if she had been aroused from

a dream. There was a new light in her beautiful eyes as she rose and sat down to the table.

"Oh, Janet," she said, "how strange life is! Is it possible that

'All is right that seems most wrong?'

If that is true, how can we dare

to murmur at the Hand that strikes?"

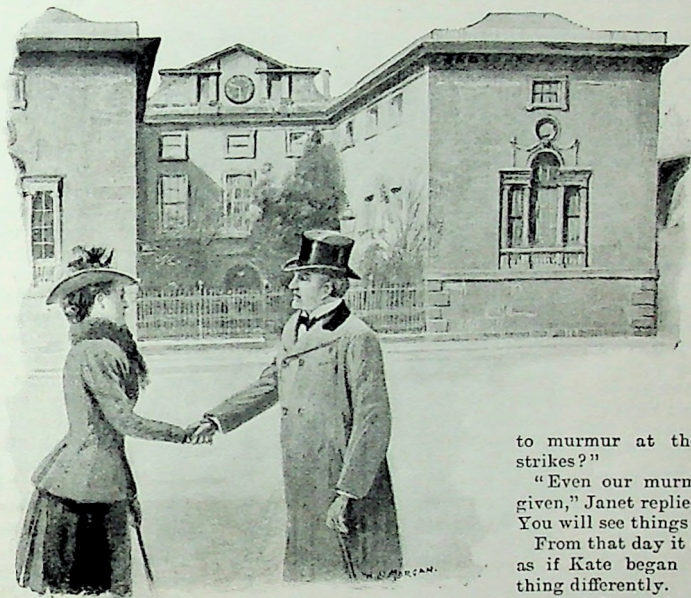
"Even our murmurings are forgiven," Janet replied. "Only wait. You will see things clearer yet."

From that day it did really seem as if Kate began to view everything differently. She cheered up wonderfully, and took an interest in all her surroundings; moreover,

she turned with a revived love towards the dear mother and sister, and wrote frequent letters which gladdened their anxious hearts. As she regained health and spirits her beauty returned, and soon attracted considerable attention. Her aunt and uncle, good, quiet people of an old-fashioned type, were not surprised to find that they had more visitors than usual. "Have you seen that lovely girl who is staying with the Bennets in Beaumont Street?" was a question that was often asked in those days.

It was arranged that she was to go back to Wood-rising for Christmas, and Janet had consented to accompany her. Kate no longer dreaded the return to the old scenes, although she had by no means forgotten her sorrow. Her heart still ached, but there was a new meaning in the pain.

Although it seemed cruel to say, or even to think



"I was coming to call on you," he said.—Page 184.

such a thing, her friends knew that Kate was all the better for her suffering. She was no longer controlled by one idea, and all that was sweet in her nature was free to come into active play. Graver and quieter she certainly was, but always alert to do a kindness.

"Our Kate is growing wiser and more loving every day," Mrs. Bennet said to Janet Murray. "We wish we could keep her with us, only we know that her mother is longing to get her back. And yet, when her uncle brought her in, so crushed and altered, I felt as if we had taken too heavy a responsibility. I did not know what we should do with her if she grew worse. She seemed so utterly beyond all human comfort."

One morning, early in December, Janet came out of her lodgings, and bent her steps towards Beaumont Street. The ivy still hung heavily over the rough old wall of Worcester College, but it was powdered lightly with hoar-frost, sparkling in the wintry sun. She thought she had seldom seen a day so bright at that time of year, and something within her woke up in gratitude and gladness. Turning the corner of the street she looked up at the frowning college portal and the clock above it, and then found herself close upon Mr. Bennet.

"I was coming to call on you," he said. "Let us have a few words together, please, before you see Kate."

"Kate! Is not all well with her?" asked Janet anxiously.

"Quite well. But I have had news of that fellow, Chilton, and she has not heard it yet. Let us walk there, under the wall, and talk quietly."

They crossed to the other side of Walton Street, pacing slowly along in the sunshine with the rugged masonry towering above them; and Janet's heart throbbed fast with expectation.

"You do not know," Mr. Bennet began, "that Mr. Millington, the Farleighs' family lawyer, is a very old friend of mine. We have often worked together in many ways, and I knew that he looked unfavourably on Margaret Farleigh's marriage; taking especial care about the settlements, you understand, and feeling no confidence in the bridegroom. Mrs. Browne, the eldest daughter, has always governed her mother and sister completely; and she brought about the match for the sake of the title."

"I thought so," said Janet.

"And now a terrible thing has happened. When the pair returned from their honeymoon, they took up their abode with Mrs. Farleigh, at Richmond; and the old lady soon began to fear that things were not straight. But she did not dream of all that was in store for her, poor woman! Philip Chilton has bolted, actually bolted, carrying off his wife's best jewels and some very valuable diamonds belonging to his mother-in-law; and he seems to have left no trace behind him."

Janet came suddenly to a standstill. The news was so overwhelming—the sense of Kate's deliverance so great—that she was almost breathless for a moment. And then, as in a lightning flash, she saw a proud woman at Woodrising humbled to the dust, and all the Warrens' wrongs avenged a thousandfold.

"My poor little niece!" Mr. Bennet said, in a voice of deep feeling. "These people have made her suffer a great deal; and now they will have to suffer in their turn. I am sorry for that unhappy wife of Chilton's; her life is utterly blighted, you see. He could not get hold of enough of her money to satisfy his creditors, and so he stole the jewels and ran away."

"Kate must be told very gently," said Janet, who had got over the first shock of the news, and was her own calm self again. "Hers is a compassionate nature," she added thoughtfully. "She will feel only pain at their distress."

"And you will go to her and tell her? Miss Murray, we all feel deeply grateful for your goodness to our dear child," said Mr. Bennet, holding out his hand.

So Janet stepped up to the house in Beaumont Street, arranging a little speech as she pulled the bell. But at the sight of Kate, looking fresh and beautiful, the set form of words went out of her head, and that sense of great deliverance overwhelmed her once more.

"Why, what a late woman you are!" the girl cried. "I thought we were going for an early walk; and aunty says she wants us to get a lot of things."

"Yes, dear, we will get everything," Janet answered absently. And Kate's soft, brown eyes scanned her with an inquiring look.

They were alone together in the breakfast-room—Mrs. Bennet, previously instructed by her husband, had gone upstairs—and for a few seconds there was



"Janet looked away from the fair young face."—Page 185.

a pause. Janet looked away from the fair young face to the homely objects all around her—the well-filled book-shelves; the flourishing ferns, bidding defiance to winter; the bright old china in the corner cupboard—and thought of Philip's desolate wife in her luxurious home.

"You have something to tell me," said Kate's sweet voice. "No ill news, I hope. Mother and Amy are quite well; I heard from them this morning."

"My news does not concern them," Janet answered, resting her hands on the girl's shoulders; "but I have heard something about Philip Chilton. He has run away from his wife, Kate. It is a very sad thing for her, and you will be sorry, I know. And he must have got into dreadful difficulties, for he has taken some of her jewels, and her mother's diamonds."

Kate's face had paled visibly as she listened. Then, trembling a little, she drew herself gently away from the kind hands and sat down.

"Oh, Janet!" she said, in a hushed voice, "oh, Janet! I did not dream that he could be so mean. How blind I was! How I shut my ears to all warnings!"

(To be continued.)

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE Advent Collect.—"Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen." This magnificent Collect, first made in 1549 by Cranmer, is in itself a short Apostles' Creed. Here we have the Divine Sonship of Christ; His birth into this world, nay, and (implicitly) His sufferings and death too (for were not they the climax of His humiliation?); His return from the right hand of God (inferring His previous resurrection and ascension); His judgment of the quick and dead; and, finally, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Add to which, in the "Give us grace," there is the clearest recognition of the work of God the Holy Ghost.—*Dean Goulburn.*

The Litany.—Our Litany is so plain that the most ignorant may pray with understanding; so full that nothing is omitted which is fit to be asked in public; and so particular that it compriseth most things which we would ask in private; and yet so short as not to tire any that has true devotion. Most of its language is taken out of Holy Scripture. Like the moon, that shines with the borrowed light of the sun, the Book of Common Prayer reflects the glory of the Inspired Word, not presuming to claim juxtaposition as fellow of the latter, but content to be its humble handmaid.—*Dean Comber.*

"Most of us are blind and deaf sometimes, Kate. There is a clamour going on within us which drowns all voices. Now let us go out into the sunshine, dear; it is a pity to lose any more of this lovely day."

Kate ran upstairs, and presently came back in her pretty out-of-door costume. The soft colour had returned to her cheeks, but there was a very thoughtful look on her sweet face.

"Janet," she said, as they were walking along Beaumont Street, "I never thought I should feel so sorry for some one as I do at this moment."

"Who is the some one, dear?"

"I think you would scarcely guess," the girl answered. "It is Mrs. Browne."

Janet was really surprised. She could understand that Kate's gentle heart was full of pity for the deserted wife; but Mrs. Browne—the haughty, masterful woman who had trampled the Warrens under her feet!

"Yes, I am very sorry for her," Kate went on. "She will suffer as only a strong, proud nature can. And she will feel as if she can never, never lift up her head in Woodrising again."

The short and frequent Prayers of our Service are mostly taken from liturgies 1,300 years old: but many are the composition of the Reformers, as, for instance, the beautiful Collect for all conditions of men, and the general Thanksgiving, by Bishop Sanderson, or as some think, by Bishop Reynolds.

What the Prayer-Book owes to the Bible.—Take away from the Prayer-Book every passage of Scripture, and what would you leave but a few pages? and those pages the heavenly compositions of saints and martyrs, all breathing the spirit where they vary from the letter of Holy Writ. Besides the Psalms, Hymns, Epistles, and Gospels, chosen so admirably from Scripture to suit the several sacred seasons, in the order of the first lessons almost the whole Old Testament is read through once every year; and in the second lessons, the whole New Testament, Revelation excepted, is read through three times every year.

The Three Persons in the Litany.—It is told of a pitman in Durham diocese, that, being found reading the Litany one day, he was asked why he loved the Prayer-Book. He answered, "One sentence in this book, if there were none other, would of itself be sufficient to save the world. It is this: 'O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy on us miserable sinners.' Oh! sir, what I have experienced in those words! I have felt the sweet drawings of a Father's love, the cleansing power of a Saviour's blood, and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit's grace, and I have felt my whole soul entwined, as it were, in the sacred Three."



A PLAYGROUND OF CITY CHILDREN.

The Sea and the Cities.

BY H. ST. JOHN KEELING, AUTHOR OF "LONDON'S OWN."

MRS. PERKINS wiped the seat of a chair, and deliberated.

"It can't be took in all at once," said she. "But if you'll make yourself comfortable, I'll try to say my say, short and pintoed."

So I sat down and waited for Mrs. Perkins to begin. We were talking in her best parlour: but, lest a mistake be made, it may be well to add that it was her second best parlour as well, also her kitchen, her scullery, her bed-room, her attic, her box-room, her only room. No wonder Mrs. Perkins could not "take in" the boundless sea at a glance, when she went down with "the excursion."

"Fust thing as struck me," she began, "was jus' this. It's rare good to look at the ships a-sailin' exactly where they likes; no coppers to turn 'em back, nothin' in the way, if you understands. Then there's the fields; they're simply sea got solid somehow. You can walk, run, roll, skip, shout yourself hoarse, and no one will interfere. Then there's the flowers. My, sir, if there aren't money there it's a mystery. Why, if I could 'ave my pick o' the yaller things, and nort a flower else, I'd be makin' my pound a day or near it. I picked 'em like a mad un,—stock Coving Garding they would—and them

country folk treadin' on 'em, and laughing at me no end."

Those were Mrs. Perkins' sentiments after her first visit to the sea. And Mrs. Perkins is but one of many mothers whose single ill-furnished rooms are the only "homes" they can call their own. Sir Henry Fowler recently stated that the families living in one room in London amount to a million people. Think what this means. A man returns home late to find his wife and six children in a mere garret. Will it be believed that it is quite possible the rent will be at least ten shillings a week? It is easy to understand what boons the various men's clubs are in such densely-populated neighbourhoods.

One of the hardest-worked of our city Bishops recently gave me some idea of what is being done. "When the busy day comes to a close," he said, "what has our Church to offer instead of the attractions of the public-house and gin palace to the working man, who has only a crowded room for a home? Have we got anything for him at all? Watch that man as he comes away after a hard day's work. What is he doing? You will find him not unfrequently making himself tidy for his evening at the club, where he can 'enjoy himself,' and read the paper away from the drink. Or else if his lips move I will tell you



A MAKE-BELIEVE START FOR THE SEA: IN FATHER'S CAB.

what he is doing. He is making up a speech, which he is going to deliver as a tremendous oration in the debating society. Perhaps he is a musical man, and has been practising the trombone, to the great distraction of all his neighbours, because he is going to play in the great band at the Excelsior Hall in the middle of Bethnal Green, which gives great concerts to the people on Saturdays. We step into that man's life at the very point he wants somebody—in the evening. He is not wanted at home. Not at all. He comes every evening from some little house in which there are seven or eight people living in the same room, where they have to sleep and eat. When I have asked the 'missus' whether she will mind John coming round so much to the club, she says, 'Oh, no, sir, not at all. I knows where he is.' That is a very significant thing. At any rate, it is a very popular thing with the 'missus.' She

shirt! Another true story is told of a number of London arabs who were on their first holiday in the country. They captured what they were told was a butterfly. This curiosity was placed under a glass case. Next morning the boys crept downstairs on tiptoe. After waiting to muster up sufficient courage, they opened the case; and an exclamation of disgust escaped them. "Look," they cried, "he ain't laid no butter!"

At the Boys' Camps the greatest delight is shown by the young Englanders, who enjoy their first opportunity of bathing in the open sea and learning to swim. The fresh-air life under canvas seems to suit them to perfection, and they come home with sound bodies and minds, often influenced for life by men who have talked to them of higher things. Some day I hope these camps will be worked on a large scale, so that elder people may also have the



FLOWERS THAT GROW—IN COVENT GARDEN.

finds him out of the way while she is putting the babies to bed."

Still more, the Bishop might have added, is being done for the boys and girls. There are Fresh Air Funds, there are Sunday School Treats, there are Choir Treats, there are Club Excursions, there are Boys' Camps. Some of these street boys were recently taken into the country for a change,—the first change from slum surroundings they had ever known. Not one of them had ever previously experienced the luxury of wearing a night-

benefits of them, but there are many difficulties in the way. The wage-earners cannot get away from their employment when they like, and a week's holiday is often out of the question. Perhaps a day at the sea is the next best thing. More than once I have had the pleasure of introducing these citizens of London Town to King Neptune, and I have always been struck with the fact that my carefully-arranged plans for entertaining them were needless. All they wanted to do was to walk by the fringe of waves, drinking in the pure air, and gazing out to sea.

The Temperance Platform.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

OPPOSITION THAT HAS BEEN OVERCOME.

REMEMBER the time when all our arguments were met by simple ridicule, as if a sneering smile was an answer: when we were called faddists and fanatics, and it was supposed our movement would soon die out. Then serious arguments began to be used against us. The insurance societies were at first unwilling to insure total abstainers. That was completely answered in a very few years, and when it was argued that the use of liquor shortened life, the old science of arithmetic was found completely on our side. Then a Mr. Granville came forward and said that, though we might live longer than others, our lives were without mirth or enjoyment. That argument also has been dropped. But the hardest obstacle of all to be overcome is the indifference of men to the interests of others.

OPPOSITION THAT REMAINS TO BE OVERCOME.

It is astonishing that any man can look into the facts and say it is not his concern, that he is not intemperate himself, and therefore his liberty should not be curtailed. Such men must be roused in the name of Christianity or even of humanity to feel that they cannot neglect such a terrible mischief as exists before their eyes.

If there is one power that can lay hold of mankind, it is the united effort of a multitude of men who care for what is good. If only we hold together and steadily march on in the way we have already trod, if we have sympathy with one another and with the victims whom we are endeavouring to rescue, if we do not flinch, whatever may come, we shall ultimately prevail, because I am sure God is with us.



THE LATEST SAILORS' PLEASURE—PHOTOGRAPHY.

ON board ship "Sailors' pleasure" is a well understood term with only one meaning, instead of the general catalogue that might have been expected. It is the turning out of the sea-chest or "donkey," as the sea-name is for overhauling the contents and putting them back again. It is most satisfactory when a chum looks on, to whom you can tell the history of each article, and who will refrain from injudicious comment upon any photographs of your lady friends. And, indeed, the old "donkey" very often contains a most interesting assortment of odds and ends, each with matter for chat pertaining to it, so that a review of these

Sailors' Pleasures.

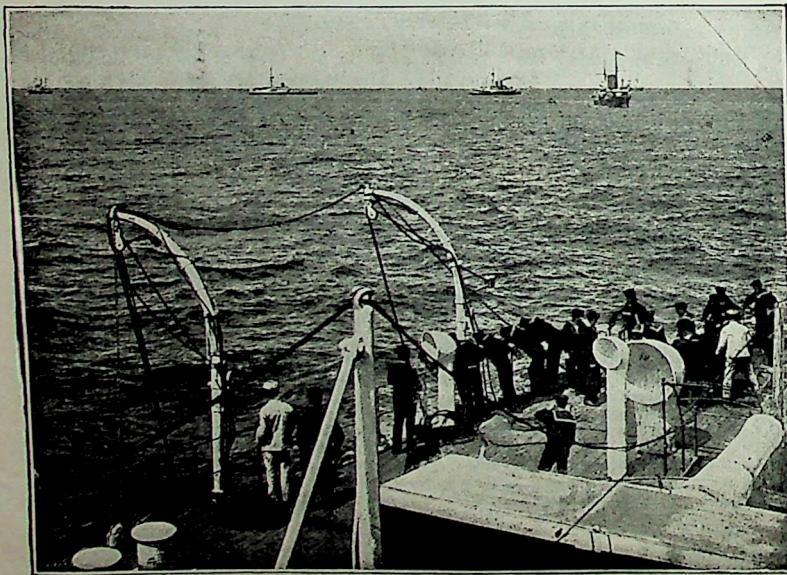
BY FRANK T. BULLEN, AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" "THE LOG OF A SEA WAIF," ETC.

extraordinary treasures is quite a pleasant way of passing an idle hour.

But except in rare instances, most men have some hobby or another which they will ride with the utmost energy and perseverance, no matter what may be the difficulties in the way. One of the chief of these is model-making. With no other tools but a knife and an awl made out of a broken sail needle, some men will turn out a model worthy of a place in any museum. Entirely absorbed in their work, they will sacrifice much-needed sleep, whistle away in the bright moonlight of the tropics, and seem to have no other object in life but to turn out a piece of carving that shall be a credit to their patient talents. The pathos of these labours often lies in the fact that they are friendless men who have no one to whom to give their pretty handiwork—no one, that is, who will value it for the giver's sake; and consequently these long-elaborated models may be found in great numbers in waterside boarding houses and public-house parlours—and in worse places. As to selling them, I doubt if the idea ever enters their heads. But doubtless the doing of the work is what his poetry was to Coleridge—its own great reward: and the same may be said with truth of the many directions in which the sailor's ingenuity and industry find a vent.

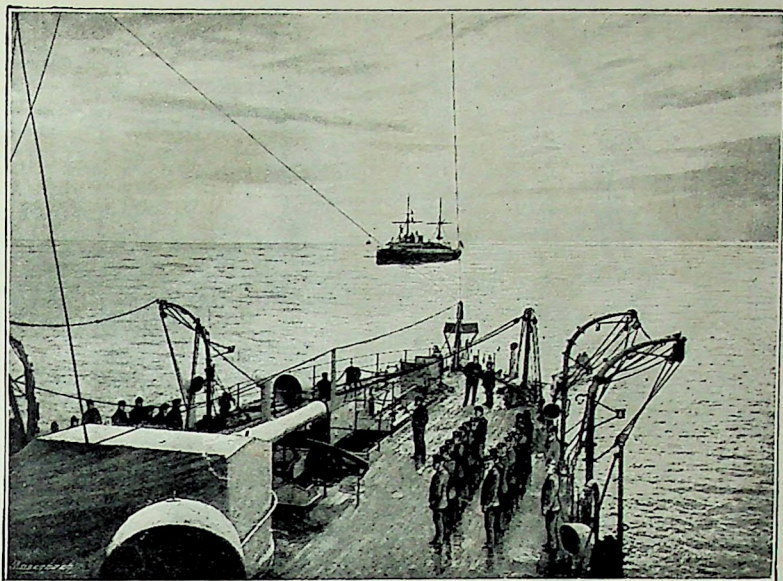
One particular hobby that I have seen carried to great lengths, is the making of photograph frames out of an enormous number of tiny pieces of wood; one in particular that I remember contained over

3,000 pieces of mahogany, pine, deal and ebony, none of which were more than a bare quarter of an inch in thickness. There were openings for eight photographs, and the whole fabric looked like a Gothic church front. It took the artist three months' steady application in watches below and at night to finish it: and then one night in port he got drunk, took it from its shelf in his bunk, and jumped on it! Another form of pleasure largely indulged in is the making of mats. Some men—only a few, though—will buy a few pounds of gaily



WHEN JACK'S AT SEA: A SNAP-SHOT ON BOARD SHIP.

coloured carpet thrums from the ship chandlers, and, begging a piece of tarpaulin canvas from the sailmaker, or whoever has the power to grant the request, will stitch the thrums into the canvas in carefully designed patterns, leaving a "pile" when finished half-an-inch deep, the whole forming a most handsome and durable hearthrug. Others, however, who cannot keep sober long enough while ashore to lay in a stock of thrums and yet must make mats, use homely rope yarns, and, putting the best work into them for the love of it, produce door mats



EARLY MORNING ON THE OCEAN.

of a variety of patterns and the hardest wearing qualities. Like the models, these fine pieces of work generally fall into the hands of unworthy recipients, who sneer at poor Jack's folly when he has gone to sea again.

Some men are never so happy as when mending clothes or transforming one garment into another. It is a positive passion with them. We had a Swede of Gothenburg on board the *Dartmouth* on a China voyage who was a remarkable instance of this. He could never resist the temptation to steal a piece of canvas, new or second-hand, although it must be admitted that he never had much chance to convey the former. But any piece of old canvas, as long as it would hang together, he could not let pass him. He would make it into a garment of some kind, simple in itself for hot weather, lined with thread-bare cloth or flannel for cold: yet, at the same time, he never lost an opportunity of acquiring good serviceable clothing as well—but not for wear. Canvas was his only wear at sea, and his chief of joys to open his chest and gloat over his accumulating stock of good garments. They were to him what gold is to a miser, and he never seemed weary of taking them out of his chest, unfolding them, passing them lovingly through his hands, and carefully stowing them away again. He hadn't much clothing when he came aboard, but when, on the conclusion of our twelve months' voyage, he was discharged in London he had a splendid stock. He went to the Sailors' Home, having been paid off with £25, and on the second day got drunker than usual. While in this condition he demanded £5 from the bank in the home where he had lodged his money. They very

properly refused to give it to him while he was drunk, which so enraged him that he kicked up a tremendous row, winding up by demanding his entire balance. Finding that reasoning with him did no good, the officials paid him out. He left the home at once, and in eight days after that I saw him aboard of an outward-bound ship with just the clothes he stood upright in and no more.

Reading, of course, fills a most important part among sailors' pleasures. Seamen are omnivorous readers, in spite of the miserable gloom that usually characterises the fo'c'sle. When I was before the mast I used to lay in a stock of candles so that I might be able to read in the only apartment I had to myself, my bunk; but it was not a very safe practice. As to what sailors read—well, I haven't seen the contents of a ship's library for a long time: I mean those boxes of books that are put on board ship by Missions to Seamen and generous friends who remember "Jack" has many dull hours. But I would say, care should be taken in the selection. "Anything" will not do for a sailors' library: for sailors are thoughtful men. Books of biography of celebrated men, history, and travels, and tales that really teach a lesson, are always welcome, and illustrated magazines are special favourites.

[We may add to Mr. Bullen's interesting article the fact that he himself owes his literary style to his constant study of the Bible when on his long voyages in northern waters. In its pages, he has told us, he found his chiefest pleasure, and no one can read his works without recognising how much he owes to the Book of books.—EDITOR.]



"MAKING FRIENDS."

(Specially drawn for this Magazine by A. L. HALKETT.)

The Young Folks' Page.

MAKE FRIENDS.



"Each kindness shown to birds or men
Is sure to flutter back again."

Even if you happen to come across the sea-serpent in the silly season, I am sure you will be wise to be kind to him. R. S.

REVERENCE.

A LITTLE boy, being put to bed one night, asked to be carried about a little first, that he "might think a bit before saying his prayer." How many forget to think a bit, but just fall down on their knees, say their threadbare sentences, and rise again to resume the talk that was for a little interrupted!

Few boys would go to seek a situation from a gentleman without a deal of preparation so as to look clean and smart, and a great deal of thought about what words they should use; and yet many approach the greatest Master, and seek for the best place, without really thinking what they are about. The gentleman needing a boy would not be likely to engage that one who came looking as if he did not mind whether he got the situation or not, and certainly God will not be less wise. It is said of an old schoolmaster, John Trebonius, that he never entered his school and met his boys without taking off his hat, by way of respect, as he said he knew not what great men some of them might yet be. How much more should we reverence God when we worship Him!

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THERE is nothing like a mother's love. Tourgenieff, the Russian writer, says: "I returned home and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently),

and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighbouring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the open grinning mouth.

"She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all."

THE BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow:
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,—

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

A. M.

"YELLOW EYES."

I HOPE none of you look at everybody or everything with *yellow eyes*. It makes everything, you know, look disagreeable when you look at it with yellow eyes! *An eye of envy!* Envy always has a yellow eye. When we are jealous, because we don't want anybody put above us, or to get a better prize than we get, we are having *yellow eyes*! The devil has got a yellow eye. He did not like to see Adam and Eve so happy. *Oh get rid of the yellow eye!*—THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

"MY DUTY TO MY NEIGHBOUR."

I WAS once walking with a farmer through a field, when he chanced to see a tall thistle growing on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence, and cut it off close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" I asked. "Oh no," said the farmer; "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbour's field, I should soon have plenty in my own."

Every weed pulled up in your neighbour's field is a dangerous enemy driven away from your own.

A. N.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

THE first letters of the Answers will name a noted transgressor, who found forgiveness in a season of adversity.

1. King Herod's foster brother.
2. One who troubled an apostle.
3. A city where St. Paul passed a winter.
4. An exemplar of faith.
5. A judge of Israel.
6. A prudent man.

7. A ready scribe.
8. A sect among the Jews.

ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 142).

1. Ps. xxiv.
2. Ps. xlvii. (5).
3. Ps. lxxviii. 13.
4. Heb. vi. 20.
5. Isa. xi. 2.
6. In the experience of Paul and Barnabas, when driven out from "Antioch in Pisidia" (Acts xiii. 52), and of the Thessalonian converts in their reception of the Gospel, in spite of persecution (1 Thess. i. 6).

Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY."

VIII. REST AND RECREATION.

In all former numbers of this series on Home, Sweet Home, I have confined myself to the purely material side of the matter. To-day I want to speak of two things indispensable to the keeping of a happy home.

Many of us, mothers of families, are too apt to deny ourselves proper rest and recreation, in order to keep the family coach running on well-oiled wheels. We only defeat our object if we overstrain ourselves. I dare put it, that many of the sharp words which darken home life are due to overstrain of nerves. I never see a woman shaking or abusing a child, without being tempted to say, "My good friend, do go and lie down for a bit." These shakings and fault-findings you will see (if you are on the look-out) nearly invariably take place in the afternoon.

Now, it is manifestly unfair that our children should suffer from our heedlessness. A few moments' rest will generally soften our voice and quiet our hand.

Let me advise every mother in the many sweet homes of our land to set apart a bit of time to recreate in the matter of rest. After dinner, for instance, Baby is generally fast asleep, elder children are satisfied and quiet. Come apart and rest awhile then, dear mothers. Lie down. Take no book with you to read. Shut your eyes. Let every limb relax. Do not worry about Tom or Jim or Mary Rebecca. They will come to less vital harm than if you were "charing" round. At the end of a quarter of an hour you will be a different woman. Refreshed and strengthened, you will find washing up the dinner things, sweeping up crumbs, laying the afternoon tea, no burden at all. The rest will have re-created your muscles and nerves in the best sense of the word. Most women fly to tea when overworn. It is the worst thing they could resort to (barring spirits). Tea may over-stimulate and produce a false sense of relief. It pricks on the jaded horse: but it may do real damage in other ways. Take rest instead of tea, and you will act wisely and well.

Overstrain produces that pain at the back of the head and neck with which many women are only too familiar. To alleviate this, before lying down, squeeze out a sponge in very hot water and lave the affected part. All our nervous system starts from the nape of the skull. A hot application behind the ears and along the upper part of the spine works wonders. It rests as well as relieves. In hot weather, again, nothing relieves wearied feet so much as lying down with shoes and stockings off. I was told this by an old lady of eighty-five. She has been a governess all her long life, and knows what she recommends by experience. After running about all the morning, go upstairs as recommended. After bathing the back of the head (if necessary), remove stockings as well as shoes. Cover your bare feet, of course, warmly, and take your ease. Many a case of flat-foot might be avoided if this were better known.

A sofa is almost a necessary in every bedroom. So often we do not take the "lie-down" we feel we really need, because it rumples and spoils the bed. A couch at the foot of it quite does away with such an excuse. To make such does not mean large outlay. For a couple of shillings you can get a frame from any second-hand dealer. Stretch over it some sack. Measure accurately and make a bag long enough to lie from one end to the

other. This bag must be made, in fact, six inches longer than the frame. Fill it with *chaff*. This can be had for the asking from any mill or flour store. It makes a delightfully clean, springy mattress. Put this in your bag of "bley" cotton (costing about 3d. a yard). Cover it again with cretonne or chintz (the latter, though more initial expense, is really cheaper in the long run, as it can be cleaned over and over again). Put it in position. Pillows can be made either long-shaped or square. The latter are cosiest for tucking under aching backs, and the former for hunching behind one's neck. Fill the tick with torn-up papers. All the young fry will gladly tear up for you. There is something indescribably delightful in destroying anything! See that the pieces of the daily papers are torn up very finely. Stuff the scraps into the pillow and you will have the coolest, "givingest" cushion you can wish for. For a *coere-pied*, three sheets of brown paper can be tacked together. You do not want to sleep, so rustling will not annoy you.

Slip these into a slip of Turkey twill. Blanket stitch the edges. Here and there work stiletto holes for ventilation, and you have a cosy, safe covering for nothing at all.

Women do not seem to think that the proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," applies to the Jills of creation at all. I must decide otherwise. The dullest, most unsuccessful mother I know has never taken an hour's pleasuring away from her children for over ten years. She is a well-to-do person, and she ought to be ashamed of herself, instead of boasting of the fact.

Now, no home can be really sweet unless the husband has his fair share of his wife's attention. Much better spend an hour in amusing yourself by mastering the details in John's daily paper, than in putting so many tucks in little Jane's frock. John will less often spend the evening out if Jenny can talk intelligently of the thing which rightly or wrongly interests him. John would far less often take other people out for amusement if Jenny were sometimes ready to trust her children to God and go along with him. No, the above sentence is no mistake in printing!

We mothers seem to think we are so indispensable to the little ones that we will never leave them, and some-day, perhaps, dear mothers, God will show that He is perfectly able to look after the babies without our help. He may take you away from them altogether if you do not take occasion to re-create yourselves sometimes. It is the worst kind of economy to overwork. Keep in touch with your musical boy by going to an occasional concert or penny reading with him and his father. Cultivate your God-given sense of beauty by sparing a shilling for a ticket at a picture gallery or museum. Buy seeds and teach the little ones how wonderfully the cyclamen curls up its straight stem into a corkscrew, before pushing its seed-vessel into the soft mould. Or how the spear-points of cress spring up on its globular seed reaching liquid. Keep up a little course of good reading, and give time to show how there are—

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

In fact, make time to take a positive and not merely a negative attitude towards everything that interests husband and children.



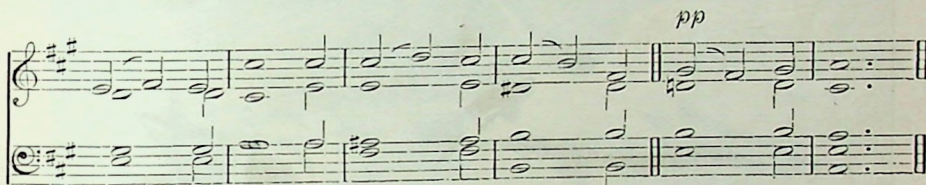
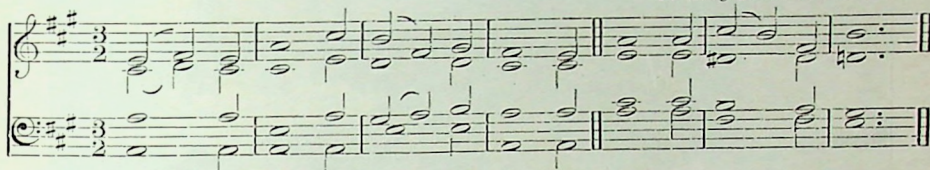


Harvest Hymn.

BY THE REV. G. ARTHUR SOWTER, M.A., VICAR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BIRMINGHAM.

"Thou visitest the earth."—*Psaln lxx. 9.*

Music by E. W. BULLINGER.



OFT in grace and tender mercy,
Erst God came to men;
Seen in miracle and marvel,
Frequent then.

Came He when rocks yielded water
In their awe-struck view;
Came He in the manna falling
As the dew.

Came He, too, in human semblance,
On the cross to die,
Telling how He loved the sinful,
Tenderly.

Bread of earth and Bread of Heaven,
With a lavish hand,
He bestowed in Royal bounty
On the land.

In many a form Himself revealing,
To our wondering eyes,
Still He visits us with blessing
From the skies.

Lord, be ours the grace to see Thee,
With faith's vision clear,
In Thy daily benediction

When the early sun of springtime,
Warms the wintry ground,
In each bursting blade and blossom
He is found.

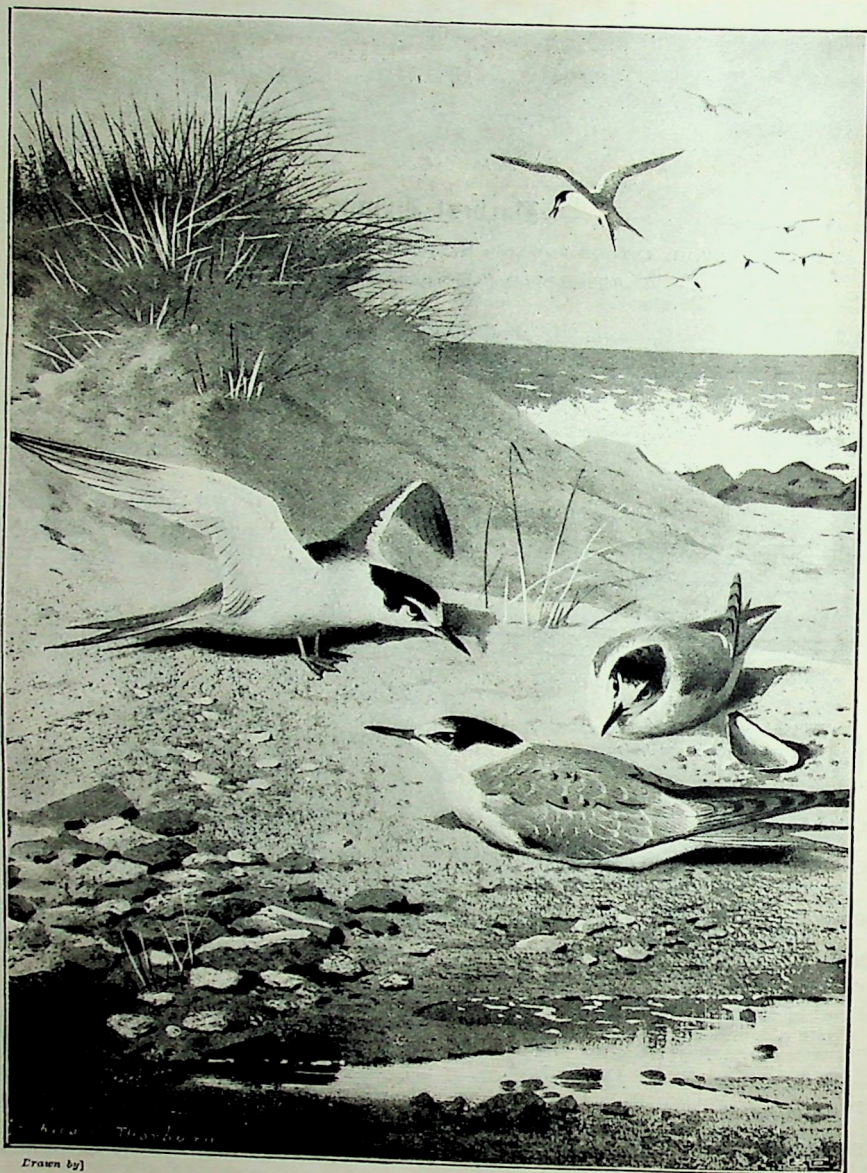
And when rain the furrow softens,
Or the silent dew
Steeps the seed our hands have scattered,
Comes He too.

When the fields are ripe for reaping,
Rich with golden grain,
He, in paths which drop with fatness,
Comes again.

When the Word of Life is offered,
Hungry souls to feed,
He is there, in love supplying
All our need.

Bread of earth, and Bread of Heaven,
Rich and full and free,
Still He gives as erst He gave it,
Bounteously.

Drawing near.



Crown by

TERNS: A SHELTERED CORNER.

(See "Birds on Board Ship," page 204.)

[ARCHIBALD THORBURN.]

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'LL SAY 'YES' TO-MORROW."

MRS. HANDFAST presently came into the room. Lavinia had gone out. "So Owen hasn't waited?" she said. "He stayed some time. I—wouldn't let him stop longer."

The tone was unusual. Margot was a good deal flushed. Mrs. Handfast scrutinized her sharply.

"What has he been talking about?"

"He said—several things——"

Margot held out both hands.

"Aunt Mary, come here. Do come. I want to ask you something."

Mrs. Handfast came slowly. There was a trace of coldness in her manner. She seemed, all at once, to be aware of what had gone on during her absence.

"I want you to help me. I've got nobody else to ask. If I could go to my mother—— But you come next. Mayn't I tell you?"

Mrs. Handfast felt the case to be a hard one; but she would not shirk her duty.

"Yes, tell me," she said.

"Mr. Forrest wants me to marry him. Not now, but—some day. I couldn't possibly—yet. I don't know him well enough. I told him I'd think it over till to-morrow. He is coming again for my answer. What shall I say?"

One moment of sharp temptation for Lavinia's

sake, and the temptation was put down. Mrs. Handfast owed a duty to her niece and to her friend, as well as to her daughter. She knew this.

"What do you want to say, Margot?"

"I want to say—'Yes.'"

"Then why don't you?"

"I wanted to ask you first—what you felt about it? And—perhaps I ought to be more fond of him."

"If you don't know your own mind, you'd better wait."

"But I think I do,—and I don't want to wait. He's as nice as he can be. I don't mind—even—his being rather slow. I like it, I think—in him. He isn't the same as other people. He is so—so strong. And so good. Really good, not talking good. I should always feel sure of him. And then—he is so fond of me. And I've nobody else."

"I've seen how fond he is of you."

"And you wouldn't mind—you and Lavinia?"

"Why should Lavinia mind?" Mrs. Handfast was quick in defence of her child.

Margot looked surprised. "Why—I don't know. I thought, perhaps, you might think I wasn't a good enough wife for him. I've got no money—and I've not been trained in farming ways. But I could learn, couldn't I? Owen would teach me." Her face lighted up with a smile. "Isn't it odd, Aunt Mary? When he first spoke it did seem so odd—so queer—I couldn't be sure whether I liked the idea or not. But I do like it. The more I

think of him, the more I don't want to say 'No.' Do you think I ought? I should like to do what's right, you know. What ought I to do?"

"If you like him enough, you had better say you'll have him. That is what Owen wants."

"Yes, he wants it—very much. He seemed wretched when I told him I wasn't sure. And I said he must wait till to-morrow. I thought you would help me to know what to do."

Margot looked disappointed, for she could not but notice that slight coldness of manner. When her face grew sad, it always recalled her mother to Mrs. Handfast. The look came now, and Mrs. Handfast's manner grew tender.

"I can't settle for you, Margot," she said gently. "Nobody can know except you yourself. But I do think Owen cares very much for you. I think he's set his heart on this, and Lavinia thinks so too." This was by way of guarding Lavinia's secret. "And I think—if you're fond enough of him—there's no reason why you shouldn't do what he wants. He'll do his best to make you happy, and you must do your best for him."

"Then I'll say 'Yes' to-morrow when he comes. Yes, I do like him—and I'm fond of him. Fonder of him this last hour than I was before. Isn't that funny?" Margot smiled contentedly. "Won't it be different—to have a home to look forward to, and not to be alone in the world, belonging to nobody? It makes everything look bright. Do kiss me, Aunt Mary, and say you're glad."

It was not easy, but Mrs. Handfast took Margot into her arms, kissed her almost—not quite—as if Margot had been her own child, and whispered,—

"God bless you, my dear, and make you both happy." Deep down lay a silent prayer that Lavinia might be happier still.

"That's just what I wanted," murmured Margot.



"I want to say—Yes."—Page 195.

CHAPTER XVII.

PYKE'S INTENTIONS.

"Why, Fred,—whatever is the matter with you now? What's gone wrong?"

Fred Pyke flung himself sulkily into a chair.

"Got my supper?"

"Yes; and as nice a little supper as any man need wish for. Though I say it as shouldn't, I'm one that knows how to cook. It'll be done to a turn in another minute, that it will,—as soon as ever I've got the cloth laid. I didn't expect you home for another quarter of an hour, though. What's the matter with you?"

Fred vouchsafed no explanation of his gloomy looks. When the table was ready, and the steaming stew had been dished up, he drew in his chair, and ate like a hungry man,—whence it might be supposed that the trouble did not go very deep. But the appetites of some people are not affected by worry or woe. Though he plainly enjoyed his food, the cloud did not clear from his face.

"I've got a bit of news to tell you, Fred. Somethin' you'll be glad to hear."

Fred showed no prospective pleasure. He grunted.

"It's news from somebody as you think a lot of. Who do you s'pose? I've had a letter from Susy, her very own self. And she's got a situation. She's goin' to be nursery-governess."

"Who to?"

"It's a Mrs. Short. None so far off from here neither. Guess where!"

"Don't make much odds to me, either way."

"Why—Fred!"

"It don't."

"Not—Susy—as you've always cared so much for! And always said she was the girl you'd marry, as soon as ever you got a chance."

"A man has his fancies. He don't always stick to 'em. I'm not bound to marry Susy, if I don't want. Where's she going?"

"Why, to Lyttleton—near here. The very next station. I thought you'd be as glad as can be—and you an' she always meetin'."

"No—I'm thankful—that isn't likely."

"You don't mean to say as you've given up all thoughts of Susy?"

"That's just about what I do mean. And I say, mother, if you don't look sharp, you'll make mischief. Susy's got a tongue, like you have, and she'll say a lot too much. I don't want talk. I want to be let alone. There's a fuss beginning already, and Mr. Heavy don't seem best pleased with me—Mr. Stephen Heavy, of course, I mean. It isn't my fault—" as Mrs. Pyke scanned him sharply. "You needn't look at me so suspicious. But he don't seem satisfied. And if Susy and you get to your chattering—why, things 'll get to his ears, and you and I will have to clear out sharp. That's what it means."

"And you mean to go and break with Susy—just now."

"There's nothing to break. Don't go and talk nonsense. We're not bound."

"But everybody at home knew you meant to marry her; and Susy was just set upon you."

"Nobody here knows. Susy 'll have to hold her tongue."

"That's what Susy won't do," declared Mrs. Pyke. "She's got a temper of her own, and she'll show it."

"You let things alone, and I'll take care. I'll tell her I'm not going to think of marrying yet awhile. That's true enough, anyway. Wish it wasn't! But I've no chance now—except —"

"No chance of what? Whatever are you driving at?"

Fred's reply was a short uncomfortable laugh.

"And you mean to break with Susy!" repeated Mrs. Pyke, bewildered still.

"You just mind your own business, and don't have anything to say to anybody," growled Fred. "You've made mischief once with your talk. That's half why Mr. Heavy don't behave pleasant to me,—because of what you went and said to Lady Wallace. I know. She or Sir

Stephen has said something or other to Mr. Heavy. And if you and Susy get to talking all round, the place 'll soon be too hot to hold me."

"But if you was just to go on as you used with Susy—just to walk with her now and again—she'd do anything in the world you wanted, Fred."

Fred was silent. A scowl was on his face.

"There's that fellow—Forrest—gone and got engaged to Margot James at Sutton Farm—the girl that's come lately."

Mrs. Pyke giggled. "Yes—I've heard! Don't I know who'll be in a fine taking now? Mrs. Forrest, she'll be in a way, an' no mistake—she don't expect nothing of the kind. Oh no, *she* don't. She's been minded to stop as long as ever she can at Ash Farm, and didn't want her son to marry nobody. And if he was bent on marrying, why, he was to have Lavinia Handfast. Stupid quiet sort of girl, as she'd be able to manage easy. She didn't bargain for this—not she! She'll find that girl one too many for her, if I'm not mistaken. Different sort from Lavinia."

"Should just think she was!" Fred spoke with emphasis. "If I'd had a little time allowed me, I'd have cut in and carried her off under his nose. That's what I'd have done. Don't know as I mayn't get a chance yet!" The last words were muttered.

"You don't mean to say you've had a notion of marrying Margot James! You don't know her—hardly to speak to."

"Don't I?"



"O dear me, I'm an unhappy woman, that I am."—Page 199.

"Well, of course, you drove off the bull that day. And small thanks you had for that same."

"I'd thanks enough from *her*. It don't matter about her people. A stuck-up set! I'd like to get her away from him, and to pay them out too."

"You wouldn't." Mrs. Pyke nodded a wise head. "It's no wish of Mrs. Handfast to see Margot the wife of young Forrest. Oh, I know. I've got my eyes an' ears open. If you was to break off the match, it would give Lavinia a chance."

"She's welcome to any number of chances. I don't care, so as I can have my chance of Margot."

"But you can't. She's engaged to young Forrest. He isn't a man to take it easy if anybody interferes with him. You'd best let things alone, Fred; and if you do break with Susy, why, you'd be wiser if you were to look out for a girl with somethin' of her own. Margot won't have a penny, no more than Susy."

Fred jerked his shoulders impatiently. Mrs. Pyke chuckled at her own thoughts.

"I'd like to be looking in on both farms this minute," she said. "The Handfasts will be in a taking. I know that. Mrs. Handfast has wanted Owen Forrest all along for Lavinia; and so has Mrs. Forrest. It'll upset them both uncommon to have him take all of a sudden to Margot. I don't know however he's managed to keep it secret as he was after her. Nobody don't seem to have suspected—except me. I've a great mind to go an' see to-morrow how Mrs. Forrest takes it. I'd congratulate her like."

"You'd best let things alone!" Fred spoke roughly. "You're always for meddling and making mischief. It's no business of yours."

But Mrs. Pyke's conjectures were not far astray as to the prevailing mental conditions in the two farms. This was the day following that on which Margot had accepted Owen. Not till late the evening before had Owen made known his news at home. Within twenty-four hours later the whole of South Ashton knew of this fresh development.

Owen's task of "telling" had not been easy. On his way back from Sutton Farm he felt supremely happy, nursing the joyous consciousness that Margot had accepted him, that his future life meant Margot always by his side. But as he drew near to Ash Farm other thoughts pushed their way to the front. He had to inform his mother and Lily, and from that little ordeal he shrank a good deal. Though not a coward, in the usual sense of the word, he had a great dislike to "fusses." He would have done a good deal to avoid this particular "fuss"—short of giving up Margot.

The telling of his news could not be long put off. His people had a right to know his plans and prospects. Now that he was actually engaged, it would be unkind, unfair, to have concealments.

Besides, he knew that the Handfasts would speak. He had not suggested silence or even delay on their part. Probably they felt sure that his mother already knew of his intentions.

While with Margot, basking in the light of her favour, nothing else had seemed to Owen of any great importance. But the weight of his mother's probable displeasure grew and grew with each step of the homeward way, till he began to wonder at his own temerity in having acted without her consent. What if she and Lily should set themselves in determined opposition to his marriage?

It could make no difference in the end. Owen felt that he had a right to choose his own wife. He felt that he could and would marry Margot—Margot alone. He could not and would not give up Margot for the sake of any other girl. He liked Lavinia, but he did not wish to marry Lavinia. He wondered that such a marriage had ever seemed in the remotest degree possible to him. Margot only was possible now.

Still, resolute opposition from his mother and sister would be a great trouble—would make him unhappy. He realized this more and more strongly. Going indoors he felt shy and uncomfortable. It seemed out of the question to speak before supper, or during supper. Mrs. Forrest was in unusually good spirits, and she and Lily chatted cheerfully through the meal. Owen said nothing. Mrs. Forrest did not seem to remark his silence, but Lily did. Her eyes went often to his face. It puzzled her, for she could not think him unhappy; yet there was an evident constraint. Though always a silent man, he seldom failed to produce a few remarks. This evening his stillness was unbroken.

But he was slowly "screwing" his courage to the "sticking-place"; and by the close of the meal he had found resolution to speak.

"Mother, I've got something to tell you and Lily."

For once Mrs. Forrest was not thinking about his prospects.

"Whatever about?" she asked.

"I've been to Sutton Farm this afternoon. And—she's going to have me."

Owen was a genuine lover. It slipped his memory that he had been once supposed to wish for another girl at Sutton Farm for his wife.

Lily wondered and doubted. Mrs. Forrest promptly began to cry, yet with a note of relief.

"Well, I always did think it was a pity you didn't speak out," she said plaintively. "I'm sure you've gone on long enough. Not as I want you to marry in a hurry, nor as if there was need,—and I suppose you won't be wanting it neither. But she's a quiet sort o' girl. You might ha' done a deal worse—a deal worse. And they won't be in none too great a hurry to let her go."

Owen was greatly relieved. He went round the table to give his mother a grateful kiss, and she hugged him, sobbing. Lily tried to interpose. "Mother, Owen doesn't mean—" But neither listened to her.

"And of course—when the time comes—I hope it won't be yet awhile—but when it does, why, I'll be ready to do—whatever's right." Mrs. Forrest sighed, and wiped her eyes. "I'll go to my heart to leave the old place, as I've never had another home all my married life; but if it's got to be, it's got to be, an' nothin' to be said. I'll have to lay my poor old bones in—What's that, Lil? I didn't hear. You do mumble your words so. But I'd sooner have her here in my place than anybody else. She's a nice sort of a girl, and a nice bringing up. Not as I care overmuch for Mrs. Handfast. She isn't my sort. But I always did hope as you'd choose Lavinia. Eh?"

"Not Lavinia, mother. You don't understand. I thought you knew. Didn't you know—it's Margot I've been wanting?"

"Not Margot James!"

"You don't know Margot yet, mother. When you do you'll feel different. She's the best and dearest girl that ever lived."

"Margot James! And it's years and years you've been after Lavinia. And everybody think—"

"Nobody hadn't any right to think! I've not been after Lavinia—not knowingly. She couldn't have thought I was. She and I are good friends; that's all. I like Lavinia—near as much as I like

Mrs. Handfast. That don't mean marrying. I love Margot with all my heart. And so will you too, when you know her."

Mrs. Forrest was uneasily plucking at the tablecloth.

"A girl nobody had seen nothing of! I dare say she's respectable enough. That isn't everything. A girl as only came to the place the other day. And one as won't be my sort—not at all she won't. O dear me, I'm an unhappy woman,

that I am. I wish I was in my peaceful grave, and nobody to trouble me no more."

This aspiration was always the finale. It came with especial weight on the present occasion, when Owen was a little uneasy as to his own conduct. True, he was old enough to judge for himself; yet it would have been kinder if he had prepared his mother beforehand. A dislike of "fuss" had kept him silent till all should be arranged; and now perhaps Mrs. Forrest had some right to blame him. If so, she used her right to the full.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

"I WONDER

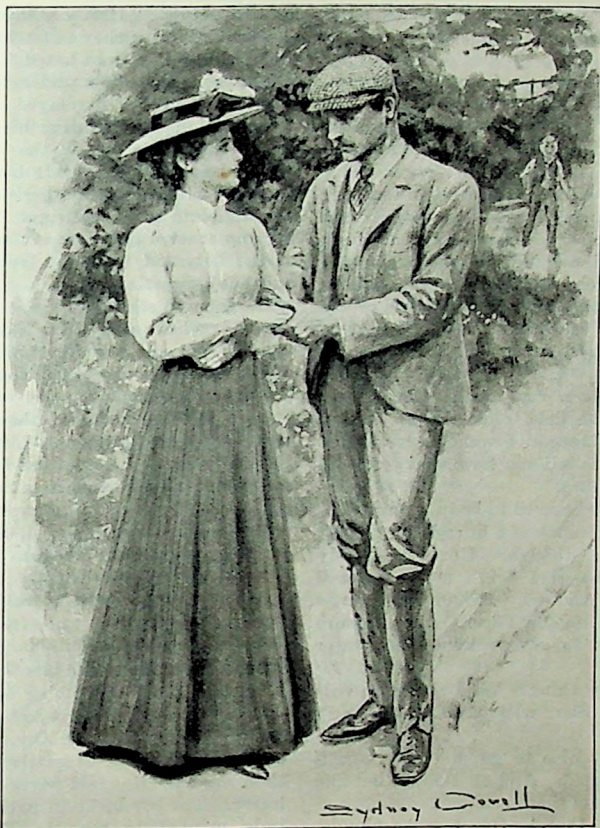
whenever was it you first began to think of me, Owen."

Owen laughed awkwardly.

"That's none so hard a question to answer. The first minute I set eyes on you."

"You're talking nonsense now. You set eyes on me first at the station, and not one of us was thinking of anything in the world except the accident."

"I was. I was thinking of you." Owen spoke



"She glanced up in his face, half-laughingly."—Page 200.

simple truth. "I've never stopped thinking of you from that time till now."

The girl looked up with pleased eyes.

"But I wasn't thinking of *you* then," she said frankly.

"I know that well enough. You just laughed at me. Margot, you don't feel like that any longer—do you? Not as if you wanted to make fun of me?"

"Why not? I like making fun of everybody."

"Not of me!"

"Yes, I do—when you say droll things. It's all I can do to keep from laughing. I can't think why you mind."

"I wouldn't mind one scrap from anybody else. It's only from—you! I sometimes wonder if you half know what you are to me."

"I shouldn't wonder if I do, though," retorted Margot.

This was the first walk they had taken together—worthy of the name. Margot's recovery had been slow. It was now several weeks since they had become engaged, and Margot was fairly well again, but she had to be careful. She was making an effort to do more this afternoon; but the pretty face already looked flushed.

"I'll have to turn back, Owen. I can't walk much farther."

"Can't you?" Owen was much disappointed.

"Well, we'll go to the field below the brook, and find a seat there. Margot, I want to say something. I want you to tell me how soon you'll be willing for the wedding."

"Not yet. There's no need to be in a hurry."

"It couldn't be too much of a hurry—for me."

"It could for me, though. Uncle said only yesterday that he hoped I didn't mean to leave them yet awhile. And why should I? I'm as happy as can be at Sutton Farm. And I'm sure your mother ought to get to know me better first."

"That's the very thing. Will she ever—till you're my wife? She will then. She can't help it."

"It isn't so very nice to go and put myself where I'm not wanted. And it'll mean her and Lily going away from the farm."

"Yes; it'll mean that." Owen spoke slowly. He had given the matter much thought, turning it well over, and viewing it from all sides. "If I thought there was a chance that it would work well, I'd have asked you to let her stop on at the farm—her and Lily. But it wouldn't do. Lily says it wouldn't do. And Lily's got sense. I'm afraid she's in the right."

"If you wanted that, I'd—I'd—do my best." Margot spoke rather faint-heartedly. Life at Ash Farm, with Owen's mother as well as Owen himself, did not look like a bed of roses.

"I know you would. I couldn't ask it of you, though. I don't think I'd like to ask that of any woman—if I loved her. I'm not blaming mother: she'd mean to do her best, and she'd think she was doing it. But it wouldn't go straight. And that's another reason why I want to fix when the wedding is to be, Margot. I've found just the very house for her and Lily; and if it isn't settled now, the house may be gone, and another mightn't be easy to find. So don't you see?"

Margot could not well help "seeing." She gave vent to a sigh. "If it's got to be, it's got to be," she said. "How they must hate the thought of me! I don't like to be hated."

"Margot, you don't understand. Not the very least." Owen was dismayed at such a view of the question. Naturally, his first desire was Margot's happiness; and the shadow on her face tried him extremely. "It isn't—hate," he said slowly. "It's only—mother's way. She always did complain of everything. I've never known her any other way. You mustn't think anything of it. Lily and I don't. We just let her go on, and don't trouble."

Margot was silent.

"And when everything's settled, she won't worry," pursued Owen. "She'll know it's no good, and she'll give in. You see, it isn't as if she was dependent on me. She and Lil's got enough to live on. And there's that house—it's the very thing for them. Lily likes it too. It'll be empty at Michaelmas, and it could be ready for them in—perhaps, in a week or two after. And if you was willing, Margot—"

He took Margot's hand, almost shyly, and looked with pleading eyes. He was slow at caresses, as with words.

A boy was running towards them along the lane. "There's Ben come after you," she said.

"Won't you say when, Margot?"

She glanced up in his face, half-laughingly.

"The thirtieth of October is my birthday," she said. "There—will that do? Yes—I mean it."

Up rushed a panting boy. Owen had barely time for one word of gratitude—a sound, rather than a word. He could never express himself in a hurry. The boy broke in with a message. Somebody wanted to see Mr. Forrest at home on business, and Mrs. Forrest had sent to Sutton Farm for him in great haste. So Mrs. Handfast had despatched Ben to hunt him out.

"I don't suppose it's anything that couldn't wait," Owen said, in disgust. "Just like Mr. Lang. He never has a grain of patience."

"You needn't wait for me. You can go back twice as fast as I can walk; and I'll get home quietly. I'd really rather," as he looked doubtful. Margot evidently spoke the truth. She seemed tired; and Owen reluctantly followed her advice.

(To be continued.)

A Word about Home and Marriage.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

I. FIRST a word about *Home*.

Young men who have gone out into the big world of business life, be sure you never forget home! Let your aim be to give joy at home, and draw home bonds tighter and tighter. Remember you are in trust with home happiness. Don't forget what a young man can do. You can make a mother's heart merry, and a "glad" father, or you can bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. So live that you may often "dream that home is heaven"; so die that you may "wake and find that heaven is home."

Cultivate home affection. Nothing will grow without cultivation—except thorns and weeds. Keep up home letters and home gifts. Trifles, into which you have thrown some personal effort or handiwork, will brighten home for many a day, and bring back the "sevenfold" blessing to the filial hearts that prompted them. Perhaps swift thought reminds some of us of "failures" when you were at home. Aim now, like Zaccheus, to "Restore fourfold." The Divine Friend who became *his* Guest shall enter your now distant dwelling-place, and though it cannot indeed be *Home*, hallowed memories, like visions of angels, shall still recall the old familiar spot.

I once was a guest at a house, between church services, and I happened to say I thought that at family prayers there always ought to be one petition for the increase of home love. I was startled when I saw two or three young men and women shedding manly and womanly tears. I was surprised: and it was presently explained to me that I had touched a very tender chord. It was a loving family, or they would not have been so sensitive; but "one was not," and memory did the rest. The love of Home should be the pole-star of the young man's life.

II. A word about *Matrimony*.

I like "a congregation of one"—though matrimony implies a congregation of two—but still "two in one." If you speak really heart to heart to one, you must reach others. Like the stone in the lake the circle widens to the shore.

I once said to a railway worker:—"I want to ask you a question you have never probably been asked before—are you a married man?" The young man looked rather astonished, but he civilly and pleasantly gave me an answer: "No, I am not, sir." "Well," I said, "I want to give you a word of advice. Remember marriage sometimes means 'married': and my word of advice is that when you kneel down every morning—I did not assume he was not in the habit of kneeling down: 'Charity hopeth all things,' and the

spirit of judgment never opens the door of the heart)—just ask God, if you are to be married, to find you a good wife." I told him, I remember, about the good Lord Shaftesbury. When his heart was yearning for a resting-place in wedded love, a settled home, and the joys of domestic life, he formed in his mind the ideal of the wife he desired to find. Then he wrote in his diary: "I pray for her abundantly. God grant me this purest of blessings!" The prayer was fully answered—all prayers are, in God's way and time—always better than ours—his ideal was found; and in after years he bore this testimony: "Often do I recollect the very words and sentiments of my entreaties to God, that He would give me a wife for my comfort, improvement, and safety. He has granted to the full *all* that I desired, and far *more* than I deserved. Praised be His Holy Name!"

I advised my railway friend—are we not all friends and brethren on life's journey?—to follow Lord Shaftesbury's example. Let me advise all young men to do the same. I hope you will all be married in due time. But don't forget what Ruskin says:—"A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with the wrong person." Only begin with "looking up," and you will go safely forward. A "help-meet" is what you want: and a help-meet is God's gift. He that findeth such a wife in such a way "findeth a good thing." But if a *mistake* is made you will have to repent at leisure. Happy the man who knows by experience the truth of Luther's words—"The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquility; to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare."

Whittier, the American poet, sings sweetly of such a wife:—

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing."

"Thy Word is Truth."

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

BY THE VERY REV. WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D., DEAN OF NORWICH.



"THAT it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them?" is an entreaty which is answered in the unfailing assurance: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

As to the necessity for our prayer that the "kindly fruits of the

earth" may be preserved, there cannot be a second opinion, when we remember that there is a striking parallel between Noah's position and that of the whole human family, a parallel which reappears every season. There is more than sufficient to sober every thoughtless man in the assurance that starvation, always within one day of thousands of our fellow-creatures, is once a year within one month of all. This crisis in the food supply is passed through every autumn. Never, it is authoritatively stated, has there been one and a half year's store of food at any one time in the world. And, further, without corn all the treasures which God has given to His creatures are worthless. The cargoes of our ships; the cotton of distant climes; the wealth of our mines, gold, silver, and precious stones; consols, shares, bonds—all are useless without the corn. The whole machinery of life would stand still but for God's early promise to the patriarch, and His annual performance of it to us. Hence we pray that "the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved to our use."

WHAT SHALL BE ON THE MORROW?

BY THE LATE BISHOP WYNNE, D.D.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."—
St. James iv. 14.

A SOLEMN mystery shrouds the future. The

scenes of life are continually changing. "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." This is a consideration for every one to take into account. It might, indeed, be dwelt on to a morbid degree. If the sower thought it not worth his while to sow because of the uncertainty of his crop: if the traveller would not make his voyage because his ship might possibly be wrecked: if the father thought it useless to educate his child because he might die before he grew up, all life's business would be paralysed. This would be a morbid use of the principle of St. James's words. Its healthy use is, I believe, at the same time stimulating and quieting. It tends to calm the storms of hope and fear that rage so wildly in the heart; and yet it is a perpetual stir to action and a caution against sloth. Perhaps you find it hard to interest yourselves in the busy practical doing of duty; perhaps prayer to God is interrupted; perhaps reading of Scripture and communion of heart with the unseen Lord seem of less interest, because you have so much to think of and to plan and speculate over with regard to your life here. If so, is it not well to have it deeply impressed on the mind, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow"? To-morrow may bring the most solemn changes—sickness, sorrow, death. "To-morrow I may be in eternity. This is a real element in my position that I ought not to overlook. It is no creation of a morbid fancy. It is no superstition.

I must know that it is perfectly self-evident. I cannot possibly calculate with certainty on having another day to live."

What are you thinking of with regard to to-morrow? What do you intend? What do you expect? This or that? Yes, but recollect—you know not what shall be on the morrow. A telegram may arrive, an accident may take place, and all your plans and purposes are scattered to the



winds. To-morrow all your life may be over; all your earthly pleasure and pain done with; all opportunities for doing anything in this world passed and gone for ever.

What then is to be the result of the consideration St. James suggests? Is it this: "Because the storm may come to-morrow and sweep away my seed, I will not sow at all"? Is it not rather this: "As I do not know whether to-morrow will be fair or foul, I shall sow what seed I can to-day"?

"Ye know not what will be on the morrow."

You know not whether it will bear for you life or death, joy or sorrow, but you know what you have to do to-day. Therefore do it with your might. Do not put off to a day that may never come what can be done in the day that has come. Is there any duty you might do at once—any effort of kindness for your brethren, for your God, that you have been thinking of, but have not yet had the energy and the determination to carry through? Then say to yourself, "I know I ought to do this, and I know not what shall be on the morrow."

"Alleluia! Alleluia!"

A HARVEST CAROL.

BY AMY S. WOODS.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Golden Harvest-tide is here!
Tokens of our Father's mercy
Now on every hand appear;
And His goodness never failing
Crowns again the fruitful year.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
To our Maker and our King
We made lowly supplication
In the days of early Spring,
That His love would bless our labours
And a plenteous Harvest bring.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Swift and sure the answer came,
Golden sheaves on hill and valley
Once again His love proclaim;
Sing with thousand thousand voices
Great and Holy is His Name.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Father, hear us when we plead,
That the Love which sends the Harvest
Still will meet Thy people's need,
That within our hearts expectant
Thou wilt sow the Heavenly Seed.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
May each heart Thy grace repay,
By Thy blessed Holy Spirit
Kept and cultured every day,
That the fruits of holy living
We before Thy Throne may lay.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesu, Lord, when Thou shalt come,
Sending forth the Angel-Reapers
At the final Harvest-Home,
Gather us within Thy garner
Never more from Thee to roam.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

COMMON PRAYER.—The term **COMMON PRAYER** is as old as Justin Martyr, A.D. 148; and does not mean, as some might think, *ordinary* prayer, but **JOINT PRAYER**, prayer in which *all can join* in praying to our common God and Saviour.—*The late Bishop Ryle.*

The Trinity.—St. Augustine tells us—no one knows *where*, but the legend has a grander significance than could result from a mere literal authenticity.—St. Augustine tells us that while busied in writing his Discourse on the Trinity, he wandered along the seashore [at Centum Cellæ, now Civita Vecchia] lost in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task? He replied that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. "Impossible!" exclaimed Augustine. "Not more impossible," replied the child, "than for thee, O Augustine! to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating!"

The Order of the Psalms.—The order in which the Psalms are arranged in that great Hymn Book of the Jewish Temple which we call the Psalter is full of interest and significance. If we wish to grasp the meaning of a psalm and profit by its message, we must not fail to observe the position which it occupies in this collection of the sacred songs of the chosen people. In our modern hymn books we do not put hymns of praise side by side with hymns of penitence, hymns for Christmas along with those for Easter or for Trinity; the contents are grouped according to well understood principles. And in even a higher degree is this true of the Hebrew Psalm Book. The arrangement not only indicates successive stages in a great national life, not only points to the familiar use of the book in the service of the sanctuary; but it was to some extent, we cannot doubt, overruled by that directing Providence under whose guidance all Holy Scriptures were "written for our learning."—*Dr. Bernard.*



From a)

GULLS FOLLOWING A SHIP

(Photograph.

Birds on Board Ship.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT,'" "IDYLLS OF THE SEA," ETC.



QUAINT and unusual experience once fell to my lot while the vessel of whose crew I was a very minor portion was slowly making her way homewards. And, as so very often happens at sea, the men were very discontented at the

absence of any dumb animals to make pets of, and often lamented what they considered to be the lonely condition of a ship without even a cat.

But we had not been out of port many days when, to our delight as well as amazement, we saw one sunny morning hopping contentedly about the fo'c's'le a sweet little blue and yellow bird, about the bigness (or littleness) of a robin. Being well out of sight of land, no one could imagine whence he came, neither did anybody see him arrive. He made himself at home forthwith, as though he had been born and bred among men and fear of them was unknown to him.

Before long many others came, all much about the same size, but of all the hues imaginable. They were all alike in their tameness, and it really was one of the most pleasant sights I ever witnessed to see those tiny, brilliant birds fluttering about our dingy fo'c's'le, or, tired out, roosting on such queer perches as the edge of the bread-barge or the shelves in our bunks. Their presence had a most elevating influence upon the roughest of us—we went softly and spoke gently, for fear of startling these delicate little visitors who were so unafraid of the giants among whom they had voluntarily taken up their abode. At meal-times they hopped about the fo'c's'le deck, picking up crumbs, and behaving generally as if they were in the beautiful glades and aromatic forests whence they had undoubtedly come. For it is hardly necessary to say that they were all land birds; and when, during a calm day, one of

them, stooping too near the sea, got wet, and was unable to rise again, Angus McManus leapt overboard after it, and rescued it from its imminent peril.

This strange development of sea-life went on for a week. And then we became suddenly aware that some large birds had arrived and taken up positions upon the upper yards, where they sat motionless, occasionally giving vent to a shrill cry. What they were none of us knew, until shortly after we had first noticed them one of our little messmates flew out from the ship's side into the sunshine. There was a sudden swish of wings, like the lash of a cane through the air, and downward, like a brown shadow, came one of the watchers from aloft, snatching in a pair of cruel-looking talons the tiny truant from our midst. Then the dullest of us realized that in some mysterious way these rapacious birds, a species of falcon, had become aware that around our ship, though 200 miles from the coast, might be found some of their natural food.

We knew our little pets were exposed to deadly peril: that these ravenous birds were carrying them off one by one, and we were apparently powerless to protect them. We could not cage them, although the absence of cages would have been no obstacle, as we should soon have manufactured efficient substitutes; but they were so happy in their freedom that we felt we could not deprive them of it. But we organized a raid among those bloodthirsty pirates, as we called them, forgetting that they were merely obeying the law of their being, and the first dark hour saw us silently creeping aloft to where they had taken their roost.

Two were caught, but the captors had something to remember their encounter by. Grasping at the birds in the darkness with only one free hand, they were

unable to prevent the fierce creatures defending themselves with beak and talons, and one man came down with his prize's claws driven so far into his hand that the wounds took many days to heal. When we had secured them, we couldn't bring ourselves to kill them, they were such handsome, graceful birds; but had they been given a choice in the matter, I make no doubt they would have preferred a speedy death rather than the lingering pain of starvation which befel them. For they refused all food, and sat moping on their perches, only rousing when any one came near, and glaring unsmiling with their bold, fierce eyes, bright and fearless until they glazed in death.

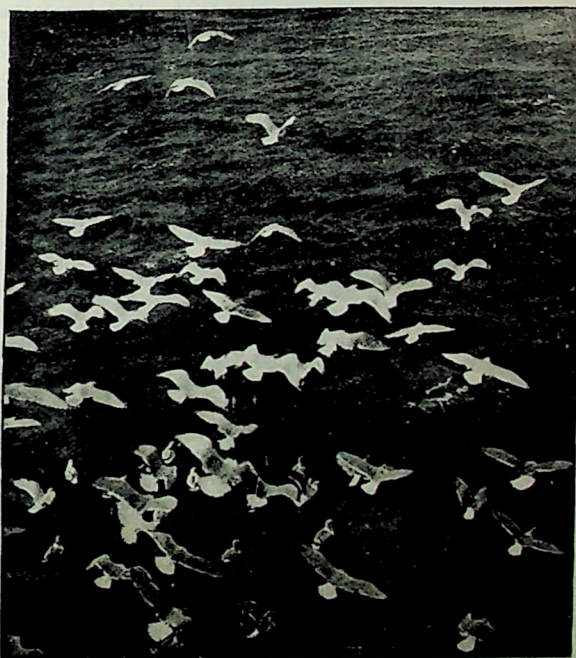
This was the only occasion upon which I have known a vessel at sea to be visited by so varied a collection of small birds, and certainly the only case I have ever heard of where land birds have flown on board and made themselves at home. When I say at sea, of course I do not mean in a narrow strait like the channel, where I should imagine passing vessels must often be visited by migrants crossing to or from the Continent. But when well out in the North Atlantic, certainly to the westward of the Azores, and out of sight of them, I have several times known a number of swallows to fly on board and cling almost like bats to whatever projections they first happened to reach. Exhausted with their long battle against the overmastering winds, faint with hunger and thirst, they had at last reached a resting-place, only to find it so unsuited to all their needs that nothing remained for them to do but die.

While making a passage up the China Sea, vessels are often boarded by strange bird visitors, and some of them may be induced to live upon such scanty fare as can be found for them on ship-board. I once witnessed with intense interest a gallant attempt made by a crane to find a rest for her weary wings on board an old barque in which I was an able seaman. We were two days out from Hong Kong, bound to Manila, through a strong south-west monsoon. The direction of the wind almost enabled us to lay our course, and therefore the "old man" was cracking on, all the sail being set that she would stagger under close-hauled.

Being in ballast, she lay over at an angle that would have alarmed anybody but a yachtsman; but she was a staunch old ship, and hung well to windward. It was my wheel from six to eight in the evening, and as I wrestled with it in the attempt to keep the old barky up to her work, I suddenly caught sight of the gaunt form of a crane flapping her heavy wings in dogged fashion to come up with us from to leeward, we making at the time about eight knots an hour. After a long fight the brave bird succeeded in reaching us, and coasted along the lee side,

turning her long neck anxiously from side to side, as if searching for a favourable spot whereon to alight. Just as she seemed to have made up her mind to come inboard abaft the foresail, a gust of back-draught caught her wide pinions and whirled her away to leeward, about a hundred fathoms at one sweep, while it was evident that she had the utmost difficulty in maintaining her balance.

Another long struggle ensued as the gloom of the coming night deepened, and the steady, strenuous wind pressed us onward. The weary pilgrim at last succeeded in fetching up to us again, and with a feeling of the keenest satisfaction I saw her work her way to windward, as if instinct warned her that in that way alone she would succeed in reaching a place of rest. Backward and forward along our weather side she sailed twice, searching with anxious eyes the whole of our decks, but fearing to trust herself thereon, where so many men were apparently waiting to entrap her. No, she would not venture, and quite a pang of disappointment and sympathy shot through me as I saw her drift away astern and renew her hopeless efforts to board us on the lee side. At last she came up so closely that I could see the laboured heaving of her breast muscles, and I declare that the expression in her full dark eyes was almost human in its pathos of despair. She poised herself almost above the rail, the vessel gave a great lee lurch, and down the slopes of the



From a]

GULLS PICKING UP SCRAPS.

[Photograph.

mizzen came pouring an eddy of baffled wind. It caught the doomed bird, whirled her over and over as she fought vainly to regain her balance, and at last bore her down so closely to the seething tumult beneath her that a breaking wave lapped her up, and she disappeared. All hands had witnessed her brave battle, and quite a buzz of sympathy went up with her in her sad defeat.

Of the few visitors that board a ship in mid-ocean, none are more difficult to account for than butterflies. I have seen the common white butterfly fluttering about a ship in the North Atlantic when she was certainly over 500 miles from the nearest land. And in various parts of the world butterflies and moths will suddenly appear as if out of space, although the nearest land be several hundreds of miles distant. I have heard the theory advanced that their chrysalides must have been on board the ship, and they have just been hatched out when seen. It may be so, although I think unlikely; but yet it is hard to imagine that so fragile a creature, associated only in the mind with sunny gardens or scented hillsides, could brave successfully the stern rigour of a flight extending over several hundred miles of sea. All that is certain about the matter is that they *do* visit the ships at such distances from land, and disappear, as if disheartened at the unsuitability of their environment.

Lying in Sant' Ana, Mexico, once, loading mahogany, I witnessed the labours of an unbidden guest that made me incline somewhat to the chrysalis theory about the butterflies. Our anchorage was some three miles off shore in the open roadstead, where the rafts of great mahogany logs tossed and tumbled about ceaselessly. They had all been a long time in the water before they reached us, and were consequently well coated with slime, which made them an exceedingly precarious footing for the slingsman, who was as often in the water as he was on the raft. One evening, as I lay in my bunk reading by the light of a smuggled candle, I was much worried by the persistent buzz that sounded very near, and far too loud to be the voice of any mosquito that I had ever been un-

happy enough to be attended by. Several times I looked for this noisy insect without success, and at last gave up the task and went on deck, feeling sure there wasn't room in the bunk for the possessor of that voice and myself.

Next day after dinner I was again lying in my bunk, resting during the remainder of the dinner hour, when to my amazement I saw what I took to be an overgrown wasp or hornet suddenly alight upon a beam overhead, walk into a corner, and begin the music that had so worried me overnight. I watched him keenly, but could hardly make out his little game, until he suddenly flew away. Then getting a light, for the corner was rather dark, I discovered a row of snug apartments much like acorn cups, only deeper, all neatly cemented together, and as smooth inside as a thimble. Presently along came Mr. Wasp, or Hornet, or whatever he was, again, and set to work, while I watched him as closely as I dared, noticing that he carried his material in a little blob on his chest between his forelegs. It looked like mud; but where could he get mud from? I could declare there was none on board under that fierce sun, and I couldn't imagine him going six miles in five minutes, which he must needs have done had he gone ashore for it.

So I watched his flight as well as I could: but it was two days before I discovered my gentleman on one of the logs alongside, scraping up a supply of slime, and skipping nimbly into the air each time the sea washed over his alighting-place. That mystery was solved, at any rate. I kept careful watch over that row of dwellings thereafter, determined to suppress the whole block at the first sign of a brood of wasps making their appearance. None ever did, and at last I took down the cells with the greatest care, finding them perfectly empty. So I came to the conclusion that my ingenious and industrious guest had been building for the love of the thing, or for amusement, or to keep his hand in, or perhaps something warned him in time that the site he had selected for his eligible row of residences was liable to sudden serious vicissitudes of climate. At any rate, he abandoned them, much to my comfort.



A Sudden Blow.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER III.

A WINTER AFTERNOON.

THE winter fairies had worked wonders in the woods and lanes of Woodrising; the dark firs stood up, tall and stately, with their glittering crowns of frost; the brown beeches rustled their dry leaves coated with silver; and if you had looked deep down to their roots, feeling among the soft, damp moss, you would have discovered the nests of those tiny green buds which were waiting patiently for the coming of the spring.

Kate Warren knew the wood-paths well, for she had traversed them from her childhood, and her old home stood on a gentle hill protected by the guardian firs. She had expected that her return would be almost sadder than her departure—as a return often is. But, to her own surprise, she had come back to find home sweeter than it ever was before.

God takes care of our deepest feelings as He does of the tiny buds. If we forget their existence, He never does. A sudden winter may fall on our lives, and we may think that every old love is frozen. But it is not so; the early love of mother and home, lowly and sweet, is hidden safely in the recesses of the heart to spring up by-and-by into a new existence.

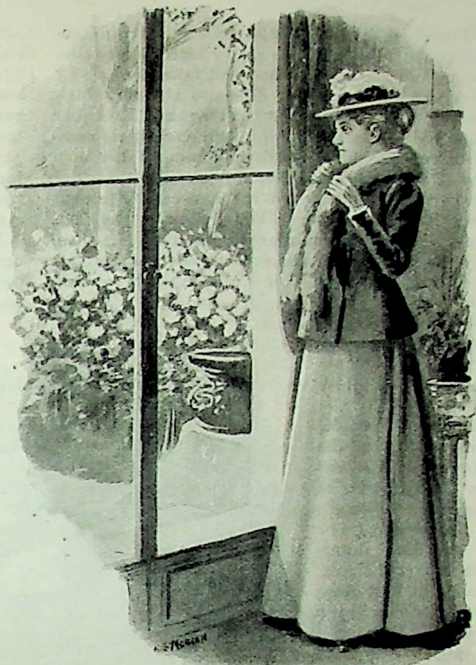
The mother and sister found that their little Kate was given back to them, to be once more the light of their eyes and the comfort of their hearts. She was no longer a creature lost in an impossible dream of selfish bliss, but a collected, whole-hearted woman, anxious to pick up all the duties she had neglected so long.

"Mother," said she, coming in from a stroll in the garden with a bright face, "our white chrysanthemums are perfectly splendid. We have never had such a show before."

"There is nothing to equal them in any of the other gardens," Mrs. Warren said contentedly. "Ned was telling me that there are only a few at the doctor's."

Kate, unfastening her fur boa, fell suddenly into a muse. For a little while she stood still, looking out absently at the long garden-alley bordered with the beautiful winter flowers, and then went quietly upstairs to her own room.

On the afternoon of the same day the doctor's wife was sitting alone by her drawing-room fire, with folded hands lying idly in her lap. She was far too miserable to do any kind of work just then. In the church some young girls had begun to put up Christmas decorations, but she could not join them, though she had always superintended on these occasions;



"Kate, unfastening her boa, fell suddenly into a muse."—Page 207.

they must get on without her as well as they could. Never in all her days had she known such a wretched Christmas as this. And the worst of it was, that she had only herself to blame for the wretchedness.

Yes, she was accountable for all. Like too many masterful women, she had tried to manage a matter which should be left to God alone. Only the Father of souls knows how to bring the right pair together. She had not rested until she had married her sister to Philip Chilton, and now she had to bear the bitter reproaches of the deserted wife.

Her mother, too, had said some of the hardest things that she had ever heard. "This is all your doing, Florence! From your early girlhood you always wanted to arrange everything for everybody. No one could have a will of his own when you were near. You have often made me do things which my very soul abhorred, and now you have dragged poor Margaret into this dreadful marriage. Don't tell me that she was willing to be dragged! You lured her down to Woodrising, and made her see that man every day; and I believe you told him to propose to her. Now she is left with a broken heart and a blighted life."

These words were ringing in Mrs. Browne's ears as she sat cowering over her drawing-room fire, and she felt that she should remember them to her dying day. Hitherto she had prided herself on her successful management; but now all former successes would

be swallowed up by this stupendous failure. Moreover, in her own fashion, she really loved her mother and sister, and the misery that had fallen so heavily on them was crushing her down to the very dust. She could never lift up her head again. Even her husband, indulgent as he was, had very little comfort to give her. The match had been of her own making from beginning to end.

It was the first time in all her easy life that Florence Browne had ever had a slap in the face. Some people get a great many slaps, and take them meekly, knowing that the smart does not last for ever. But to her this blow was positively an unbearable thing.

And then, quite suddenly, she thought of Kate Warren. How unreasonably she had always disliked the girl and her people, and how unkindly she had behaved to them! When the rumours of Philip's attachment to Kate had reached her ears, she had determined to part the pair. What right had Kate to aspire to a high position? With all her might she had plotted and planned to sweep the girl aside—anywhere into oblivion—and she had been a proud woman on the day which crowned her schemes with success and saw her sister engaged to Philip Chilton.

Well, Kate's turn had come. Some one had mentioned in Mrs. Browne's hearing that she had returned from a long visit to distant relations, looking fresher and fairer than she had ever done before. Surely the thought of a crushed enemy, as well as an escaped danger, had made that girlish beauty bloom anew! It was hard enough for Mrs. Browne to meet her acquaintances of every day, but it would be a thousand times worse to face the triumphant gaze of a happy Kate.

Just at this moment the door opened, and the doctor looked in.

"Florence," he said kindly, "the Rector has just asked me if you will be able to give a glance at the decorations. The girls are working on as well as they can, but they want a few hints, you know."

"Oh, William! I can't go near them; don't ask me. I'm a wicked woman, I suppose, but I feel at present as if I hated to see girls. They remind me so miserably of poor Margaret and her girlhood."

"But they are going to be happy wives some day, I hope," said the doctor, trying to cheer her.

"Don't say that, William!" she cried, wringing her hands. "My mother said yesterday that Margaret would have been a happy wife if it had not been for me."

Mr. Browne realized his own helplessness very forcibly at that instant. If his wife were ever to be uplifted and comforted some one else must do it. He sighed heavily as he closed the door and went away.

When he was gone she crouched over the fire again, and shivered as if she had been struck by a cold blast. There was not the faintest ray of sunshine on the path that lay before her feet.

Her husband was a good man, beloved by all, and happy in his work; but the whole parish had regarded Mrs. Browne's doings with quiet disapproval. "She lived too much for this world," they said; and not even her lavish generosity to the poor could atone for her arrogance. Everybody in Woodrising had secretly sympathised with the Warrens, and no one's heart seemed to ache for the doctor's wife in her humiliation.

She was sitting with her back to the light, and did not see a graceful young figure pass the window, laden with a large basket of chrysanthemums; but presently the sound of voices in the hall attracted her attention. Could it be possible that James, the new page, was letting

some one in? She thought that he had been strictly charged not to admit any caller that day.

But James, who was a muddle-headed lad, proceeded to usher a young lady into the room, announcing her by an impossible name which his mistress did not hear. How could she hear anything when the girl, whose face she had positively dreaded to see, was standing before her, bright and beautiful, but a little surprised at being brought straight into her presence? In a vague way she began to comprehend what Kate was saying.

"I did not intend to come in, Mrs. Browne. I only brought some of our chrysanthemums, thinking you might use them in the decorations."

"You are very kind," said the doctor's wife mechanically. "Pray sit down. I am not very well, and cannot superintend the decorating as usual."



"Proceeded to usher a young lady into the room."—Page 203.

"I shall be very happy to go and help," said Kate, suddenly remembering that she had not been wanted as a helper last Christmas. "May I leave a few of these chrysanthemums with you, Mrs. Browne? They are unusually fine this year, so people tell us."

Something rose in Mrs. Browne's throat, and made it difficult to utter a reply. This girl, whom she had dreaded, was really anxious to be kind. All at once she realized that it was not an enemy who sat there, but a friend, who was ready to give her the balm of healing. It was such an overwhelming surprise that it checked her speech, and made her heart swell with a new sensation. Kate, who had flushed a little, was bending her sweet face over the basket, and picking out a few of the most perfect flowers.

"It is very good of you to think of me," said a voice that was strangely unlike Mrs. Browne's usual tones. "I have not deserved this kindness. You cannot forget that I have treated you ill; but—you know how we are all suffering"—she added almost incoherently. "You have heard everything, of course."

"I have heard things that have made me deeply sorry for you," Kate answered with great gentleness. "My mother and Amy are full of sympathy. We pray that God may help and comfort you."

"Ah, my child, you must have needed His comfort yourself!" exclaimed the doctor's wife, with tears in her eyes.

"I did need it, and I found it," replied Kate tenderly. "And you will find it, too,—I am sure you will. It is never long withheld from us, but at first we are too blind to see the Hand that is held out. Dear Mrs. Browne, I did not know I was going to speak so plainly; you will forgive me if I have said too much!"

She got up as she spoke, and Mrs. Browne rose too. In the next moment the proud woman had taken the girl into her arms, and had kissed her with real affection.

"He has sent His comfort through you, Kate," she said humbly. "Pray come to see me again; you are the only one who has done me any good."

And as Kate went out into the fading light of the winter afternoon, she recalled some words that Janet Murray had once spoken. "We never know what we carry with the simplest gift," she had said. "A few dainties for the sick, a few flowers to the sad, we cannot tell how richly One can add His grace to our poor offering. This is one reason why it is more blessed to give than to receive; the giver is truly the messenger of God."

Then she walked on to the church, and cheered the workers with her kindly praise. The chrysanthemums, of course, were just the very things that were wanted to brighten the heavy masses of greenery. There was a dearth of flowers; people had not cared to despoil their gardens and green-

houses for the decorations; somehow, the girls had been afraid that it would be a dull Christmas. The cloud seemed to have spread its shadow till it rested on the whole parish. It was a pleasure to see Miss Warren's bright face; they were all quite tired of whisperings and gloomy looks.

"We must make more than ever of the great Festival," said Kate. "If the present is sad, 'let us go back even unto Bethlehem.' Just think how much sadder the world would be if its Redeemer had not been born and cradled in a manger! Don't spare the chrysanthemums; I'll bring another basketful to-morrow."

So it came to pass that the little time-worn church blossomed into wonderful beauty, and gladdened the eyes of the worshippers on Christmas Day. No one had ever seen such graceful wreaths and charming sprays in this out-of-the-world place. And one or two did verily realize the reason of this beauty, and knew that the decorators had put a meaning into every detail. They had worked hard, because they longed to bring home the joy of Christmas to every heart which throbbed under those old Gothic arches; and no holy effort, no earnest thought, is ever left unblessed.

(To be continued.)



"She turned into the church, and cheered the workers with her kindly praise."—Page 209.

Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON.

VII. CHURCH CHESTS, ALMS-BOXES, AND CHAINED BOOKS.



POOR BOX, POLING, SUSSEX.

A CHEST in which to deposit the churchwardens' books and documents appears to have been provided in most churches in the days of old. In some churches we may see two. In York Minster two chests are still preserved.

The earliest chests were made out of solid blocks of wood, and their lids were but little more than the half of a tree trunk sawn lengthways, and cut to the requisite size. The lid of a chest in Hadleigh Church is composed in this manner of a length of half of a trunk of English oak. We have several examples

of these rough and strong depositories. Later, they were fashioned more carefully and enriched with ornamental ironwork; and others were elaborately carved. Generally, they had several locks. Occasionally, churchwardens had their names or initials carved upon them. The ironwork is interesting in its masterly simplicity, telling of other times and other manners, and bringing to mind the information in the Book of Genesis that Tubal Cain, the son of Zillah and Lamech, was the instructor of every artificer in brass or iron. There were long hinges spreading across the whole width of the lid, with strong padlocks in some cases, and ornamental locks in others.

A chest at Mortlake is made of walnut inlaid with ebony and boxwood; others, as at Empingham, near Stamford, are of cedar; but oak is the material generally used. In St. Michael's, Coventry, the handsome chest, among other ornament, has two figures in the centre of the front that have been thought to represent the king and queen who invested the ancient city with its legend of Peeping

Tom. Some reference to the woeful hunting of Chevy Chase may have been in the mind of the carver of the large chest in St. Michael's, Alnwick, on which is depicted a hunting scene. For the most part, however, geometrical designs have been chosen by the carvers. There is a chest in St. John's, Glastonbury, that is several hundreds of years old. It is rather more than six feet long. The front is carved with six cusped arches, which rest on six others that are inverted below them (like shadows in water), and the legs are carved with an ornament called dog-tooth: that is the warrant for assigning it the great age mentioned. Above the row of arches are several shields painted in colours, showing these chests sometimes passed into the hands of artists in heraldry. Though generally kept in the vestry, they may be sometimes seen in a disused corner of the sacred edifice, or in the chamber on the first stage of the tower.

The earliest alms-chests, or alms-boxes, or poor-man's boxes, as they were sometimes called, were also hewn out of solid blocks of wood, and furnished with lids of similar strength. Some of them, too, had more than one lock. One at Clynog, in North Wales, made out of one piece of oak, has three locks. It is called St. Bueno's chest, and its strength has passed into a proverb. When speaking doubtfully concerning the success of a difficult project, it is not unusual for the objectors to say, "You may as well try to break up St. Bueno's chest." There is another in Llanaber Church, near Barmouth, and one at Dolwyddelan that is a beam set on end, with a metal cup to receive the money, which falls into a receptacle, to which access is obtained by a small door securely locked. But like the larger chests, they were eventually made much more ornamental with good carved work. The position in which they are placed varies. They are sometimes affixed to a pillar, sometimes to a wall, occasionally raised on a stem, or placed on a bracket, and in several instances they may be seen fastened on to the capping of pews of easy access. Ironwork is also applied to them, and at St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford, this is spread out and trained up the wall plant-fashion. The mottoes affixed to these boxes, or close to them, are additional items of interest. These often say, "Remember ye poor." One at Poling, Sussex, says: "Praye re-



ANCIENT CHEST IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

member the poore." An Elizabethan example, dated 1591, in Bramford Church, Suffolk, has this verse:—

"Remember the poor: the Scripture doth record

What to them is given is lent unto the Lord."

One at North Mimms says, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord." They are frequently mentioned in the accounts of the churchwardens. In those of All Saints', Hereford, there is a charge, for instance, of sixpence, in 1636, "for mending the poore man's box," and an entry before that, in 1630, in which a key for "the poore man's box" was required.

In quiet, shadowy nooks in our old churches, we may often notice a book chained to a lectern, or desk, or table, or to a bracket fastened to the wall. In some instances there are a great many volumes ranged on shelves, and chained to them with light iron chains. These are relics of the days when books were very costly, and scholarship was scarce. In All Saints', Hereford, there are nearly three hundred of them in a small chamber, to which access is gained from the church. In the cathedral in the same city there is a very valuable collection. The chains are between three and four feet long. Many of these books are of an antiquity before the art of printing was invented. One manuscript is more than a thousand years old. It is part of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Some others are examples of early printing, in Venice and Nuremberg, and have their chains fastened to their original wood covers; and the whole library is a possession of the greatest price. Wimborne Minster has more than two hundred volumes. One of these is a manuscript of the date 1313. Another is a copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, which has the extra interest of having passed through the hands of Matthew Prior, the poet, who, unhappily, let his candle fall upon it and burn a hole through a hundred of its pages. (It must be added to his credit that he repaired these holes by covering them with paper, on which he wrote the missing words.) Melton Mowbray Church has about twenty chained to a



READING A CHAINED BIBLE IN THE OLD TIMES.

round table; Horncastle several; Bridlington four; Stratford-upon-Avon, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Canterbury Cathedral have one example each. Sometimes they are Bibles; at others homilies, or works like Jewel's "Apologie," or his "Replie to Mr. Hardinge's Ansvveare." They help us to feel, like all the other details of our sacred edifices, the pleasant link of continuity between old times and our own.

The Temperance Platform.

A Railway
Signalman.

"HOW long have you been on the line?" a clergyman asked one of the most trusted servants of the South-Western Railway. "Thirty-three years, sir," was the answer; "and during that time have seen very much of the good effects of temperance work amongst my fellow-servants. In the first three and a half years thirty men were either discharged or reduced through their drunken habits. I have been an abstainer myself for twenty-seven years, and can testify to the benefit of the principle. There are five signalmen here who are total abstainers, and one-third of the other servants

are also free from the drink. The driver who has just passed in the up train is a stalwart teetotaler, and weighs over eighteen stone. He is an active worker in the cause, and addressed a Sunday School Band of Hope yesterday four miles from here.

Testimonies. Richard Cobden declared that "the Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reforms." Lord Rosebery says:—"If the State does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the State."



WHEN OWLS
HOOT.

A PEACEFUL evening, darkness falling gently over a country of green woods and fields varied here and there by patches of golden corn or an orchard whose trees are burdened with ruddy fruit—the light is dim, blurring the outlines of the hills and trees till we lift our eyes from the earth to watch for the lighting of Heaven's lamps. As we look up, a dark mysterious form passes: swiftly and noiselessly overhead, wheeling around, disappearing and reappearing in eerie silence, broken suddenly by a piercing shriek that dies away in a moaning cry, making one start and turn with the vague expectation of looking upon some gruesome creature that haunts this lonely spot. Nothing is to be seen; and everything around is now dark and gloomy. The waving branches and gentle sighing of the wind might suggest every imaginable horror, stealthy footsteps, prowling beasts, or other less dangerous foes.

However, we soon discover that these sounds proceed from a more substantial source, in fact from the owls that have passed the day sleeping in a sombre and retired part of the wood and now appear ready for the chase, welcoming the darkness with plaintive and discordant cries. Concealed, we take the opportunity of watching these birds which are the more interesting to us because of their little idiosyncrasies and habits so different from those of other, and perchance more familiar, feathered friends.

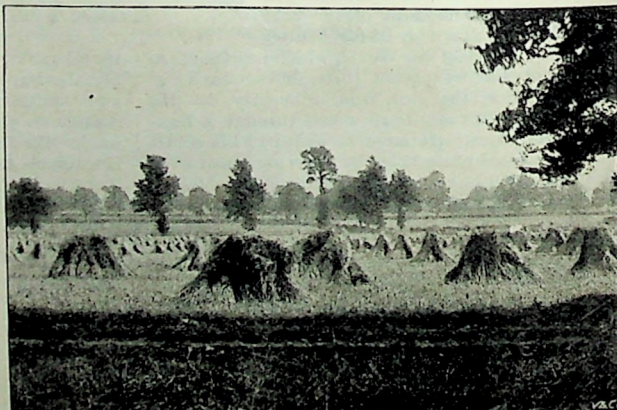
In every way these birds are admirably adapted to their own peculiar mode of life, that of turning night into day, a habit not indulged in without reason: for at this time the field-mice and shrews are to be found abroad.

Feathered Moonlighters.

BY D. M. A. BATE.

These, together with voles, bats, and occasional small birds, form the staple diet of our "feathered moonlighters": for such they are indeed to many a small inhabitant of the fields and hedgerows. In fine still weather, it would be impossible for any ordinary bird to approach such sharp-eared prey as mice; the owls, happily for them, are provided with wonderfully soft plumage, that enables them to steal noiselessly upon their unconscious quarry. The slightest movement in the grass below is instantly noticed by their large round eyes, that are cat-like at night but in the daytime stare unseeingly upon the world, and, blinking in the sunlight, give these birds such an air of "wise stupidity."

Most of my readers will be surprised to hear that owls cannot see in pitch darkness. But their remarkable powers of sight help them to see more clearly than other birds and animals at dusk: and by moonlight they prefer to take their nightly flight abroad. The doleful hoot re-echoes through the still night; and the noiseless flight of the bird has given it many opportunities for scaring defenceless human beings out for an evening stroll.



IN HARVEST TIME.

Doubtless it is their nocturnal habits and weird unearthly cries that in olden times, and even later, caused these birds to be superstitiously regarded by the ignorant as having communication with the spirit world, and as such only to be spoken of round a blazing fire when all the doors and shutters were firmly closed. They still have to suffer persecution from ideas hardly more enlightened, although different; we allude to those of the gamekeeper and farmer who either do not, or will not know that they are exterminating useful friends that by night, as the kestrel by day, keep down the hordes of rats, mice, and voles that otherwise would commit such frightful havoc among the crops.

It is to be hoped that this needless and shortsighted policy will soon be given up. Much can be done towards this end if landowners will only exert themselves in its favour before it is too late, and the owls have been sacrificed to the ignorance of the farmer and the vanity of the keeper anxious to show a large head of so-called vermin destroyed on the estate. In the British Isles we have several species of these nocturnal birds of prey, among which

the brown owl, the barn owl, the long-eared owl, and the short-eared owl, are all pretty generally distributed, although, according to Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, the wood, or brown owl has not been met with in Ireland. This bird has a hard time: for not only is it relentlessly persecuted by human foes, but on showing its face in the daytime, is immediately mobbed by a chattering, screaming crowd of small birds, headed by the noisy blackbird, presumably taking revenge for the deaths of friends and relations, when their enemy is helpless and unable to retaliate. The brown owl frequents well-wooded districts, spending the daytime sleeping in

some dark corner, and making its home in a hollow tree or appropriating an old magpie's nest or squirrel's drey in which to rear its young. It is in this last situation that I have most frequently found the eggs, which are the size of a small hen's, white, and two in number. It is asserted by some authors that two more eggs are laid directly the first pair are hatched, showing that even the birds value economy of labour,

causing their young to assist in the incubation of a second family.

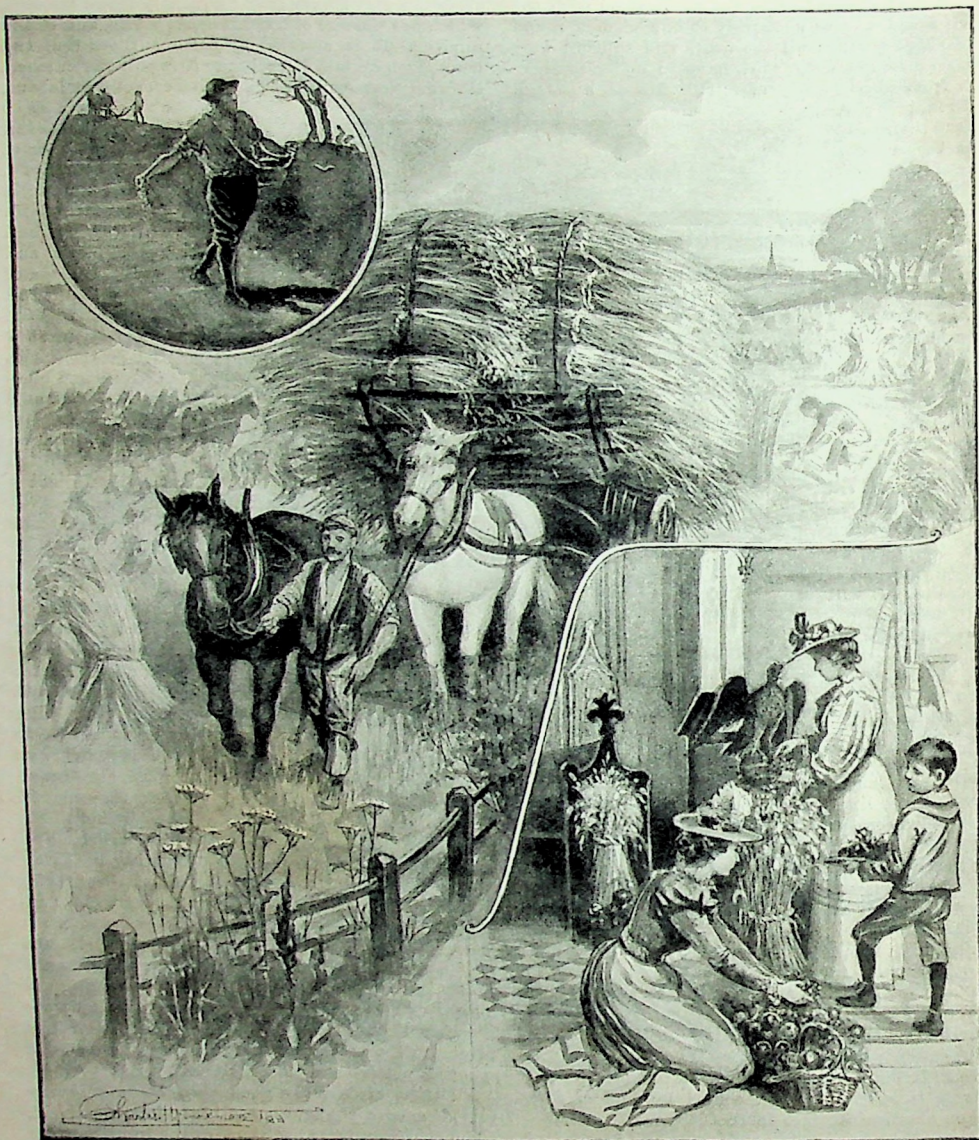
The barn owl is a handsome bird, with its white face, brilliant eyes and downy plumage of softly blended white and buff, delicately marked with deeper shades of tawny and blue-grey. As its name indicates it frequents human dwellings, often sleeping in sheds and outhouses, at night waging war against the tribes of mice always to be found in barns and stacks of corn. At many a country house and old castle a pair of these birds will, if unmolested, build year after year in a hole in the ivy-clad wall or ancient tower. Here they may be seen by moonlight gambolling and playing in the air above the tangled garden with its unclipped yews, moss-grown dial, and maze of thorns and

briars, where once "my lady" tripped along the gravel walks, stooping to pluck a rose on her way to the round pool filled then with clear water and bright fish, now choked and hidden by a mass of stinging nettles and noxious weeds.

All these birds make good pets, becoming very tame if caught young, especially the long-eared owl, which is particularly handsome owing to its long ear tufts and orange-coloured eyes. Besides this they can be made of great use in a garden; we know a tame brown owl that in summer sits all day long in a cherry tree, its presence most effectually preventing any small birds from feasting upon the ripening fruit.



THE BARN OWL.



HARVEST HOME.

Specially drawn for this Magazine by CHARLES H. FINNEMORE.

The Young Folks' Page.

A MOTHER'S BOY.



MERCHANT wanted a boy in his establishment, and quite a crowd of applicants appeared. He therefore inserted this advertisement to sift them: "Wanted—A boy who always obeys his mother." The next day only two lads applied for the place. Would I have been one of them?

ONLY TRIFLES.

WHEN Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, was employed on one of his noblest works of art, a friend called in to see him, and during his visit expressed great surprise at finding his status apparently just the same as when he had seen it a few weeks before. "Stay, my friend," said the artist, "I can assure you I have been hard at work upon it since I saw you last; I have deepened this furrow in the brow, and slightly depressed the eyelid; I have added another line to the mouth, and—" "Yes, yes," said his friend, "I see all that, but they are trifles." "That is true," replied M. Angelo, "still it is these trifles which make perfection, and do you call perfection a trifle!"

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And little boys never are called from play?
Ho! hey! it's far away
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told, "It is time for bed,"
Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,
Where knots never pull when they comb your head?
Then ho! hey! you must live away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pie,
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You may drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-Man's Land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.
And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

ELLA WHEELER.

"TAKE IT IN TURNS."

SHALL I tell you a secret—how not to quarrel? I heard the advice once given to a man and his wife who had quarrelled. A gentleman said: "Never be angry both of you together"—both at once. Remember that rule in life. "Never be angry both at once. Give him his turn first; when he has done, you begin. Take it in turns." You try that rule. Take it in turns to be angry. Never be angry two at once.—C. B.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHICH parable did our Lord seem to teach was the easiest of all?
2. What was the earliest thing promised by God to man?
3. What city is called "the golden city"?
4. Which was the only Church from which St. Paul accepted pecuniary help?
5. Where is mention made of his sister?
6. Who wrote, as a student of nature, upon fishes?
7. What Psalm names together three saints as eminent in prevailing prayer?
8. Name two who had three daily times of prayer.

A BRAVE BOY.

A LITTLE boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said his bad companion, "for if your father should find out that you have taken them he is too kind to hurt you." "Ah," said the brave little fellow, "that is the very reason why I would not touch them; for though my father would not hurt me, yet I should hurt him by my disobedience."



"HOLD FAST BY YOUR SUNDAYS."

THIS is the very book for boys, and it is equally good for girls—in fact, for every one. It used to be a half-crown volume, and the *Standard* says: "It is a charming and cheery story for the Day of Rest." It has now been published, under the same title, with other papers, as the second *News* "Million Penny Number," and the tale is illustrated with fine engravings. The first "Million" Penny Number of *The News*, "*Guard your Sundays*," has reached a record circulation of 310,000 copies.

One hundred copies of either Number can be had for 6s. by any Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. All would sell at once if seen, and probably each would thus reach 1,000 Readers. In one parish, St. Paul's, Stratford, E., the Rev. W. H. Hewett, the Vicar, ordered 3,000 copies, and all were wanted and paid for. Let all Sunday Scholars see what they can do, and the "Million" of each Number will soon be sold. Every scholar who sells 100 shall have a free copy of an eighteenpenny book—"The Queen's Resolve," or "*Sunrise in Britain*."

Orders should be sent at once to the Publisher, Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

9. Who cried unto the Lord in prayer all night?
10. Where do we learn that Jacob's "wrestling" was prayer?

ANSWERS (See JULY No., p. 167).

1. Matt. xvii. 9.
2. Gen. xvi. 7; Jud. xiii. 3.
3. Exod. vii. 7.
4. Lev. x. 3; Num. xvi. 22, 47; Ps. xcix. 6.
5. Exod. iv. 14.
6. Heb. vii. 23, 28.
7. Exod. xxxii.; Num. xii., xx.
8. Gen. ii. 21; xv. 12; 1 Sam. xxvi. 12.
9. 1 Kings xiii. 24; xx. 36.

Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA-ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES," "KING BABY," ETC.

IX. METHOD IN THE HOME.

IF I were asked what is the greatest want in most homes in the present day, I should unhesitatingly say "method." A want of method is responsible for much discomfort, distress, overwork, and uncomfortableness. Unpunctual meals. Late rising. Procrastination. These all follow in the train of thoughtlessness. Method simply means thoughtful attention to trifles carried out in details.

"A little thing is a little thing.
But faithfulness in little things is
A very great thing."

A want of method implies unfaithfulness in little things.

Some people are methodical by nature. They like the work of the day cut and dried before them. They plan out what they will do to-day and this day week. They let nothing interfere with their plans. But, as we all know, "the best laid plans of mice and men are apt to go astray!" Such folks are not really wise. Method must be elastic to be successful.

One day, asking a most successful Haus Frau the secret of her method in keeping so happy a home, she answered, "I have no secret except the habit and method of doing what every one wants without delay." Now, in order to have time to do this, we must have method in our work.

A great help to this is to understand exactly what we have to do. Those who keep servants generally write out a weekly list of their duties. I always have such in my own house. At a glance, then, Sarah or Polly can see what the day's routine is to be.

Some such list should be nailed on the wall of every kitchen. We see then what special work is on hand for any special day. Of course there is a routine to be followed every day. Stairs must not be allowed to collect two days' dust on them. Being close to the front door they are more liable to get dirty than any other part of the house. Every morning they should be swept down with a soft brush and dusted with a damp cloth.

Then, every room in a house must be turned out once a week. If done one at a time this comes into the usual day's routine. Which room is due to be done we see by referring to our list. I append an ordinary one to show what I mean.

"Monday. Rise at 7 a.m. Put down steeped oatmeal for breakfast as soon as fire is alight. Sweep out parlour and lay breakfast table. Wake up children (Mary's turn for a bath). Ring prayer bell, 8 a.m.

Nine o'clock. Open windows of bedrooms and turn down beds to air. Clear away and wash up breakfast things.

Ten o'clock. Prepare and put down stew or curry made from remnants of Sunday's dinner. Go up, make beds and tidy rooms. Turn furniture out of best bedroom. Loop up curtains and cover all with dust cloths.

Eleven o'clock. Peel potatoes thinly, scrape carrots or peel turnips (thickly); put on water to boil them in and put milk pudding in oven for dinner.

Twelve o'clock. Take tea leaves (previously left to drain on wire basket in sink); twig out bedroom, leaving dust to settle till after dinner. Put on vegetables.

One o'clock. Dinner time.

Two o'clock. After clearing away dinner things, stack plates, leave greasy dishes to soak in soda and water. Fill kettle and go to lie down for half an hour.

Half-past two. Wash up dinner things. Dust bedroom.

Three o'clock. Lay afternoon tea things. Go out with baby till half-past four.

Half-past four. Tea. Play round with chicks till

Six o'clock. Supper.

Bed, nine o'clock."

Of course every day brings its special room to be cleared out. But the list given illustrates what I mean.

A large allowance must be made for accidental circumstances. The house I had to manage was a specially large one. But all are not clergymen's wives. So you are not so much at the mercy of outside calls. In fact, in ordinary homes, the time before early dinner may be safely reckoned on as your own. The children's return from school heralds in a different regime. Every methodical woman will leave a certain portion of time in the afternoon for participation in her children's amusement. We know the old saying, "Busy folk have most time," and I am sure you will find that method in your household affairs will leave you plenty to amuse the family. If it does not, your interpretation of method must be faulty. "Common tasks need all the energies of a trained intellect to bear upon them." You must bring intelligence to bear upon the list of daily work. It must include, as I have said in another paper, a proper and definite season for rest and recreation.

Generally, in tabulating the day's routine you will be surprised how small a list you have to make out. The tasks we talk so much about can be rendered quite light if we go about them scientifically. For instance, dust must always be collected with a damp cloth, instead of being flicked from place to place with a feather brush. It will then be done once for all, instead of requiring attention in another half-hour's time. It must be done thoroughly; it will then not need to be done again in a hurry.

Work must also be done neatly. When a pile of dresses have to be removed, put them in their proper places at once. I have seen a person take a lot of garments and lay them on a bed whilst sweeping a room. Then, the next thing comes when dust sheets are slipped off. Those same gowns have then to be shaken and put away in the wardrobe. This essentially lengthens labour. In clearing a room, place gloves and veils in the drawers reserved for them, suspend dresses

on their proper hooks, fold up and put away the things not in use at the bottom of a press, those hourly required at the top. You will be astonished at the saving of time effected.

Method in work recognises the need of tools to do it with. To spend an hour in tickling a dusty carpet with a worn-out twig is not so economical as to invest in a new one. To scrape vegetables with a rusty knife takes double the time that a sharp one keeps for the purpose would do. Not to lay in a supply of washing soda or ammonia, tends to weariness in getting rid of grease. To try and keep a house sweet without a due allowance of dusters, glass and crockery cloths, is setting ourselves at the impossible. To wash without a scientific supply of soap, vinegar, ammonia, starch, blue, and wax is to court disaster.

Every week such things should be looked after, and an afternoon set apart for household shopping. An artificial memory, in the shape of a list, must accompany us on this walk. It will prevent us forgetting the most important thing!

Method in keeping accounts is a great help. About these I can give but little advice. I am a very bad hand at accounts. In fact, as I told my old governess the other day, my education was sadly neglected in that respect or, at least, I never profited by it. All the same, I suffer so much by my inability to keep methodical accounts, that I advise every young housewife to give her whole mind to the subject until she has mastered it.





Pyreside.

A LIVING NOTE: THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

PRAY, for thou art a living note,
 Within the glad and golden chain
 Which binds together realms remote,
 And girds them with one holy strain.

Praise, for the humblest voice is sweet,
 Eternity is mixed with thine;
 And without thee were not complete,
 Shorn of a music all Divine.

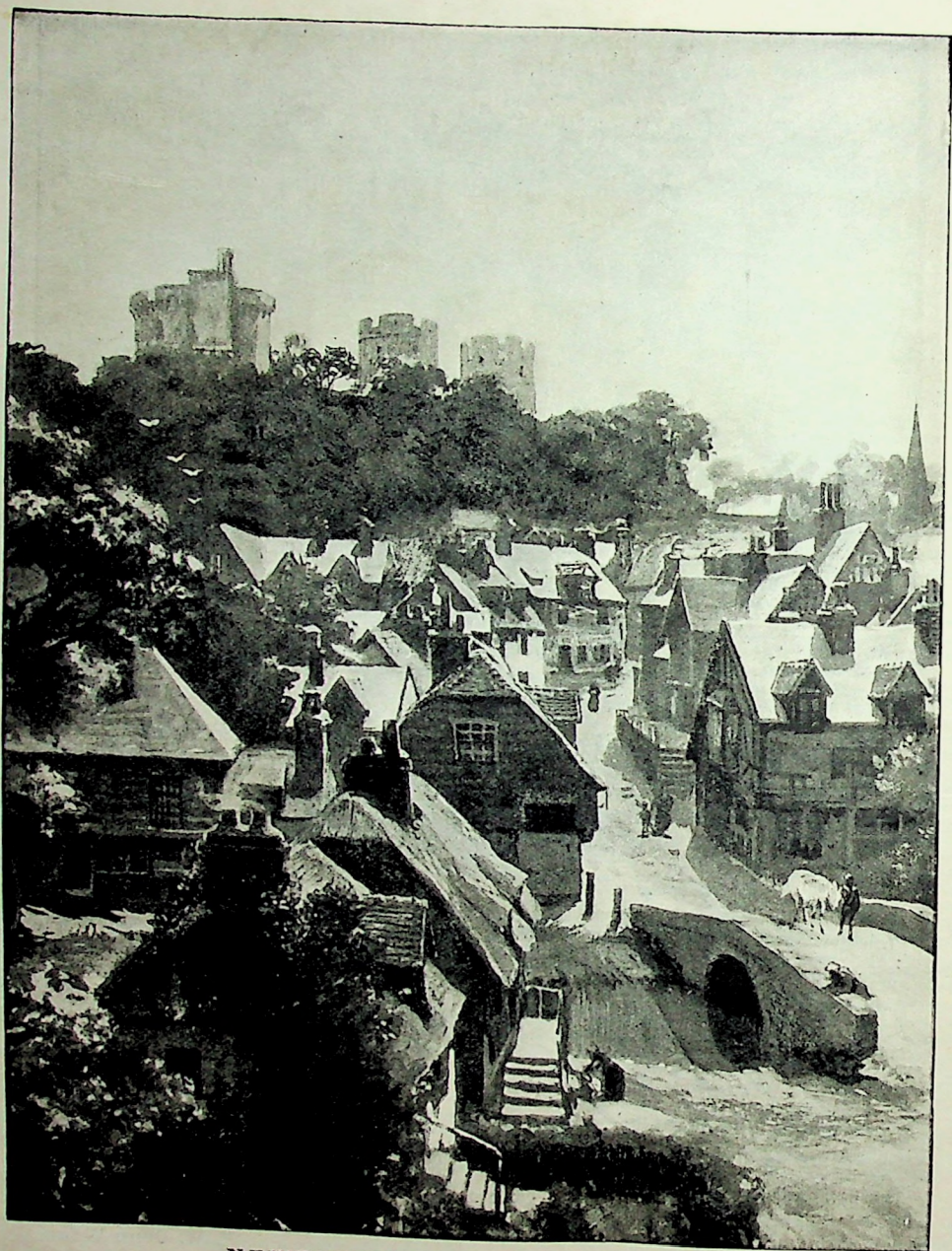
Work, while it is the toiler's day,
 Ere reckoning comes that tarries not;
 Thy lowliest effort is a ray
 To lighten some poor labourer's lot.

Bear, thine and even a brother's load,
 Though it may bruise the weary head;
 That is thy cross upon the road,
 And it shall carry thee instead.

Fight, should the call of Duty bid,
 As if God's kingdom leant on thee;
 So shalt thou do what Jesus did,
 And make poor captive spirits free.

Love, with a faith that cannot tire,
 Although it be thy latest breath;
 It mingles with the Heavenly Fire,
 Which only keeps the world from death.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

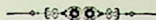


NEWCASTLE IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

"Newcastle is emphatically the useful city."—Page 229.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INTERVIEW.

THE boy pelted off, over field and ditch to Sutton Farm, and Owen disappeared along the road which led to Ash Farm. Margot walked a few more paces, in a lagging style, then she sat down on a felled trunk, and waited. Limbs and muscles declined to work further.

Somebody else was coming. Brisk steps and a clear whistle reached her ears. Margot remained so still that the new-comer all but passed her by. She was half hidden from the road by a clump of blackberry bushes, well-laden with ripening fruit. As he approached she was invisible, and had he not turned after passing the clump, he would not have seen her. But he did turn.

"Why—I declare!" he exclaimed.

It was Fred Pyke. The two had not met for speech since the day of the bull adventure. Margot had seen Pyke and Pyke had seen Margot, in the distance, several times; but always somebody from Sutton Farm had been with her, and Pyke had not cared to invite a rebuff. This was his first chance of a word alone with Margot. He did not fail to use it.

"Anything the matter?" he asked, coming up, with hand held out, and the air of an assured friend.

Margot's instant thought was that Owen would

not like this. She knew that he disliked both Pyke and his mother. Yet she owed something to Pyke. He had saved her from, at least, a terrifying position—from what she had believed to mean serious danger to herself, and at the cost of what she believed to have meant danger to himself. Despite her involuntary recollection of what Owen might think, she welcomed Pyke with a smile. Pyke, being a vain man, attached to the smile more meaning than it deserved.

He took a seat, with an air of confidence, upon the log by her side, and remarked, "I'm afraid you're not well yet. I've heard of your being ill."

"Not really ill—only I was bruised and hurt. It didn't matter. I'm sure I was very much obliged to you. I might have been much worse hurt if the bull had got up with me."

"So I thought," Pyke spoke pointedly. "Somehow I couldn't quite swallow all that rubbish about the creature's tameness, you know."

"He didn't look tame running at me," admitted Margot.

"It's not the first time I've had to do with a mad bull."

Margot shuddered.

"But it's all right, as you didn't get hurt by him. You needn't think of that any more. I'm sure I'm glad and proud to have been any use to you," with a stress upon the pronoun. "I'd sooner have helped you than anybody else in the world. Is'pose I oughtn't to say that now to you, Miss, but

"I can't help it," Pyke wore a dejected air. "I can't help it. I always shall feel, about that, that it was the best thing I ever did in my life."

Margot was very young, and she had seen little of life. She was really fond of Owen, and she was not in the least fond of Pyke. None the less, she saw that Pyke admired her, and wished her to understand that he did—and Margot liked to be admired. Instead of putting a stop to the interview, she dallied, and smiled, and blushed a little, and said, "O Mr. Pyke, how silly!" which of course encouraged Mr. Pyke to go on with the silliness.

They had a good quarter of an hour together before Margot decided that she was rested enough to go on.

"No, I'd rather you shouldn't come with me," she said, with what she meant for a very decided air. "It's best not, please. You know I'm grateful, and I shan't forget what you did for me, but you've got to say good-bye now, please."

Pyke walked by her side, energetically protesting that all the gratitude had to be on his side, and that he only wanted to take care of her. Then, as she still objected, he put on a mournful air. "Ah, if I'd been in Forrest's place," he said.

"Please don't talk nonsense, Mr. Pyke, and please say good-bye." She held out her hand, and smiled. Then some foolish impulse prompted her to add, "And if any day I can repay your kindness to me, you can be sure I won't forget."

Pyke had so much to say in return, that he did not leave her till they were close to the farm.

CHAPTER XX.

A WEDDING GIFT.

"So it's really to come off, Margot, in October. Somewhere near the end o' the month, my wife

says." Farmer Handfast spoke kindly, even affectionately. He was fond of Margot and liked her ways, and he had not the least notion of any disappointment to Lavinia: so there was nothing to lessen his pleasure in Margot's engagement. "She's a first-rate girl, and she'll have a first-rate young fellow for her husband," he said often.

When Mrs. Handfast, carefully hiding her own feelings, told him that Owen Forrest and Margot were to become one towards the close of October, he greeted the news with satisfaction.

"So it's really to come off," he said. "And what about clothes, my girl?"

"I can't get much," she replied cheerfully. "I've got a few pounds that I saved last year. Owen says he doesn't mind. He doesn't want me to be smart."

Farmer Handfast said no more at the moment. He wanted time to consider, and to consult his wife. A few hours later he called Margot apart, and put an envelope into her hand.

"That's for you," he said, beaming at her. "It's for what grand folks 'ud call your troussy, my dear. Mind you spend it wisely."

Margot opened the envelope, and found herself unexpectedly the possessor of sixty pounds.

"Oh! But this isn't for me, uncle! Not all for me, myself!"

"Every penny of it, my girl. It's all for the troussy." Farmer Handfast laughed a big hearty laugh. He was one who loved to do a kindness, especially to his own kith and kin. Margot threw her arms round his substantial shoulders and kissed him.

"It is generous of you," she said. "Now I shall be able to get every single thing I can want."

"You just put the money straight into the Post Office Savings Bank, Margot, and then it'll be ready



"It was Fred Pyke."—Page 219.

for when you want it. Don't you let it lay about so as to get stolen," advised the farmer.

"I'll take care. I don't mean to have it stolen. How lovely of you, uncle. I never expected to have such a lot of money of my own to spend."

But Mrs. Handfast, hearing of this little episode, was by no means equally pleased. "The idea!" she said. "Giving sixty pounds to that child! She'll squander it all, as sure as anything. How ever you could do such a thing!"

"Why, my dear, didn't you say yourself you thought that 'ud set her up?"

"Of course I did; and I wouldn't have asked you to give less to my sister's child, when you put the choice before me. Not that I couldn't have done with less if it had been Lavinia," in a tone which held a touch of bitterness.

The farmer dimly recognised that touch, and vaguely wondered what it might mean.

"Of course I said so," she repeated. "But whoever would have thought of your handing over the money to her, all in a lump, to do whatever she liked with it. You ought to have given it to me to spend for her."

The farmer shook his head slowly. "No; I don't know I altogether see that," he remarked. "It wouldn't be the same pleasure to the girl, my dear. It *was* pretty to see her joy, and no mistake. No, I'm not particularly sorry to have done it. All the same, you'd best advise her how to spend the money, and you can go with her when she's shopping. Eh?"

"That depends on what Margot wants. She's got a will of her own, for all she's so pretty in her ways. And I'm not one of those that likes to make their advice too cheap by giving it where it isn't valued. If Margot comes to me, I'll advise her, and if she don't—"

"Well, if she don't, she'll learn from the best teacher of all, my dear, and that's Experience," with another hearty laugh. "You and I have had to learn a vast deal that way. It won't hurt Margot in the end, if she gets a lesson the same way, too."

Margot positively danced through the rest of the day. She had never been so rich in her life. Sixty pounds, all to be expended on her little self. No, not quite all. She resolved at once to get presents for everybody at the farm. But even if she should spend sixty shillings thus, nearly sixty pounds would still remain over after giving.

"Mind you lay in a good big stock of underlinen and warm

winter clothes, my dear," Mrs. Handfast said, not keeping consistently to her previous plan. "And dresses that'll wear. And, if I were you, I'd put part of the money by against when you may need it. Owen is none so rich a man that things mayn't go wrong with him some time or other. Farming isn't what it used to be, you know."

"But Owen says I may spend every penny of it, if I like," Margot answered joyously. "And I want to go into the town with Lavinia, and see what's to be got there."

Mrs. Handfast knew herself to be the better adviser, but she saw that Lavinia liked the notion, and anything that pleased Lavinia was sure to please Mrs. Handfast at this time. For a while Lavinia had been pale and down-hearted, and she was just beginning to look up again. Rather curiously, this matter of choosing Margot's clothes seemed to arouse her to greater interest than anything had yet done. So naturally Mrs. Handfast would not put a spoke in the wheel. The two girls drove in and out of the nearest town, several times, in the little cart, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Somehow, the fact of the farmer's gift to his niece slipped out, and became known throughout South Ashton. Nobody could have told how it so happened. Margot had no friends in





"Instant dismissal,
without a character,
had followed."
Page 222.

the place outside the circle of Handfasts and Forrests. There was, indeed, no special reason why the fact should not be made known, except that the Handfasts were reserved people, and did not love being talked about. Perhaps Margot, in her girlish gaiety of heart, mentioned to somebody the present she had had, and afterwards forgot doing so. In one way or another it became the talk of the neighbourhood. Many said how generous it was of the Handfasts, and how like the farmer. He was a kind man, much respected. Two people in South Ashton viewed the matter from a different point.

"Depend on it, young Forrest knew what he was about. That isn't the only money he'll get out of the old man," Mrs. Pyke said.

"It's she's got it—not he," retorted Fred curtly. "I dare say. That's very fine. He'll keep a sharp look after the purse—you depend on it he will. Money isn't so over-plentiful at Ash Farm. And Margot won't bring nothing of her own. Eh?" as Fred muttered something. "I didn't hear."

Fred was silent. His mother changed the subject.

"What're you goin' to do about Susy? She'll be comin' in another week."

"Bother Susy."

"Well, you'd best make up your mind. She's

lookin' forward to seein' you again. And Susy's got a temper of her own. She won't take it easy if you break with her. Susy could do a lot of harm if she was to begin to talk. You'd best be careful."

"You've said all that before—twenty times."

"It isn't much good. I know it isn't. You'll go an' please yourself, whatever happens. You don't care for nothin' in life, except just to do what you like. But it'll harm you as well as me. And if you lose your work here, I wonder whatever you mean to do next."

"It's safe to go some time or other," Pyke carelessly answered. "I sometimes wish it would—and then I'd get away. I'd sooner be off—anywhere—than stop and see her *his* wife."

"You don't mean to say you're harping still on that girl! Not Margot James?"

Pyke got up and walked out of the cottage.

He was in grave difficulties; how grave none but he knew. Once or twice before, when talking with his mother, he had hinted at something wrong between him and his employers. But the terms used had been so general that she only imagined him to refer to the ever-present possibility of his past story becoming known.

Fred Pyke could boast no clean record. From boyhood he had been untruthful and dishonest. A clever lad, foremost in school-work, quick in winning prizes, he had been the school show-boy, but he had early developed a "light-fingered" tendency, fatal to success in life. He had been punished, warned, remonstrated with, and given fresh chances, by those who were interested in his welfare. Finally, he had been driven to take a situation as general manservant, which he considered a step down in the world. Apparently for a while he had turned over a new leaf, and seemed to be doing well. Then, abruptly, he was found out in a long course of small thefts, unsuspected up to the moment of discovery.

Instant dismissal, without a character, had followed. After some vicissitudes he had drifted with his mother to South Ashton, telling a plausible tale of the death of his last "employer," and obtaining temporary work. It might have become permanent work could Pyke have restrained himself. But, alas! he found opportunities to indulge in his old practices, and the temptation was too strong.

Two or three times Mr. Stephen Heavy had noted and spoken of unaccountable small deficiencies in cash, not yet to be traced to any individual. But Pyke knew that suspicion was being directed to himself. Any details of his past career, oozing out at this juncture, would fix that suspicion past remedy. He knew that his mother spoke truth when she suggested danger from Susy.

Yet he could not make up his mind to follow

her advice with regard to Susy. He was denied about Margot.

That he loved Margot in the true sense might well be doubted, though he liked to be with her, and was jealous of Owen. When he heard of the farmer's liberal gift his brain was immediately at work with a scheme to get something from her. Twice Margot had assured him that if, some day, she could do aught for him, she would not fail. He might make use of this double assurance.

Not that he meant to restore the stolen sums of money. They had been taken at intervals, a very little at a time, and even had he wished to pay back the whole, he would have found a difficulty in doing so in such a manner as to clear himself and satisfy Mr. Heavy. But Pyke had no such wish. He merely desired to get more money for his own use.

CHAPTER XXI.

JUST A LOAN.

A WEEK or so later, Margot James and Lily Forrest sat together beside a small stream, in a meadow not far from Sutton Farm. It was the same little stream, with muddy banks, which higher up had witnessed the bull adventure. There were no cows in this field, so Margot felt safe and happy.

The two had met unexpectedly, and had found a snug corner for a chat. Lily was growing very fond of this pretty future sister-in-law. Mrs. Forrest still held out against Margot's attractions, and looked upon herself as a wronged woman, because Owen had not chosen the wife she had wished him to have. But that was Mrs. Forrest's way. Nobody expected anything else from her.

"Isn't it just perfectly beautiful to-day?" Margot said contentedly, leaning her chin on two hands. "I love a day like this—warm, and yet not hot; and all the trees showing the little bits of yellow and red. I do love the country. I've always lived in towns before, and only had peeps of country now and then."

"I've never lived in a town. I hope I never shall," said Lily.

"You'd like some things about a town. I do; and you would. There's more going on, and more people, and—all sorts of things. I used to think I shouldn't like the country. But I do. It's so free. It does one good. And the flowers and trees and birds—I wouldn't change now, not for anything."

"You'll always live in the country. Owen hates towns."

"Isn't it odd? When I came to South Ashton I didn't expect to stop more than a fortnight."

"You hadn't seen Owen then."

"No; I hadn't." Margot began to laugh. "How funny he was that first day! I shouldn't have thought how nice he could be."

"I don't see that Owen is funny." Lily spoke in a grave tone, half annoyed.

"Oh, but he was. As funny as anything. He made me laugh so, I didn't know how to bear myself. And I wanted to cry, too, thinking of that poor woman, you know, who'd been killed. Owen doesn't like to be laughed at."

"Nobody does."

"I don't mind."

"Yes, you would, if it was done in a way to make you feel ridiculous."

"But I didn't make Owen ridiculous."

"Yes, you made him feel so. He was miserable that evening. I didn't know why till afterwards. I thought you had been unkind to him, and I didn't think I should ever like you."

"But—you do?" Margot looked wistfully at Lily.

"Yes, I do. You're going to be my sister."

"Then you only like me because you think you ought!"



"Sat down by her side as if sure of a welcome."—Page 224.

"No, I don't. That wouldn't be liking; it would be a sham. I might be kind to you, because I thought it right; but I couldn't make myself really like you."

"Owen said you did. I'm glad."
"Owen is very fond of you, Margot."

Margot smiled. "Yes," she said.

"He told me the other day, he only wished he could think you loved him half as much as he loves you."

Margot flushed up. "Owen ought to have said that to me, not to somebody else."

Lily was a little dismayed. Had she been guilty of a blunder?

"But I never thought of vexing you. It's so natural. Owen wasn't complaining. He only meant—he hardly thought it was likely you *could* care for him as he does for you. That isn't a thing to be vexed about, is it? I didn't mean anything unkind. And you do care for him, Margot?"

"Of course I do? He's a dear old fellow." Margot spoke lightly. "I shouldn't marry him if I didn't care. Wasn't it kind of uncle to give me such a present?"

"Mr. Handfast is one of the kindest men that ever lived."

Margot was plucking blades of grass, and twining them round her fingers in a thoughtful style. Once or twice she half spoke, and then paused. Lily waited expectantly. "Yes," she said, "what do you want to ask?"

"I want to know something, but I don't want you to tell that I've asked. I shouldn't like Owen to know."

"If it's anything wrong——"

"It isn't wrong. It's only—something I've heard said. I want to know if it's true. I don't see why I shouldn't ask you."

"Why not ask Owen?"

"I'd rather not. He might be angry. I don't want to make him angry."

"Why must you ask it at all?"

"Because—I'd rather know. I don't want——" Margot made a long pause, twisting and untwisting her grass-blades. "I don't want—to feel that Owen did wrong."

"Well, you'd better ask me then."

"You won't tell Owen?"

"Not unless I think I ought." Neither spoke, and Lily presently added, "No, I won't tell unless you give me leave. And if I ought to tell, I think you'll give me leave."

"I want to know—if Owen ever asked Lavinia to marry him?"

"No. What made you think of such a thing?"
"Oh, I only heard something said. I thought—perhaps—— And it wouldn't have been—nice—of Owen—to leave her after."

"He never did."

"But wasn't there—something?"

Lily thought seriously.

"Not anything, in the way you mean," she said. "Owen has always been a great deal to Sutton Farm. He's very fond of Mrs. Handfast, you know. And he has always seen a great deal of Lavinia. And mother and I used to think it would come to something. But Owen never made up his mind. He liked her—in a sort of way—and people expected him to marry her. That's all. He never asked her. And as soon as he had seen you, he knew he never could."

Margot's face was turned away. She said presently, in a smothered little voice, "Thank you."

"Of course I won't say a word about this. I didn't know what it was you wanted to ask."

"I didn't believe he could; but I shouldn't like him to do that sort of thing, you know. And Mrs. Handfast——"

Margot came to a stop. Lily was greatly tempted to ask her to say more, but something withheld her.

"Well, I wouldn't think any more about that, Margot, if I were you. It's all right. I'm afraid I ought to be going home now. Mother 'll want me. You've walked enough, I dare say."

Margot said "Yes," and did not offer to go with Lily. She had to be careful still of her powers. When Lily had passed out of sight, she remained by the little stream, indulging further dreams. Margot was fond of dreaming—not always a safe habit, if allowed to run away with one.

"I ought to get home. They'll wonder what has become of me," she said at length. Yet still she sat on.

"How d' you do?" a voice remarked. Fred Pyke, appearing suddenly, greeted her with a friendly air, and then sat down by her side, as if sure of a welcome. "Got over your lameness, eh?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm just going home." Margot knew, even more clearly this day than on a former day, how much Owen would dislike that she should hold intercourse with Pyke. Many whispers to his disadvantage were afloat in the village, and some of them had reached Margot.

"Ah! I see!" he said in a meaning tone.

Margot coloured. "See what?"

"South Ashton gossip. I should have thought you'd been superior to that."

Margot felt ashamed. "I don't trouble myself with gossip," she said hastily.

"There's a lot going on in this nasty little place."

Margot was silent.

"Well, thank goodness, it isn't like I shall be

here much longer. I've been long enough, pretty nearly."

Margot tried not to look relieved. "Are you going away?" she asked.

"Would *you* be pleased to hear it, if I was?"

The tone carried reproach. Margot found it a difficult question to answer. She twisted a grass-blade round her finger.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if I mayn't be going soon. It isn't the sort of place for a man with any go in him. All asleep, and nothing doing. But you needn't tell. I don't want it known before I've made up my mind. There's nothing here that's worth stopping for—now! I used to think—but it's too late." He sighed profoundly, and his meaning gaze brought the colour again to her cheeks. "Seems to me, I'd best make myself scarce. Bury the past in oblivion, as the poet 'ud say."

Pyke's laugh sounded uncomfortable. Margot was sorry for him. She could not help reading the meaning which he meant her to read.

"Has anything been the matter?" she inquired, not very prudently.

"Should think something had! More ways than one. There's one thing—I suspect *you* know," with another sidelong meaning look. "And that isn't all, though it 'ud be enough. Well, I wouldn't tell everybody, but I don't mind

telling *you*. I'm in a regular quandary. Don't know how ever I'm to get straight. You told me—more than once—that if ever you could help me, you'd be sure to do it. You haven't forgot?"

"Oh, no, I haven't forgot." Margot said the words rather faintly, wondering what was to come next. She wanted very much to escape, and she pictured herself getting up and running away; but resolution to carry out this idea failed her. Besides, he could overtake her with the greatest ease. And he might then be angry.

"I'm in a regular fix. I want a loan—just to tide me over this quandary, you see. It isn't much to ask—not to ask a real friend, like yourself. It's just only for a fortnight. I'll be able to repay it then. I wonder—couldn't you advance me a sum, and I'd be grateful to you all my life after. You'd save me from—well, I can't tell you all you'd save me from. I mustn't explain. There's things that one isn't free always to tell. But there's no need for me to say more. I know that. I know what a kind heart you've got of your own. You told me you'd be sure to help me, if I was in want of help—and this is the only time I'll ever ask it of you. If you don't—why, it's all up with me. I shall be accused of no end of things, and I'll have to— You'll never hear of me again, if I don't get through this. That's what it means."

(To be continued.)

THIS AND THAT.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

STARTING forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them;
 Oh! we know not what of harm
 May betide them!
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.
 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
 Do Thou hear them;
 From the stains of sin and shame
 Do Thou clear them;
 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
 Do Thou steer them;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.
 Unto Thee we give them up,
 Lord, receive them;
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them,—
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them;
 Trustful, in Thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A SON'S MEMORY.

SHE gave the best years of her life
 With joy for me,
 And robbed herself, with loving heart,
 Unstintingly.
 For me with willing hands she toiled
 From day to day:
 For me she prayed when headstrong youth
 Would have its way.
 Her gentle arms, my cradle once,
 Are weary now;
 And Time has set the seal of care
 Upon her brow.
 And, though no other eyes than mine
 Their meaning trace,
 I read my history in the lines
 Of her dear face.
 And, 'mid His gems, who showers His gifts
 As shining sands,
 I count her days as pearls that fall
 From His kind hands.

ANON.



"Thy Word is Truth."

A BURDEN AND HOW TO BEAR IT.

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., RECTOR OF
HINTON-WALDRIST.

IS sickness your burden? St. Paul had "a thorn in the flesh." What that "thorn" was no one knows. But it must have been something very sharp and painful and hard to bear. Three times he prayed that it might depart. At last the answer came: "My grace is sufficient for thee: and My strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. xii. 9). Remember, too, that "exceeding great and precious promise," and, I may add, *tender* promise, in the Psalms, "Thou makest all his bed in his sickness," or as the Hebrew word means, "Thou *turnest* all his bed in his sickness" (xli. 3). "Alluding," says Matthew Henry, "to the care of those that nurse and tend sick people, especially of mothers for their children when they are sick, which is to make their beds easy for them; and that bed must needs be well made which God Himself has the making of." "How long shall I lie here?" said a Christian lady, who was stricken with a most painful disease, to her doctor. "Only one day at a time," was the wise reply. Grace sufficient for every need—"a daily rate for every day" (2 Kings xxv. 30)—will assuredly be given. When to-morrow comes *Jesus Christ will still be alive to help and bless and keep*. I know some of God's people sometimes sigh and think, "Oh that I were as strong as others! how much more I could do then." But God makes no mistakes; "His way is in the sea, and His paths in the mighty waters, and His footsteps are not known." But what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. The burden of weary sickness let God's afflicted saints cast on Him, and out of weakness they will be made strong.

CALLED TO SERVICE.

BY THE REV. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A.

ISOMETIMES think that the Christians of England are merely playing at philanthropy. It has been reckoned that all the money spent in charity in England, using the word in its widest significance, counting all that is given by churches and chapels to Home and Foreign Missions, hospitals, schools, orphanages, almshouses and the like, falls

far short of the fourteen millions spent annually on tobacco. The five or six millions raised by the Church of England only equals the amount spent in gate-money at big football matches. The whole sum subscribed for Foreign Missions for the sacred work of proclaiming the love of God to the heathen who have never heard the Name of Jesus only amounts, counting all Societies, to about £1,300,000, the sum spent in one year in the London theatres.

Christians, rend your hearts, not your garments. For, remember, all sinful folly and extravagance aggravate the difficulties of the work. Follow Christ in His self-sacrificing service for men, and yield up to Him your whole heart and life and substance. It needs a rent heart and a poured-out life, but it is full of intense interest and hope. There will be no dulness in your life, no craving for unwholesome excitements when you take your right place in Christian service.

And it is not a hopeless task. These dark countrymen of ours are not beyond our reach. Thousands of consecrated Christians are in daily personal contact with them—visiting the sick and dying, teaching the children, relieving the distressed, making them feel in the midst of all their darkness and misery that God lives, and loves them still. But *so many more are wanted*. So much is left undone. God lay it upon the hearts of His people.

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS."

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR HANDLEY MOULE, D.D.

IS not this a thought, let me rather say a fact, with which every Christian man may look around, and find life transfigured? "My Lord, my Father, I am ever with Thee, and all that Thou hast is mine. Thou hast put much actually into my hands, out of Thy treasures. I have but to open my eyes and count a few of Thy blessings, and they begin to crowd and multiply upon my view. But behind them lies the immeasurable wealth always latent in the fact that Thou art mine, that Thou art devoted to me. Not in dream or poem, but in 'a sober certainty of waking bliss,' I may confidently say this. Thou art devoted to me. Giver of Thine own Son, wilt Thou not, dost Thou

not, with Him also freely give me all things? (Rom. viii. 32). All is mine; some of the all is in my hands, the rest in trust with Thee."

Adolphe Monod, great saint, great teacher, great sufferer, lying on a premature couch of anguish and death, forty years ago, at Paris, collected in his bedchamber, Sunday by Sunday, a little congregation of friends; Guizot was sometimes of the number. There he addressed them, like Standfast in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as from the very waters of the last river, speaking always on his life-long theme, Jesus Christ. The pathetic series of these farewell words was gathered after his death into a volume; late in its pages comes a discourse with the title, *All in Jesus Christ*. From this let me quote a few sentences:—

"Be it wisdom, be it light, be it power, be it victory over sin, be it a matter of this world, or of the world to come, all is in Christ. Having Christ, we have all things; bereft of Christ, we have absolutely nothing. 'All things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Well, then, what is the result for me? I am poor, it

may be. Yet all the fortunes of this world are mine; for they are Christ's, who Himself is God's, and who could easily give them all to me, with Himself, if they would serve my interests. The whole world, with all its glories, with all its power, belongs to me; for it belongs to my Father, who will give it me to-morrow, and could give it me to-day, if that were good for me. I am very ill, it may be. Yet health is mine, strength is mine, comfort is mine, a perfect enjoyment of all the blessings of life is mine; for all this belongs to Christ, who belongs to God, and who disposes of it as He will. If He withholds these things from me to-day, for a fleeting moment, swift as the shuttle in the loom, it is for reasons wholly of His own; it is because these pains and this bitterness conceal a benediction worth more to me than the health so precious, than the comfort so delightful. . . . I challenge you to find a thing of which I cannot say: 'This is my Father's; therefore it is mine; if He withholds it to-day, He will give it me to-morrow.' I trust myself to His love. All is mine, if I am His."

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE.—In 1559 one happy improvement was made; it was, to unite the two forms of delivery of the Bread and Wine (1549, 1552) into one—exactly as we have it now. The first half prays that the *once-sacrificed* Body and Blood, the once-offered Lamb of God, may be our means of salvation. The second bids us "take and eat," and "drink," "this" (Bread and Wine), in holy remembrance that salvation is ours, with thankful hearts. —*Professor Moule, D.D.*

The Value of a Liturgy.—Let any man go to all those places of worship where our Liturgy is not used, and note down every prayer which is offered in them and then compare them with our own, and he will see the value and excellence of ours.—*Charles Simeon.*

John Wesley.—We do not think John Wesley said too much when he declared: "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid Scriptural rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England."

Leading Truths.—"The leading truths which are proclaimed and enforced in the Scriptures are incorporated in our national Liturgy. There are two very important respects, among others, in which the public services of our Church accord with the Scriptures, and which show that the former are a pure stream issuing from the fountain of the latter. The first of these is the use which is made of Christ in our Liturgy. He is 'All in all' throughout; 'the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last,' in all its confessions of faith, its supplications, and thanksgivings. The second point

of resemblance is the end for which Christ is introduced. He is introduced for practical purposes. In both these volumes an intimate connection is constantly maintained between doctrine and experience, faith and holiness, justification and sanctification." —*The Rev. T. T. Biddulph.*

Christ in the Prayer-Book.—"Our Lord Jesus Christ is presented as the grand centre of all Christian worship, the Alpha and Omega of all Christian doctrine, in the arrangement of the Prayer-Book. *Advent*, which marks the beginning of the Church's year, points us back to the first coming of Christ in humiliation, and bids us prepare for His second coming in glory. *Christmas* tells us that Christ took upon Him our nature, and dwelt among men. The *Epiphany* teaches us that Christ's work was not for the Jews only, but that He was also a Light to lighten the Gentiles. In the solemn season of *Lent* we are bidden to contemplate our Lord amid the darkness of sorrow, as He is about to be betrayed, and given into the hands of wicked men. On *Good Friday*, we survey 'the wondrous Cross,' and glory in the truth that there, by His one oblation of Himself once offered, He made 'a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' At *Easter*, we rejoice in the glad fact—the keystone of Christianity—that 'Christ is risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that sleep.' On *Ascensiontide*, as we gaze by faith upon Christ 'exalted with great triumph unto His kingdom in heaven,' we pray that we 'may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell.'" —*The Rev. W. Odum.*

The Congress City.

BY H. T. INGRAM.

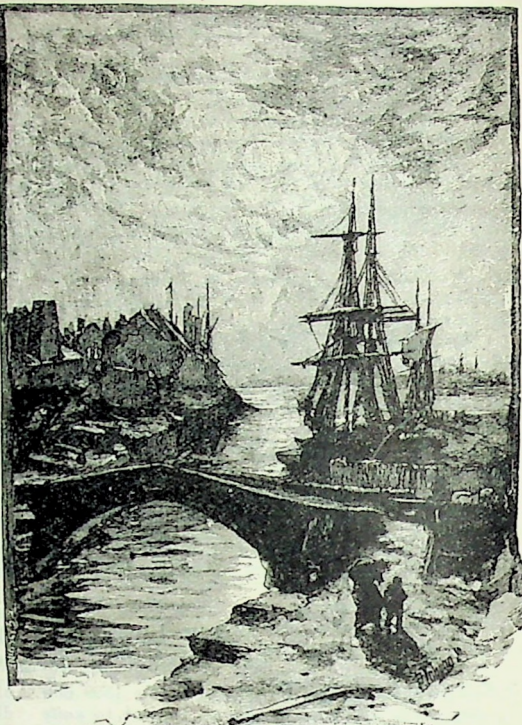
THE black diamond city entertains the Church Congress. The welcome is bound to be warm. As the old proverb says, there is no need to bring coals to Newcastle. Its fires of hospitality always burn brightly, and this October no visitor will lack a chimney corner.

I am sure of so much: for I have seen the chimneys already a-smoke.

Some weeks ago a London photographer arrived at Newcastle with the intention of taking typical pictures. It was a dull, depressing day, and clouds of smoke, from blue-grey to sooty-black, hung over the houses.

"I may as well go home and try to photograph London," he complained bitterly. "No one would know the difference."

So the London pot called the Newcastle kettle black—very black indeed. Happily, the owner of the camera was induced to stay until the black diamond city began to flash with countless night lights. From the Windmill Hills every street seemed to have two rivulets of golden ripples, while here and there a cascade of electricity lit up a crossing with a silver blaze of illumination. No smoke interfered with the wonderful effect: Newcastle was transformed. And the photographer silently set his camera to work. In the dark? Certainly, for it has been lately discovered that the camera can do a night shift when it is properly handled. The busy streets, still wet with



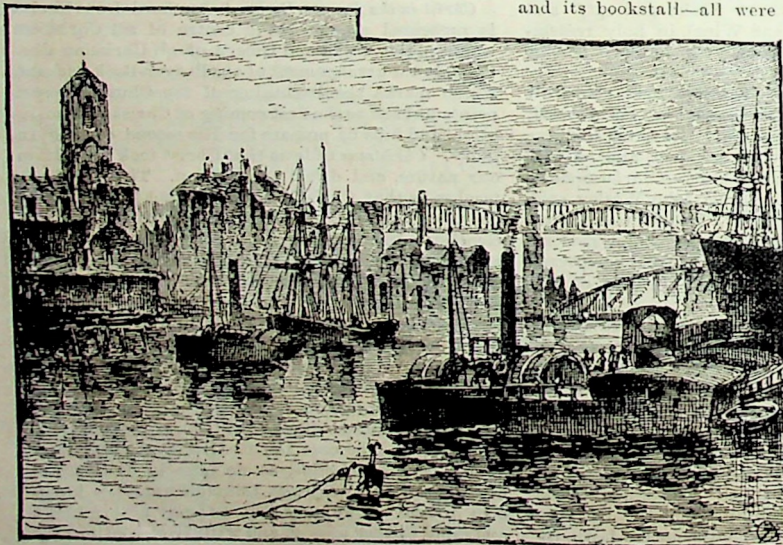
GLASSHOUSE BRIDGE AND BATTERY QUAY.

the afternoon rain, and great buildings, looming indistinctly against the sunset sky, the railway station and its bookstall—all were taken on the sensitive

plate. Of course some patience was needed. It takes full twenty minutes to get a photograph, but, happily, it does not matter if people persist in walking in front of the lens, for they do not stay there long enough to make an impression.

So the photographer went home with black diamond photographs of Newcastle, and without a doubt they show the city at its best.

It would be paying Newcastle an ill-chosen compliment to call it beautiful: beauty has been sacrificed to use. A well-known architect is fond of saying, "We live in the Muddle



ON THE TYNE.

Age." Perhaps this is true of our building achievements, but it cannot be denied that it is also the useful age in which we live. Newcastle is emphatically the useful city: its engineering triumphs amaze the world, and it is ever pressing forward to some new victory.

If you rub Newcastle you will discover that it once had a clean face. In other words, there are signs that the city once deserved its reputation for being the "pleasanteest place in Great Britain." There are quaint old castles, old churches, and bits of old streets, now, I fear, mean as well as old. Newcastle, in fact, was new in A.D. 120, when the Romans made it one of their military stations. Subsequently it was appropriated, in a very second-hand condition, by some Saxon monks, who in turn were followed by the Normans, who built a fortress and called it the New Castle. In after years it was said: "The strength and magnificence of the walling of this town surpasseth all the walls of the cities of England, and most of the towns of Europe."

By the thirteenth century no one thought of bringing coals into Newcastle: a big trade, as trade went in those days, had been built up. But only the Old Norman Keep can remember those early days of budding prosperity. As a sympathetic local chronicler has put it: "The grim old ancestor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne still dominates the town with its mediæval grandeur, while its walls re-echo to a note more imperious than ever trumpet blew, as the steam-engines thunder past to the north and south. The old Keep, with the grime of centuries upon it, still overlooks the world-famed river, unchanged amidst change." No wonder our artist has been led to picture the old castle in its youthful days, before the grime had settled upon its walls.

It may be noted that the dungeon was once visited by John Howard, the prison reformer, who thus described what he saw: "During the assizes at Newcastle the country prisoners are, men and women, confined together seven or eight nights in a dirty, damp dungeon, six steps down in the old castle, which having no roof, in wet seasons the water is some inches deep. The felons are chained to rings in the wall."

A curious story is told of

one of Newcastle's royal prisoners. When Charles I. was in the hands of his enemies he was allowed to attend church. On one occasion a preacher gave out the opening lines of the metrical version of the fifty-second Psalm:

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
Thy wicked words to praise?"

And the king, taking the words as being intended to apply to himself, rose from his seat and called upon the congregation to sing the fifty-sixth Psalm instead, beginning:

"Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray.
For men would me devour."

And it was sung.

By far the most interesting church is the Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, with its magnificent steeple. In the seventeenth century, when the town was besieged, a threat was made to destroy the steeple, if the garrison refused to surrender; but the threat was



NEWCASTLE
FROM
GATESHEAD.

never fulfilled. One of the bells in the tower is called the "Pancake Bell," which is rung on Shrove Tuesday, at night.

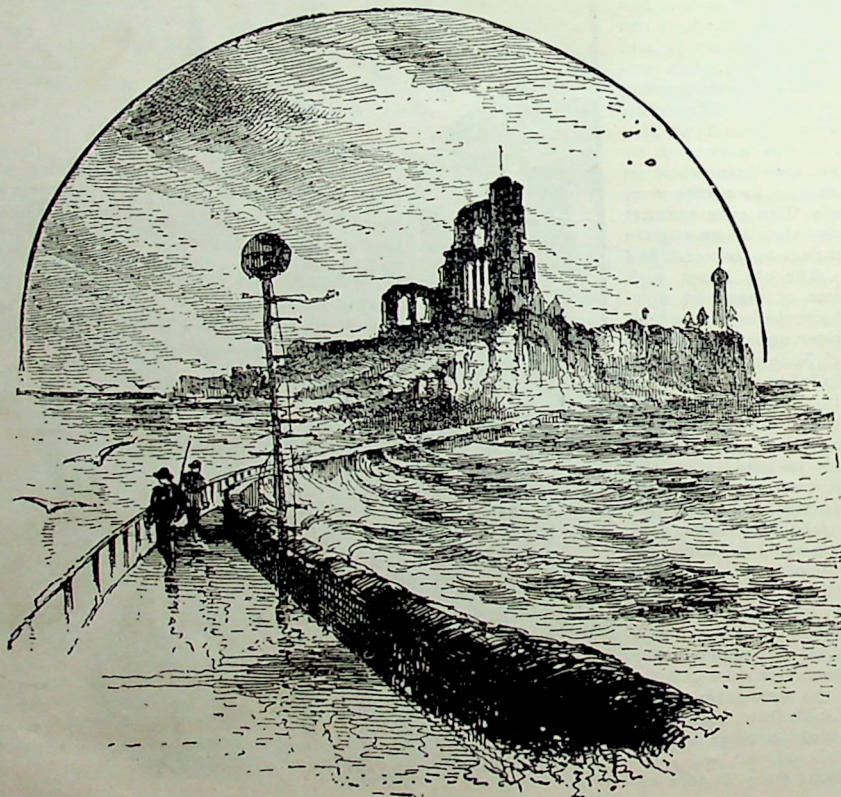
In connection with the Guildhall, a story of John Wesley is told. From the old stone steps which led to the upper storey he was accustomed to preach; and here it was that on one occasion, when his words had aroused the enmity of several roughs in the crowd, he owed his safety to a sturdy fisherwoman, of the name of Bailes, who, putting her arms round him, and shaking her clenched fist at the rioters, exclaimed, "Now touch the little man if you dare!" The effect, it is said, was instantaneous, and Wesley continued his discourse.

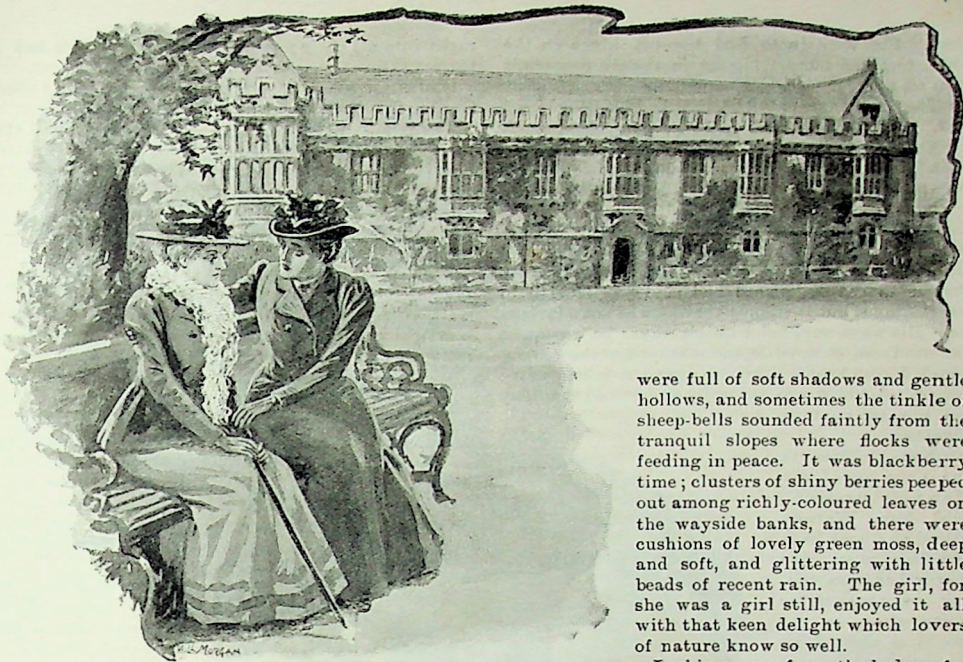
A word in closing as to the Congress. One of the most interesting meetings of the week will be that specially arranged for men. "This," said the Bishop of Newcastle recently, "is always one of the notable events of the Congress, and is intended chiefly for the workmen of the district." The speakers will include, besides the President of the Congress, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Derry, and a former Vicar of Newcastle, the present Bishop of Thetford. A Meeting for Women will be held, at which one of the speakers will be Lady

Frederick Cavendish. Additional meetings have been arranged for lads and young women. An excellent plan was suggested by Canon Nicholson when he proposed that each parish should elect out of their number one man and one woman to serve on the Executive Committee for organizing these meetings. The idea was that the men should organize the meetings for men and lads, and that the women should organize the meetings for women and girls. The Bishop has urged every one to do whatever lies in their power to make these special meetings successful, and to get people in the different parishes interested in the work to be done during Congress week.

[We can but earnestly pray that spiritual blessing may abundantly rest upon the new Congress—the last of the Century. We live in anxious times, both abroad and at home. The world's need—our Church's need—is Pentecostal Power. Nothing less than this can make an impression upon what Bishop Chavasse so truly terms, "*the appalling mass of sin and indifference*" by which we are surrounded." Let our Congress Prayer, in deep humility, be this: "O Lord, revive *Thy* work in the midst of the years."

C. B.]





A Sudden Blow.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE BLACK CAT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY'S END.

SPRING had passed away; summer was over; but no news of Philip Chilton came to his deserted wife and sorrowing father and mother. At last, on a still day in October, they heard the end of the story that had saddened all their lives; and it was an end which had a little comfort in it.

Far away in Australia Philip was stricken with mortal sickness, and bethought him of the desolate hearts he had left at home. The clergyman, who watched by his side in those last hours, believed that his repentance was deep and true. He had not parted with all the diamonds; some of them were sent back to England with many messages of sorrow and contrition; and there were certain parting words which sounded almost like a prophecy.

"Tell my father and mother that Ned Chilton must go and live with them. Tell them that he will fill the place I ought to have filled, and live the life I ought to have lived. I am dying to make room for a better man. I have tarnished the old name, but he will make it brighter than it ever was before. Say to them that Ned must come,—must come!"

The news came to Kate on a quiet afternoon as she was walking home from one of the cottages, an empty basket in her hand. There seemed to be so much rest among the beautiful hills that day; they

were full of soft shadows and gentle hollows, and sometimes the tinkle of sheep-bells sounded faintly from the tranquil slopes where flocks were feeding in peace. It was blackberry time; clusters of shiny berries peeped out among richly-coloured leaves on the wayside banks, and there were cushions of lovely green moss, deep and soft, and glittering with little beads of recent rain. The girl, for she was a girl still, enjoyed it all with that keen delight which lovers of nature know so well.

Looking away from the hedges for a moment she saw the rector coming towards her with a slow step and a bent head. She knew at once that he had something to tell, and strove to quiet the quick beating of her heart.

A few words, and then she had learnt all that there was to know. With a warm hand-clasp he went his way, and Kate walked slowly on along the well-known lane.

She could only think at first of the time that was past,—far past,—when she had trodden this very way with Philip by her side. The blackberries had ripened on the hedges, and the golden light lay sleeping on the hills when she listened to his first words of love;—such wonderful words that led her suddenly into fairy-land! She had come back to earth again when they drew near the gate of her home, and had begun to ask herself timidly what her mother would say.

And now, when she reached the little gate she paused, trying to realize all that had come and gone since that day. The old house was covered with creepers, just as it had been then; her eye ran from tint to tint,—from the soft yellow and pale green of the vine to the bronze leaves of the dark-red roses, and the sombre shadows of the ivy. Never again would she stand at this gate to watch for him; never again. Other lives would meet hers, and bring changes; but that life which had once been so close to her own had passed away into the great silence.

But Amy had seen her coming, and opened the door, standing in the porch to give her a sister's greeting; and a queer little black kitten came frisking down the path to rub itself sideways against her

dress. She went in to find the tea-things on the table, and her mother sitting in the old arm-chair with an anxious face.

"Therector came to tell us what had happened," she said. "We thought he would meet you, Kate, dear."

"Yes, mother," said Kate, going over to her side for a kiss. "He did meet me, and I know; and—dear mother, God has done all things well."

They talked it all over quite calmly as they sat at the tea-table, and Amy wondered whether old Sir Henry would yield to his son's last request, and send for Edward Chilton to come and live at the Hall. Once or twice this Edward had paid a brief visit to his relations, but it seemed that he was not a favourite. His ways were not Philip's ways; he was quiet and studious, with little inclination for the society which Philip loved. The two young men had never quarrelled, but it was generally understood that they did not get on well together.

"Ned Chilton is the only son of Sir Henry's brother," said Mrs. Warren. "And of course he is the heir now. The rector has been telling us that he is quite alone in the world, so there is no reason why he should not live with his uncle. It may be the beginning of a happier life at the Hall."

They were not long left in doubt about Ned Chilton's coming. He obeyed his uncle's summons without delay, and slipped easily and naturally into the vacant place. Not so handsome as poor Philip, the people said, but with a look of power and repose on his face which won the trust of those around him.

The old couple brightened visibly after his arrival, and he devoted himself with all his heart to the task of strengthening and comforting them both. Then, too, he began, with quiet tact, to look into the affairs of the estate, cutting down unnecessary expenses, and trying to make up the losses which were due to his cousin's extravagance. He spent very little on himself, but the poor soon recognised his helping hand.

Rotten roofs were carefully mended, decaying walls were repaired, broken palings were taken away to be replaced with a new, strong fence, which protected the little gardens from encroachment. The old labourers and their wives had never been so comfortable before. Somebody had come who entered

right into all their needs and grievances, and had a perfect sympathy with all their infirmities.

It was in one of these very cottages that Ned Chilton had his first talk with Kate Warren.

The new year had set in frosty and cold, and the weather was severe for elderly folk who had known hard days in the past. Old Merriek had taken a chill, and was sitting by the fire with his wife's knitted shawl over his bent shoulders, and Kate was unpacking a little basket of good things for his use, when Mr. Chilton looked in.

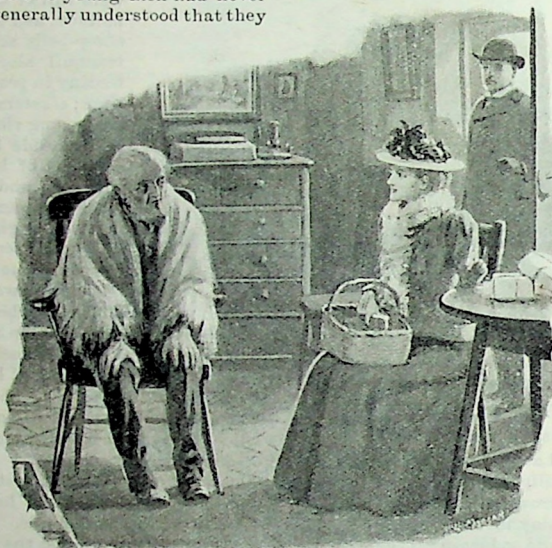
They scarcely knew how it came to pass, but presently they found themselves outside the cottage walking along the old lane together. The ground was white with silver frost; beyond the fields a group of tall firs stood out darkly against the crimson of the west, and the cawing of some

rooks filled the quiet air with homely clamour. Ned had been abroad a good deal, and these English scenes and sounds were dear to him.

That walk was the first of many. Mrs. Browne, remembering how hard she had once striven to pull two together, prayed for grace to look on and be still. She longed to see this pair united, but was afraid of making another mistake. Yet, from the very first, they felt the warmth of her friendship enfolding them, and knew how surely they might depend on her goodwill.

In these days the doctor's wife was deeply grateful to Kate for giving her confidence and affection. Mrs. Philip Chilton, by no means an inconsolable widow, still held aloof from her sister, and kept all her new plans and ambitions to herself; and Mrs. Farleigh, too, seemed to find it impossible to forgive Florence for the past. So Mrs. Browne, having no children, was conscious of the need of some young thing to love, and turned thankfully to the girl she had once avoided and disliked. Unconsciously, Kate had taught her many lessons, and every new experience was drawing them nearer to each other. The elder woman, with her knowledge of the world, knew how to help and encourage the other. And many people looked on good-naturedly, wondering if Kate had really found a true love in place of that false one which had brought her such bitter pain.

There came a day when these kind watchers were



"Sitting by the fire with his wife's knitted shawl over his bent shoulders."—Page 232.



"She saw the Rector coming towards her with a slow step and a bent head."—Page 231.

satisfied, and a talk of bridal preparations gladdened the good souls of Woodrising. It was on a certain morning in early spring when the news came to Janet Murray in her quiet rooms in Oxford, and happy tears filled her eyes. The joy of spring was in the morning sunshine; birds were hovering over the ivy on the college wall; she could see the flutter of white blossoms in a neighbouring garden. Everything seemed to speak of a new life and the beginning of all sweet things. Mrs. Budd, when she came upstairs with breakfast, was told the glad tidings, and immediately remembered that she had had a mysterious dream of a wedding ring.

Janet wrote at once to the Warrens, accepting their invitation, and promising to come speedily and give them plenty of help. But for the rest of that day she was rather unlike her quiet self, and went out of doors to regain composure.

Towards evening her restless feet carried her off to those old gardens of St. John's, which she had learnt to love so well. The beds were full of early flowers; the sweetness of hyacinths was in the air, but the trees wore only a thin covering of green. She went straight to the bench where that slender bowed figure had sat, and then her own tears began to flow once more.

How tenderly God had cared for that young heart, and how wisely the discipline of sorrow had prepared it for the crown of joy! It would be much better for the heir of an old name, with many responsibilities clinging to it, to marry a sweet, chastened woman, rather than a bright, spoilt girl. And it was well for the future Lady Chilton that she had

learnt some lessons in the school of pain before she filled her place in a great house.

"Yet if I had written Kate's story on that day when I found her sitting here, every one would have wept over it," she thought. "No one ought to write anybody's life-story till it is finished. But is it ever finished? Ah, no; it is always going on, here and hereafter!"

Mrs. Budd, too, had mastered one mystery of the earthly struggle. Some neighbours noticed how resigned she was; others how perfectly contented she seemed under the most trying and exasperating circumstances. Her own explanation was simple enough.

"I used to see things half," said she; "now I try to look at 'em whole, and if I can't see 'em whole all at once, I give 'em time to turn round. I reckon there's a bright side opposite every dark side, if there isn't a bright side to every dark side. And dark sides will mostly stand polishing, if you have a mind to try."

Possibly the neighbours did not quite grasp what Mrs. Budd meant by her rather enigmatical utterance, but they could see for themselves that she had made a discovery that made her days brighter and happier. And who would not say that character is the stronger for "sudden blows"?



"She went straight to the bench where that slender bowed figure had sat."—Page 233.

Where have the flies gone?

BY H. T. INGRAM. SKETCHES BY JAMES SCOTT.

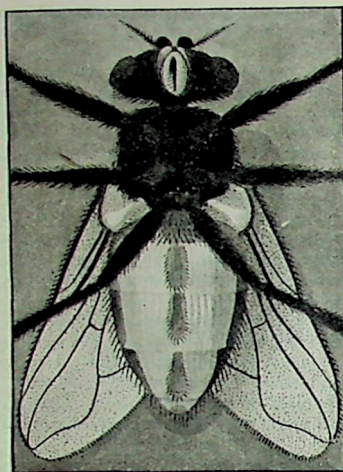


Fig. 1. The House Fly, lying on its back.

on ticklish open spaces. Suddenly it seems the great army of whirring wings and tireless legs have disappeared, vanished as though they had never blackened a ceiling or circled about our devoted heads. Even the sugar basin is deserted.

Many people vaguely wonder where the flies go. They see them dart here and there in their hundreds to-day, and to-morrow, should the weather turn chilly, there is scarcely a straggler to be found on the window pane. Try to imagine what the exodus of the fly means.

There are nearly six millions of human beings in London. During the summer-time every living-room in the houses of these millions of people is invaded by battalions of flies, many hundreds strong, which never cease to increase, even though scores upon scores are captured in honey and jam, and milk traps, not to mention the poisoned paper. Strangely enough these house-flies are the only species which show an exclusive preference for living with mankind. Nothing will drive them away short of a cold or stormy change. Should this last but a day or two, out come the flies again in as prolific numbers as ever. Where do they go for this brief interval, and how is it that they so completely vanish when winter comes in earnest?

We will do our best to answer these questions, and at the same time draw attention to some remarkable peculiarities in connection with the life stories of two of the commonest types of flies.

Many of them succumb to the natural ravages of old age in the autumn and early winter months; but the vast majority die from the attacks of a plant. A very few old female flies manage to outlast the winter, retiring to snug crevices in our houses and stables; and when the glorious days of the new spring arrive they lay their eggs out of doors. Often these eggs may be found in partially neglected corners, especially if moist dust or discarded vegetable peelings

and leavings are allowed to accumulate. Sometimes they may be detected in baskets containing clothes ready for the washtub.

Chiefly, however, flies breed in the open air, where the young undergo those transformations of which few people have any knowledge. But as soon as they are flies they invade our houses and refuse to be dislodged, evidently preferring, with remarkable wisdom, the sheltered indoor life to the changes and chances of outdoor existence. Naturalists have never solved, to their united satisfaction, the strange reason which induces these particular winged insects to stick so assiduously to man. If they sucked our blood, as do the gnats, we could easily account for their persistence in the face of strong opposition; but in this direction they are harmless.

Equally difficult to explain is the mania which flies seem to have for following men on long walks. Of course some pursue for the sake of stinging, but the greater number have no such malevolent intent. It may seem strange to those who do not know the ins and outs of climbing that one may start on a mountain expedition flyless and mount a couple of thousand feet into a region of living, biting, crawling, flying insects. "Such was my experience a short time ago," a friend of ours told us recently. "I was passing through a thick pine wood, shady but by no means cool, for the sun beat down through the 'sky holes,' and not a breath of wind stirred. This was the ambushade of horse-flies, gnats, gauzy-winged dragons, wasps, bees, red ants, tiny creatures named only by naturalists, insects clothed in bright colours, of hostile aspect and ferocious in attack. Here is the 'omnibuz'—if I may invent the word—of the mountains. Here the climber—to change the metaphor round—takes up passengers. On one's back one must patiently bear a burden of 'creepy' and creeping things, thankful if they do not whisk into one's face, or settle on one's stockings and bite clean through.

The horse-fly is the most persistent. He does not make much noise, but he does his work none the less effectually. He tries the patience, until it snaps. Not even when I crossed a huge patch of snow did the insects leave me. No, they were determined that they would reach the top if I did. For a moment I sat down. It was passing madness. In less time than it takes to tell the tale, big ants, small ants, noisy grasshoppers,



Fig. 2. The Grub.

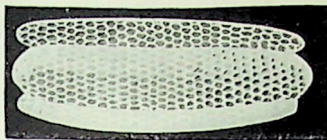


Fig. 3. Fly's Egg.

than lying!" So determined are these uninvited companions that they rarely leave a climber till he regains shelter. A black coat always attracts them, and they will crawl up and down one for hours, no matter how fast the owner may walk.

How do flies, the house-flies in particular, come into existence? From each egg there issues, in the course of a very few days, a by no means prepossessing grub, which sets to work to feed on the rotten stalks of dying plants. If not disturbed it will grow until it is twice its original size. Then it will prepare for its change into the shape of a fly. When about to undergo its transformation it merely shrinks a little and hardens considerably. In this condition it remains stuck fast to the sodden flower stalk and quite incapable of moving. During grub life it is a very active creature, possessed of a double-hooked snout, which it thrusts outward, or draws back within its "neck," reminding one of the habit of a tortoise with its head. Having no legs its locomotion is effected by seizing "holds" with its pair of frontal hooks (when its head has been extended as far as possible), and then dragging its body into a contracted attitude.

At this point we must place on record a commendation of house-flies. When in the grub form they consume chiefly waste and decaying animal and vegetable matter, and thus recompense us for their subsequent annoyances inflicted by them when they are in the perfect condition.

For every fly there must have existed a grub; and as every grub consumes an enormous amount of its nasty, and, to us, very objectionable food, the real but indirectly valuable services rendered in behalf of the health of mankind is quite obvious.

After the lapse of about a week or so in the trance state, the fly emerges from the mummified grub, leaving the skin of the latter behind as an empty envelope or case. The identical fly which emerges from these many-pronged grubs is depicted in No. 4.

Although the casual observer does not suspect that

and the innumerable army of flies made their attack upon the fallen foe. Forward! Better to be eaten walking

house-flies are furnished with any definite patterns or markings, the fact is that their bodies bear regular designs, according to the species they belong to.

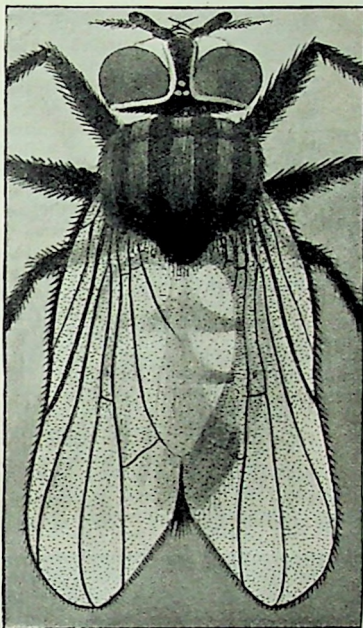
The wings of the flies shown in Figs. 1 and 4 are dotted over the surface with thousands of minute hairs, and are also encircled by a fringe of hairs and spikes; the veins are hollow like the quills of a bird's wings.

Drawing No. 3 depicts one of the pretty white eggs of the house-fly. The illustration is hugely magnified, the actual size of the eggs being such that a dozen could be conveniently accommodated on the head of a medium-sized pin. The tiny grub which is hatched from one of them must increase its bulk many times before it is prepared to undergo its transformation.

Here I might remark that flies do not grow in size when once they are flies. The variation sometimes seen is accounted for by the fact that the grubs themselves are of different dimensions when they fall into the trance condition, and consequently, according to their size, so depends that of the perfect insects.

The eggs are laid in enormous numbers, and several times during the season; so that it is not surprising that the few insects which have survived the winter can reproduce such prodigious quantities of their offspring when they once commence business.

What would happen to the flies if an extraordinarily severe winter, with Arctic blizzards and Siberian frosts, happened to visit our shores? There would certainly be a scarcity of our pet (!) insects the following summer; and it may be safely said that but for the warmth always to be found in human habitations, particularly in the neighbourhood of the chimney-corner, the race of house-flies might be in

Fig. 4. The House Fly.
Sketched from above.

danger of extinction.

Next month we hope to continue our fly paper with some little-known facts about the marvellous faculties, particularly sight and strength, possessed by the common house-fly. Our artist will give further illustrations.



Fig. 5. The Double-hooked Snout.

The Young Folks' Page.

A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR.



A GREEK DOLL.

NO little girl need be ashamed of a deep devotion to "dollie." The Queen loved her dolls, and every rag-baby is, therefore, under Royal patronage. But this month I want to tell you about sick dollies. When Florence Nightingale, the greatest of all hospital nurses, was a child, she had many dolls, and her great hobby was to pretend to believe that they each in turn caught a serious illness and needed the most careful nursing. There was one rag baby that had fever so badly that her life was despaired of; and little Florence would only go to her own bed one night on the positive assurance of her nurse and her mother that they would watch beside the sick doll. And watch they had to. For if any of the nurses tried to go away, thinking Flo-

rence was asleep, the little lady was alert in a moment, and would not lie down until the duty was resumed.

I hope for the sake of grandfather, in our picture, that he will be able to put dollie together again before bedtime. If not, will he have to sit up with his patient? R. S.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

IN a village school in Germany, the master once offered to give a prize to the boy who would bring to him the thing he thought to be the most beautiful. He gave them a week to think over it. The things were to be brought to the school, and all the school children were to help the master to judge which boy should get the prize. They looked over all their treasures, their toys, their pets, everything they knew. They thought at first that it would be an easy thing to bring some precious thing to the master, but, the nearer it came to the appointed day, they found it the more difficult to decide. They changed their minds so often, that at last they could think of nothing suitable.

The eventful morning came at last. All the children assembled—full of excitement. There seemed to be only two boys out of the whole school who had parcels with them.

A very rich boy, named Maximilian, walked up proudly to the desk and laid on it a casket containing a brilliant jewel that had once adorned a crown worn by one of his ancestors. An exclamation of admiration burst from the lips of all the scholars, as the dazzling jewel sparkled on the table; and they all felt sure that Max would get the prize.

"Anything more?" asked the master.

A very fat boy approached the master's desk with a very large parcel. The boy's name was Otto, and he had brought an immense rich sugared cake (and the Germans make most magnificent cakes!). It was such a cake! It caused a cry of delight to escape from all the children. A great many of them thought the cake a far more beautiful thing than the jewel.

"Is there nothing else?" asked the master.

All were silent.

The school door opened, and little Karl came in.

"How are you so late, Karl?" said the teacher; "you have never once been late before."

"Oh, sir," said Karl, "as I was coming to school, I saw a hawk sweep down and pounce on a poor little white dove, and carry it off between its teeth. I clapped my hands, and it let the bird drop, and flew away. I picked up the dove and washed its wounds in the brook and wrapped it up in my handkerchief."

"But where have you left the bird?"

"In the shed, sir."

"Bring it in, Karl."

Karl brought in the dove, and took it up to his master's desk. The eyes of the wounded bird looked up so pleadingly and trustfully into Karl's face that two large tears rolled down the boy's cheeks, right on to the white down on the dove's back. They lay glistening there.

"Ah, see here! children," said the master, "look at those tears. They are shed for others. Those are the most beautiful things in the world."

"A thousand jewels could not make you happy. A feast of the richest cakes is soon over. But love and sympathy are gifts from heaven which help to cheer and brighten our whole lives. Now, tell me, which of these three boys should have the prize?"

And the children all shouted out, "Karl, Karl."

"I THANK YOU."

THREE little words, nine letters wide;
And yet how much these words betide.
How much of thought or tenderness
This short "I thank you!" may express.

When spoken with a proud disdain,
'Twill chill the heart like frozen rain;
Or, when indifference marks its tone,
It turns love's impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,
As time goes on beneath the sun,
While marching in life's busy ranks,
For all our blessings to "give thanks."

Then thank your God for life so fair,
For tender mercies great and rare,
For health and strength, for home and friends,
And loving care that never ends.

Then thank the ones, who'er they be,
That do a kindness unto thee.
'Twill cost you little, pain you less,
This sweet "I thank you!" to express.

"SMILE ON ME."

"WHAT can I do for you?" said a nurse as she passed by a poor suffering child in an hospital. The only request the child made as the nurse passed so frequently by her bed was, "Smile on me."

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF
ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. **H**OW are past years spoken of by (1) Jacob, and (2) Moses?
2. What years did Asaph desire to remember?
3. How are future days and years (in the case of those who serve God) described by Elihu?
4. To what is the natural life of man compared in the New Testament?
5. How is that new life described which is the gift of God, and how is it received?
6. What is the first question asked in the New Testament, and by whom?
7. Where was the answer found, and what saying of our Lord does it illustrate?
8. How near to the Lord Jesus did the directions given bring those who were seeking Him?

ANSWERS (See AUGUST No., p. 191).

1. Manasseh. Acts xiii. 1 (see margin).
 2. Alexander. 2 Tim. iv. 14.
 3. Nicopolis. Titus iii. 12.
 4. Abraham. Heb. xi. 17.
 5. Shamgar. Judges iii. 31.
 6. Sergius Paulus. Acts xiii. 7.
 7. Ezra. Ezra vii. 6.
 8. Herodians. Matt. xxii. 16.
- Manasseh (2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13).

"CURLY."

THE other day a girl in an American city telephoned to her father at his office asking if her dog, "Curly," was there. The reply came that he was. "Well, take him up in your arms and hold the receiver to his ear; I want to tell him to come home," said the girl. Her father did so. The dog's countenance wore momentarily a look of astonishment at hearing "Come home, Curly, come home!" in the tones of his mistress. It took him only an instant to understand what was wanted, and then he made for home as fast as he could go.

EARTHLY GREATNESS.

THERE lived at the court of King Herod a rich man, the king's chamberlain, who was clothed royally and fared sumptuously. Once a friend of his youth visited him, feasted with him, and praised his greatness. The chamberlain took a choice apple on a golden plate and presented it to the friend of his youth, saying, "Behold! this apple has rested on gold, and its form is very

beautiful." The stranger cut the apple in two, and in its centre there was a worm! Then the stranger looked at the chamberlain; and the chamberlain bent his eyes to the ground, and sighed.—*Krummacker.*

A WONDERFUL COLLIE.

QUITE lately a collie dog succeeded in finding its way home all the way from Edinburgh to Alloa. It was left by mistake in a train bound from Alloa to Edinburgh, much to the discomfiture of the owner. To his pleased surprise, however, it returned next morning, wet and dripping, and otherwise in a sorry plight. On making inquiries as to how the return journey was accomplished, he was assured that the dog had been seen at a wayside station just outside Edinburgh, and later on travelling the high road leading west from the city. Early next morning it was observed to take the water at a part of the Forth nearly opposite Alloa and swim to the north side, soon afterwards reporting itself to its delighted master.



"A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR."

Specially drawn for this Magazine by S. SHELTON.

Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY," ETC.

X. COOKERY IN THE HOME.

I THINK that most conscientious housewives would endorse Miss Mason's dictum that "Anything like trifling with health—whether vicious or careless—is of the nature of suicide, because life is held in trust from a supreme authority." Perhaps we do not equally realize that health is a duty, and that God has given us the work of preserving our bodies and nourishing our bodies for a definite end. This end is, that we may be available for whatever work the Lord our God may lay upon us.

Now cookery has a vast importance in the economy of health. Without properly prepared food our bodies must languish more or less. It is impossible, in fact, to attain to the full measure obtained for us of God, unless we pay regard to the proper preparation of our daily food. In my articles on the nurture of our babies, I have laid stress on this point. No less important is it for every other member of our households, and for ourselves. We women are apt to be too altruistic. If left to ourselves, we live on tea and bread. Trifling with other folk's health in this matter is *Murder*, I should say, if trifling with our own is suicide. When we look at cookery after this solemn fashion, it will begin to occupy its real place in our thoughts. When I was a young girl, I took out my diploma for Artizan Cookery at South Kensington. Many of the details I then learned have passed from my memory. The broad rules of scientific cookery laid down are still present with me. In this paper I shall not give mere recipes. Such may be culled from any Mrs. Beeton that lies in our possession. I shall just lay down principles, leaving you to apply them in the various Sweet Homes God has given you.

In the first place, remember, you cannot turn out good nourishing dishes without good nourishing material. This does not mean expensive ingredients necessarily. It does mean the ones best suited for the purpose. To turn out the best dishes, also, we must have proper utensils, and the kind of fuel needed at the moment. If grilling or broiling be on the tapis, a fire of round coal is said to be essential. Nothing of the sort. Well-washed cinders are far better calculated to produce a smokeless, gasless fire than the largest lumps of orrel. Orrel costs at least one pound a ton, cinders absolutely nothing. They are, as we say in Ireland, only "the lavings" of last night's burnt-out fire. For baking, or roasting, lumps of "bottled sunshine" are really necessary. Ovens will not heat without such. It is only waste of time and temper trying to further either of these operations without a due allowance of the most costly fuel.

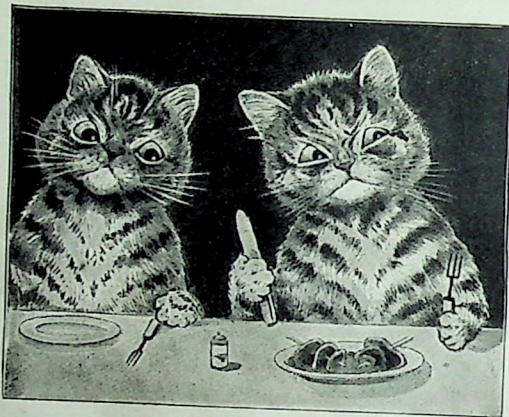
Again, frying needs boiling fat. A fat is not boiling until all frizzling and spluttering has ceased. Perfect quietness and the sight of a blue smoke proclaims fat to be in a condition for frying. We have all doubtless noticed how differently croquettes or fish taste at a restaurant from what they do at home. We lay it down to the chef's skill. Not at all. Those who have experience in cookery know that hot fat simply greases and soaks. It takes boiling fat to fry. Our object in frying must be to have a dry, crisp envelope outside, and a moist, tasty mass under it. The action of boiling fat is to close all outside globules, and then warm slowly the preparation inside.

Every housewife who pursues this branch of cookery often (and when scientifically followed none is more appetising or healthful) must keep one saucepan for the purpose. Some of you will open your eyes at the word *saucepan*. But it is not a

misprint. To fry in a saucepan full of fat is far more economical than to follow the usual custom of frying in a pan with a small supply of fat. It burns less easily, and so operation after operation can take place in the same fat. Occasionally it will want clarifying. Then pour into the cold fat some cold water, stir well and bring to the boil, and pour into a bowl. When cold again, a lot of discoloured water will be found at the bottom of a cake of clean, sweet, pure fat. This is better than the whitest of bought lard.

Most uneducated women—I mean uneducated in a culinary sense only—often think it extravagant to peel turnips thickly. They question why that bulbous root should be treated differently from potatoes or carrots. Well, let me tell you that peeling is necessary to all vegetables to get rid of certain noxious particles they contain. This poison, in the turnip family, lies in a dark line visible about half an inch from the rind. In the tubers of potatoes the poison is close under the skin. In carrots it is contained in the sheath itself. This explains why we peel turnips thickly, potatoes thinly, and simply scrape carrots. Onions, on the other hand, are much more nourishing when boiled in their skins. Unless we wish for a white appearance (such as

in onion sauce) it is better to cook our onion whole. The skin of this delicious root, however, carries a bright yellow dye along with it. This would, of course, destroy the effect of delicate cookery. We naturally throw away the outside leaves of cabbages and salad as a matter of cleanliness. Bought, as we have so often to buy them, from anybody, it is wise to do so. If picked in our own gardens, such waste is quite unnecessary. Every leaf is equally good, and none should be rejected. The smell of boiling greens may be prevented by popping into the saucepan with them a crust of bread. Also much unpleasantness may be avoided by pouring away water in which they have been boiled at once. Not down the sink, as you value health in your homes, but out on to the nearest

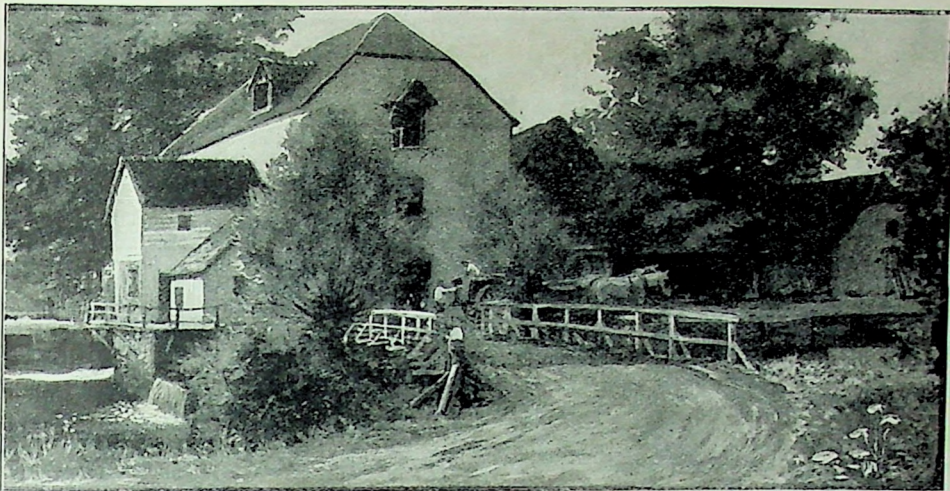


DINNER FOR TWO.

From the Drawing by LOUIS WAIN.

plot of ground. It is the water that smells, not the cabbage.

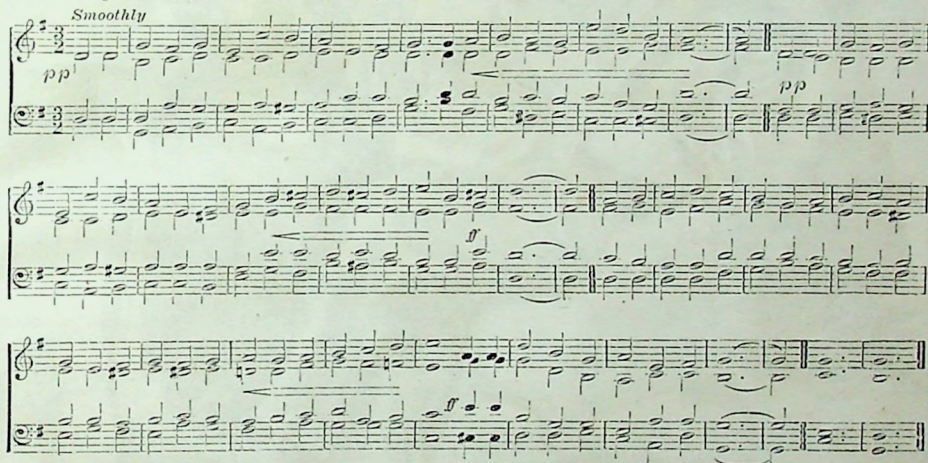
To get rid of the odour of onions from a knife, always skin or chop that esculent bulb first of all. Peeling a potato or chopping up a carrot with the knife afterwards does away with all unpleasant consequences. Whilst we are on the subject of wholesome, let me say that they must be fresh to be are worse than useless. This was brought home to me when nursing an aged friend through a tedious illness of the digestive organs. The doctor ordered plenty of green food if it were fresh, otherwise, he said, it would only irritate the alimentary canal. It is a thing to remember when shopping. Fresh, ripe fruit should enter into our daily scheme of cookery. Here, again, freshness is a desideratum. All fruit with hard skins must be stewed. Stewing is, perhaps, the most economical method of cooking. It takes a handful of fire only, and a minimum of attention. In frying, boiling, roasting, and baking, we lose a given percentage of substance. In stewing alone we get a maximum of material. What is lost from the fish, flesh, or fruit, goes into the gravy and juice. Eating both, as we do in a stew, we get every bit of nourishment out of it. The secret of stewing is to put down the materials in cold water sufficient to cover them. Bring this just to the boil, once, then put aside and allow to simmer only. All stews should be closely covered being lost. This prevents the aroma, so essential to a good stew,



Our Resting Place.

Words by the Rev. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A.

Music by A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.



AS the flower to the light and the man to his might,
As the bird to its sheltering tree,
As the babe to the breast and its motherly rest—
So I turn, O my Saviour, to Thee;
From the world and its chains, with their passions and pains,
Do I fly to the Love that so sweetly constrains,
And the hope that for ever makes free.

There is many a call which would lure to its fall
The poor soul if too ready to hear,
And yet only One Voice at which all can rejoice
In a rest that has nothing to fear;
And the pleasure that flies as you grasp it and dies,
Cannot comfort when man for Eternity cries,
And the cloud that awaits us draws near.

As the stem has a root and the blossom a shoot,
And the earth the sweet azure for dome,
So my faith finds a Rock 'mid the shadow and shock,
And my heart in the Saviour a Home;
Ah, the moth and the rust of each evil and lust
May not enter this dwelling or trouble my trust,
And the morn of Redemption will come.

Other refuges fade by our selfishness made,
But no night here can darken my day;
As the dew on the rose, so I softly repose
Upon Mercy which lightens the way;
As the bird to its nest and the babe to the breast,
So I fall in the Arms where I only am blest,
And the Strength which is ever my Stay.



A LETTER FROM BEYOND THE SEAS.

(Specially drawn for this Magazine by J. R. BURGESS.)

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.



Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOAN.

FRED PYKE'S words were sufficiently vague and sufficiently suggestive to fill Margot with dismay. He acted his part well, looking extremely unhappy, and Margot was carried away by his pleading. She had no clear recollection of her own past words, but she knew that she certainly had said something of the kind; and she knew that she might be held to owe him something in the way of substantial gratitude if, as she maintained, he had saved her from serious danger at risk to himself. She was by no means eager to part with any of her sixty pounds, even to rescue him from this mysterious "quandary"; but she lacked resolution to protest at once, and the longer she listened to him, the more difficult it became to refuse what he asked.

"How much is it that you want?" she presently demanded, thereby putting herself still more in his power.

Pyke spoke cautiously, examining her face with furtive glances to see how far he might venture. His first tentative mention of "fifty pounds" brought a look which in a moment showed him that he had gone too far. He adroitly modified the utterance. "That's what would put me straight," he said. "But, of course, that's impossible. I'll have to do with less. I could get along with thirty—p'rhaps with twenty-five! And that's the very least. I'll promise faithful to pay it back in full at the end of the fortnight. You may depend upon me."

In the confusion of the moment Margot did not think of insisting on time for deliberation. Pyke indeed pressed her so hard that she had no chance of any quiet thought. That was part of his plan. He talked on ceaselessly, with looks and tones of admiring deference, which worked on her girlish vanity.

As yet only ten pounds of her present had been actually paid away; but she had just taken out of the Post Office Savings Bank the sum of twenty-five pounds, with which to meet bills for underclothing, dresses, head-gear, and other purchases.

If she should hand over this sum to Pyke, she could, no doubt, take out another twenty-five pounds to use in its stead. That plan occurred to her mind. Yet she hesitated.

Pyke talked on, and Margot yielded more and



"She felt sure he suspected, or knew, more than might be read in his stolid face."—Page 241.

more. It seemed unkind not to give in when he looked so miserable and was in such difficulties. To be sure, Owen did not like Pyke, and he might not approve of this use of Margot's money. But it was merely a passing use—just for one fortnight—and she was not yet married to Owen, so he would not need to know about the matter. Pyke was urging absolute secrecy. "For my sake!" he said two or three times. Margot found herself yielding to the request, and promising secrecy. Perhaps Owen judged Mr. Pyke rather hardly. He was very pleasant this afternoon, and he said such nice things about Margot's kindness and readiness to understand, and he seemed to be in some way such a harshly-used individual, that she slowly gave in.

Merely for one fortnight. He promised to return the loan with strict punctuality at the fortnight's end. Margot did not think of asking how he could be sure of doing so. He implied vaguely that money would then be coming in from somewhere, and she was satisfied. She was very young, very unbusinesslike, easily flattered, and disposed to act upon impulse; and she knew little of life.

"Twenty-five pounds is the very most that I can let you have," she said at length. "And remember, Mr. Pyke," severely, "I can't wait one single day longer than the fortnight. I'll keep your secret, of course; but you must keep to the exact day. You will be sure to remember that? And now about letting you have the money—I've got it at home."

"I suppose you couldn't just run back, and bring it to me here," suggested Pyke, with sufficient coolness.

No; Margot couldn't do that. She had walked enough; and when she got home it would make a stir if she wished to go out again directly.

"Well, then, this evening after dark. I'll be in the far corner of the kitchen-garden, close to the old summer-house. I'll be there at eight o'clock, and I'll wait till you come, if it's till midnight. Don't you forget. But you won't; I know you won't. I'd trust you through thick and thin—that I would."

Margot was so bewildered with the sudden demand upon her resources, and so far carried away with compassion, that she actually consented to the foolish plan proposed. At the moment no difficulties presented themselves to her mind. She was mainly occupied with his admiring gaze. She dropped her head a little, and said, "Oh, Mr. Pyke!" in protest.

"I would! I'd trust you through thick and thin!" repeated Pyke, with energy.

As he spoke, heavy steps were heard coming along the road.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGOT'S FOLLY.

UNDER the circumstances Pyke was at least as anxious as Margot not to be found out in this private conference. "Don't you let out that you've seen me, whatever you do!" he whispered hurriedly, before making an ignominious rush and scramble through a gap in the left-hand hedge.

Hardly had he vanished when Owen Forrest's head man, George Smith, appeared, walking past. Margot saw his keen glance in the direction of the gap, and she felt sure that he suspected, or knew, more than might be read in his stolid face. She exchanged a nod with him, and waited till he too was out of sight, trying her best to look indifferent. Then she made her way home by the lane, feeling still a little flattered and excited by Pyke's words. Why should Owen and everybody dislike the poor man? Margot thought him really very pleasant. She liked the notion of helping him through his difficulty.

"And when I've got the money all ready, it would be so selfish to say no," she thought. "He promises to give it back in a fortnight, and that's soon enough."

Then she remembered that she had planned to drive into North Ashted next morning with Lavinia, to settle various bills with the twenty-five pounds which she had in hand. This difficulty had not earlier occurred to her mind.

"Oh, well, I shall have to put it off," she decided. "Lavinia won't mind, I dare say. I shall have to think of some excuse. If only she didn't know that I had taken the money out of the Savings Bank on purpose!" But this Lavinia did know.

At eight o'clock Pyke would be expecting her in the kitchen-garden. Margot was determined not to fail him, and she meant to slip away from the family circle a short time before, so as not to be hindered at the last. But an unlooked-for impediment arose. Soon after seven the farmer came in, and remarked with his hearty laugh,—

"See what these young fellows are when they're goin' to be married. There's Owen Forrest on his way here—all agog to see Margot again. As if he hadn't seen her pretty near every day this past week!"

Margot could not quite hide her dismay. She glanced at the clock. No use going at present to the kitchen-garden.

"Owen never talked of coming this evening," she said.

"Why, Margot!" escaped Lavinia in surprise.

"Don't look best pleased, does she?" laughed the farmer. "Get a little too much of him, eh, my girl? Never you mind. Best to have him

over fond of you than not caring. He's a good fellow, that he is."

"I like to see him, of course, uncle. Only I've got a lot of things to do; and when he comes he wants me to be idle the whole time. And he was here only this afternoon."

"Yes, and he had to go off sharp and leave you. He thought you were a bit over-tired. That worried him. You'll have a careful husband, if ever there was one. He's a kind-hearted chap."

The talk drifted in another direction, and Margot sat, work in hand, wondering how to manage.

When once Owen should have arrived it would be no easy matter to get away from him, without rousing remarks, for a long enough time to do her business.

She might, of course, put off altogether attempting to carry out the scheme that evening, and let Pyke know afterwards that she had been prevented. But she did not like to think of him as waiting vainly in the dark, depending on her only to be disappointed. Nor did she wish to have to write to him. There was also in her a certain persistency of will which made her dislike to fail in a scheme.

At a quarter to eight Owen had not yet come in. Perhaps he would not come at all. Something might have happened to prevent him. It occurred to her mind that if she were to slip away now she might get the business done before he should arrive. No sooner did the notion suggest itself than she acted upon it. Putting down her work, she was running off, when Mrs. Handfast remarked, "If you're going upstairs, you can bring down that vest I'm knitting for you, Margot."

"Yes, aunt."

"And be quick. You'll have Owen in directly."

"Yes, aunt. I've got one or two things to see to," faltered Margot.

"She's going to put on a smart ribbon," laughed

the farmer. "Like the rest of the girls. Don't you hinder her, my dear."

Margot smiled uneasily, and fled.

This was her only chance. If Owen were coming at all, he would not be much later. As she ran towards the back door, she heard the front door opening, and she knew what it meant.

The money was in her pocket, ready for Pyke. Five crisp five-pound bank-notes. Margot did not like parting with them, even for a fortnight. Yet she sincerely wished to help Pyke. She was grateful to him and sorry for him, and she

meant to carry out the plan.

It was a chilly evening, with a high cold wind. There was no time to go for wraps. Margot went softly to the back door, meeting nobody by the way. Outside it was dark. She congratulated herself on having got so far unobserved. Nothing now remained but to reach the bottom of the kitchen-garden at her best speed, hoping that Pyke might be there a little before the hour named. She began by running into a bush, and then falling over a small wheelbarrow, bruising her knees afresh. Margot picked herself up, and proceeded more cautiously.

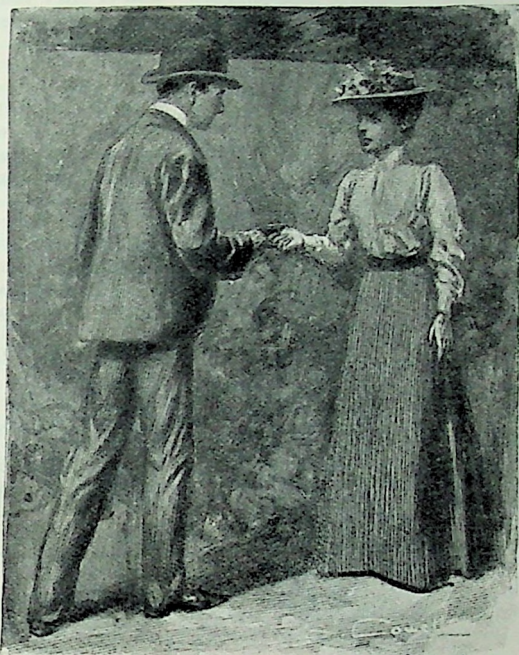
"Margot! Margot!" a voice called from indoors.

Margot hurried on in the dark. It was a good way to the bottom of the long kitchen-garden. When she arrived there, she found herself alone.

Not yet eight o'clock. Pyke evidently meant to be punctual in the real sense, which means neither too early nor too late.

"But I can't wait," she said to herself. "I can't wait."

Another distant call of "Margot!" sounded. Lavinia had no doubt been to her room, and was puzzled to find it empty. Half a minute seemed like half an hour, as she delayed, nervous and shivering with cold. Then a suppressed man's



"She thrust the envelope, with bank-notes inside, towards him."—Page 246.



"I do declare—
here she is!" ex-
claimed the farmer."
—Page 246

voice said by her side, "Well?" and she nearly screamed with the start.

"Is it you, Mr. Pyke?"

"Yes, I'm here. It's only just eight. You're early. Got the money?"

"Yes. Here it is. I can't stop a moment!" She thrust the envelope, with bank-notes inside, towards him. "Take it! quick! Make haste, please. Owen is there, and he expects me. I can't stop. Mind, Mr. Pyke, I'm only lending it for just a fortnight. I can't spare it longer. I wouldn't do that, only you helped me when— But I must be off."

Pyke had the bank-notes safely in his pocket, and he knew that for him, as for Margot, the sooner this interview should be ended the better. But jealousy had him in its grip. He could not resist muttering, "And I've got to let you go back to that—that-chap—you—that might have been—"

"Oh, please stop! Don't talk nonsense. Let me go," implored Margot, in a fright, for he had seized her hand. She suddenly felt how little she knew of the man, how unprotected she was, out here alone in the dark. "Let me go, please. If you don't, I can't keep your secret. I shall have to tell where I've been."

"You will keep my secret. I know you will, Margot!"

"Yes, yes, I promise. Only don't keep me."

Pyke loosened his grip, and she fled homeward. Outside the back door stood Farmer Handfast and Owen, both peering into the darkness.

"I do declare—here she is!" exclaimed the farmer, breaking into one of his big laughs. "Here's a funny craze, if ever there was one. Scampering through the garden, with ne'er a wrap to keep her warm. Whatever are you after, child? Jenny said she saw you go out, and we wouldn't believe her. I do believe she's been to meet you, Owen."

Margot was generally a truthful girl, but she had put herself into a position of great difficulty. She had promised not to tell the real cause for her unexpected "outing," and what to say she did not know. The farmer's suggestion offered an opportune escape from the difficulty. Without stopping to think, Margot made use of it.

"I didn't know which way he'd come," she panted. "I've been to look—"

"It wasn't likely I should come that way," Owen remarked gravely. "Didn't you hear Lavinia calling?"

"Yes, I heard." Margot could not look him in the face. "I came as quick as I could."

Owen asked no further questions. He seemed serious that evening. All present noticed it—Margot especially. She had an uneasy sense that he suspected something to be not right. That consciousness in a moment made her aware how fond she was of Owen, how little she in her heart cared for the foolish flatteries of Pyke.

And she had been untruthful to Owen. She had tried to make him believe what was not the case. At night she cried bitterly over the recollection. What would Owen think, if he could know all? She was already sorely regretting that she had given in to Pyke's request. If only she had waited—if only she had insisted on time for thought—if only she had told Owen all, and had asked his advice! How unutterably silly she had been!

"I'll never do such a thing again! I'll always tell Owen everything," she resolved.

But this particular "thing" was by no means at an end.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OWEN'S DISPLEASURE.

"WHATEVER was the matter with Owen last night?" asked Mrs. Handfast. She was alone with Lavinia in the kitchen.

"I don't know, mother. I couldn't make him

out. He wasn't like himself, somehow. And I can't make Margot out this morning, either."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She won't go to the town to pay her bills. And she won't say why. It was all settled, and she's taken out the money from the Savings Bank. She said she'd do it to-day if we could have the cart, because she didn't like such a lot of money lying about. And now she won't. She says there's no hurry, and some day next week 'I'll do as well. Such a nice morning for it, too. I should have thought she'd like the drive. And you said we could have the cart."

"Yes, of course I did. I thought it was all settled. What's come over the girl? Isn't she well?"

"Yes; I asked her that, and she says she's all right. Only she'd rather go another time. She won't say why."

Mrs. Handfast considered, then broke into a smile. "That's why, Lavinia. There's Owen coming. I s'pose she guessed he might, and didn't want to miss him."

She watched Lavinia's face, without seeming to do so, and was glad to see its composure. Lavinia was fast growing used to the present posture of affairs—perhaps even was ceasing to wish for aught else.

"It's a good thing the wedding isn't far off, mother. Owen does waste a lot of time coming in and out. Father said to me yesterday that he thought it was going rather too far."

"He's no business to be away from farm work at this time of day. But he does look solemn. Not like Owen."

The person discussed walked in, and greeted the two absently. "Where's Margot?" he asked.

Mrs. Handfast looked at Lavinia. "In the garden, I think," said Lavinia. "I saw her go out."

"When do you and she mean to start?"

"Margot says she'd rather not go to-day."

"Why not? I'm come to offer to drive her there myself." Owen spoke with a touch of hardness.

"Can you spare the time, Owen?" Mrs. Handfast asked this.

He looked at his old friend with unsmiling eyes.

"Yes. There's things that come before farming."

Mrs. Handfast made a little sign to Lavinia, which the girl understood. "I'll go and find Margot—shall I, mother?" Then to Owen—"Mother thinks she was expecting you, and that was why she didn't want to go. So perhaps she'll be ready now."

"She couldn't have been expecting me. I'd no thought of coming till an hour ago. Tell her I'll drive her to the town, Lavinia."

"Lavinia was going. She needn't go now."

"I'd sooner have Margot to myself—if Lavinia doesn't mind."

Tone and manner were unlike Owen. Lavinia went out of the room, perhaps a little hurt; and Mrs. Handfast looked into Owen's gloomy face.

"Now tell me. What's wrong?" she said.

"I'll tell Margot first. She'll maybe explain."

He was in some deep distress. Mrs. Handfast could see that.

"You might trust me—such an old friend as I am. Perhaps I could help."

Owen walked up and down the room heavily, thinking.

"If it's true, nobody can help." He went to the open door, shut it, and came back. "I'll stop if Margot comes in!" Then, with difficulty—"Yesterday evening—"

"Yes—"

"When she was in the garden—tried to make out—went to meet me—"



"He saw a man leap over the wall."—Page 248.

"Yes. Go on."

"She was—with—Pyke."

"It can't be true. It isn't true. Don't you believe it. Somebody's trying to wrong her."

"George told me. I've known George now for twenty years—never found him out yet in a lie. He was regularly upset—said he didn't know what to do, but he thought I ought to know. Said—Pyke's a bad man—might be trying to get hold of Margot. And George thought—"

"But it's impossible! What can it mean? Margot! She's not that sort of girl. George must have been mistaken."

"No. It's twice over. I wouldn't be sure of the second if it wasn't for the first. He saw her in the afternoon down by the stream, talking to Pyke. Seeming quite 'friendly-like,' George says. When he got near, Pyke ran off—bolted through the hedge, so as not to be seen. But George had seen them already, sitting together and talking. No sort of doubt about that. And in the evening, it just happened that he had been this way again on business for me; and he was passing by the end wall of your kitchen-garden about eight o'clock. That's the time Margot was out. He saw a man leap over the wall and make off in a hurry. George thought it odd. He was close by, with a lantern, and he held it up. The light fell full on the fellow's face, and he was off sharp, but George saw him. It was—Pyke."

"He didn't see Pyke with Margot."

"No, he didn't. Not much need for that," said Owen bitterly.

"Don't be sure. I wouldn't be sure. You can't tell. He might have been prowling round after some mischief,—nothing to do with Margot."

"If they hadn't been together in the afternoon!"

"Yes. But they might just have met by accident. Don't you see? I wouldn't be sure in a hurry. You ask Margot quietly, so as not to frighten her, nor put up her temper, and see if she can't explain."

Owen heard moodily, as if unconvinced. Then the two girls came in together. Margot looked uneasy. Lavinia had told her the object of Owen's call, and she was wondering how to manage.

Owen had not much control over his own face or manner, and his greeting was stiff. Margot could not but notice this. Her eyes went in alarmed appeal to his face. Then her manner followed suit, becoming even stiffer than his. Mrs. Handfast was the first to speak.

"Owen's come to take you into the town, Margot, instead of Lavinia. So you'd best get on your hat as quick as you can. To pay those bills, you know."

"I don't want to go to-day. I told Lavinia I didn't." Margot spoke in a quick nervous tone.

"Nonsense, my dear. Of course you'll go. It's all settled. Run and get your hat."

Margot stood still. "I don't want to go. I don't mean to go. I don't see why I should be made."

"You don't want to go with me," Owen's face said. His voice said nothing. He remained solemnly silent. Mrs. Handfast could not make Margot out. Something underlay the resolute air, and her heart ached for Owen.

"You've got the money, haven't you—all right?"

Margot was silent.

"Why, of course she has, mother. The paper came yesterday morning by post, and we went to the post office afterwards to get the money. Twenty-five pounds," explained Lavinia.

"Too big a sum to keep lying about for days in the house. And you can't have the cart to-morrow, nor perhaps next day neither." Mrs. Handfast spoke decisively. "Don't be silly, Margot. Get your hat at once. You'll like it when you're off. It isn't that you don't feel well?"

Margot's lips moved.

"It don't matter. I won't have her made to go with me against her will."

"It isn't that. I don't want to go at all—not with anybody," said Margot.

"Then you'd better have a talk in the parlour. You'll be quiet there." Mrs. Handfast felt that she had done her best for Owen.

Margot seemed reluctant, but did not resist. She expected to be questioned as to her reasons for not wishing to go, and she was puzzled how to satisfy Owen. Escape, however, was impossible.

Owen seemed to be in no hurry to speak when they found themselves alone together. He could not make up his mind which way to begin. Margot sat down at the lattice window and looked out. It was a tempting day for a drive. But for that tiresome Mr. Pyke she might now have been thoroughly enjoying herself.

"Wouldn't you like the garden best?" she asked, not looking at Owen.

That word set him going. He put an abrupt question—not at all the question that Margot had expected.

"What were you after—last night—in the garden?"

"When do you mean?" Margot's heart beat unpleasantly fast. She wanted to gain time.

"You know. Last night."

"What do you want to know for?"

"I want to know, and I mean to know." Owen was heavily displeased. Her small attempt at evasion made him the more sure that his fears were correct.

"I don't know what you mean," she said shortly.

"I expect you do, though. Were you out there—with—Pyke?"

Margot flushed up, but she stood her ground. "It's no business of yours what I was doing."

"Isn't it? A man's got a right to know what his—wife—"

"I'm not your wife yet," she interrupted. Margot had a quick temper; and he was forgetting Mrs. Handfast's warning.

"Then it's true what I was told. You were out there, with that fellow—out alone—after dark—"

"Who told you I was?"

"Somebody whose word I can trust. Seems I can't trust yours."

That turned the course of Margot's thoughts. Conscience reproached her. She *had* told, or, at least, had implied, an untruth the evening before. A better spirit came over her, and she hung her head.

"I wasn't right," she said. "Not to make you think I'd gone out to see you. It wasn't that, truly. I only wanted to get something done, and to be back before you'd come in. Of course I knew you wouldn't come that way."

Owen listened in slow amazement. He in his heart was accusing her of being untrue to himself, of—to say the least—indulging in a most blameworthy flirtation with an unprincipled fellow, whom none of her people cared to know. And she, instead of explaining or apologising for her action, was innocently confessing a fault which, by comparison, was in his eyes utterly trivial.

Was it innocently? Could Margot be an accomplished actress? Did it mean that she was deliberately trying to throw dust in his eyes?

"That isn't all," he said. "I want to know—what you were doing with Pyke." A red spot appeared on the girl's cheek. He repeated his words. "I want to know what you were doing out there with Pyke. That's what I want to know."

The silence which followed was broken only by the ticking of the little brass clock, and by Margot's quick breathing. She was utterly perplexed how to act. He could see that she was agitated: not now frightened, but certainly unhappy. He had roused her temper so effectually as to do away with any sense of alarm; yet she was trying to restrain herself. She wanted not to give way.

"I didn't mean to tell you," she said, after a break. "It isn't anybody's business—except mine and Mr. Pyke's. I saw him in the afternoon. He came along the road, where I was sitting. And he just asked me if I'd let him have some-

thing. And I said I would. And I ran out to give it to him. He'd promised to be in the garden waiting for it. That's all."

The tale sounded lame. Owen's face grew harder. Margot saw that she was not believed, and the flush in her cheeks deepened.

"That's all," she repeated resolutely. "I mean, that's all I've got to say. And I think I was right. It wasn't right to make you think I'd gone out for what I hadn't really gone out for. But the rest wasn't wrong. At least, I meant to do right. I'd do it again—if it came over again." This was perhaps an exaggeration, for Margot was angry. "I oughtn't to tell you so much as this, because I promised I wouldn't—and you're not to let him know. And I can't say more."

"What was it he asked you to give him?"

Margot was silent.

"What was it he asked you to give him?" Owen repeated his question heavily.

Margot pursed her lips together.

"I s'pose you wanted to stop at home to-day—so as to see him again. That's what it is."

The idea was so astonishing to Margot, that, taken by surprise, she broke into a little peal of laughter. This was provoking enough. Owen would have stood anything better in his then mood. If only she had cried, he would at once have wanted to comfort her. But that she should laugh—should laugh with apparent merriment—about a matter on which the whole happiness of his lifetime seemed to hang—!

"Don't see that there's much more to be said," he observed, in slow sullen wrath. "Things can't go on like this. If you've taken to *him*—why, you've got to part with me. That's what it is. I wouldn't have thought it of you—but—seeing you don't choose to answer—I don't see what else there is to be said. When you're willing to tell me—what it was you gave him—why, you'll find me—ready and willing enough—"

"You mean—you don't believe me!" Margot looked straight at him now. "You think I'm deceiving you!"

Owen hesitated. Then—"Yes, I do!" came in tones as decisive as her own.

"Then I think as you do. It's no good saying any more."

"But if you'd just tell me—that—"

"That's just what I can't tell you. Good-bye," said Margot.

Owen stood motionless. Margot moved two steps towards the door.

"If you'd just speak out—tell me what it was you gave that fellow—"

"It's my business. Not yours. Good-bye," said Margot.

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

"FORGIVEN" AND "FORGOTTEN."

BY THE LATE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

DO you say, under the sense of your sinfulness, "God may perhaps *forgive* my sins, but will He *forget* them?" Harken to His Word:—"I, even I, am He that *blotteth out* thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will *not remember* thy sins" (Isaiah xliii. 25).

It is just because God is so far away above all others that He not only forgives but forgets. "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 18, 19).

Some one once said he supposed the reason sins could not float again was because they were so heavy. Oh that we ever believed with the full assurance of faith that no sin which God has cast into the depths can ever rise again! The scapegoat of old carried away the sins of the people into the wilderness, to a place not inhabited; and into such God sends the poor sinner's offences now. Jesus has taken them out of His sight. "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah liii. 6).

What keeps many from the full enjoyment and freedom of this? It is the smallness of our poor minds. We find it hard, from our own experience of forgiving and forgetting, to climb up to God's way of doing these; our faith takes its measure from our own experience. We find it harder (if I may so put it) to forgive ourselves than God finds it to forgive us. We keep continually bringing up against ourselves the sins which He has pardoned and cast behind His back, and sunk in the depths of the sea, and put away as far as the east is from the west; we are measuring Him by the human standard—the seven times, and not the seventy times seven, and many more.

And so, what we must do is to pray that our faith may be increased—our belief in what God is, that we may be able to go out into the greatness of God Himself, that we may be able to realize that His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways (Isaiah lv. 8, 9). We must get away from "self" altogether. We must get into the infinite in God. We must not stand shivering upon the shore of God's magnificence and magnanimity in love, and of His munificence too. We must try to strike out into the sunlit deep. God has made a way in Christ for the forgiveness and the forgetfulness of sin too. The greatness of His nature has enabled Him to do

this, and He has done it; and in our belief of this lies our only peace, the soul's full rest for ever.

Let us then try to throw ourselves more into *Him* in this matter, to get more out of, and away from, ourselves. I can only meet the sad thought, "I am what I am," with the glorious one, "He is what He is." Because God has such a great heart He is "kind to the unthankful and to the evil." May the realization of that thought be vouchsafed to us all by the power of the Holy Ghost.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

If we would possess as well as hear about "the Peace of God," which "passeth all" human "understanding"—the Peace of which the angels sang at Bethlehem,—the Divine Spirit must be our Teacher. He it is who bestows the heaven-sent gift of Faith—justifying faith which brings "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He it is who testifies within the believer; witnesses to his acceptance in the beloved; and if the sweet assurance of our adoption as children be thus brought home to us, our Peace will flow as a river: "the Word" will indeed be "received with joy of the Holy Ghost."—*The Forgotten Truth.*

FAITH—WHAT IS IT?

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., RECTOR OF
HINTON-WALDRIST.

(I.) *FAITH is the hand* that lays hold on Christ. There is a Latin motto which I think very beautiful—"I hold and am held." I hold Christ, and am held by Him. Faith is the hand that lays hold on Christ.

(II.) *Faith is the eye* that looks to Christ. When the Israelites were bitten by the fiery serpents God appointed a remedy. Every one who looked at the serpent of brass lived (St. John iii. 14, 15). So now, as the hymn says, "There is life for a look at the crucified One."

(III.) *Faith is the ear* which hears the voice of Christ. "My sheep hear My voice," said Christ. And again, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (St. John v. 25).

(IV.) *Faith is the mouth* that feeds on Christ. Jesus said, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (St. John vi. 35).

(V.) *Faith is the finger* that touches Christ. "For she said within herself, If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole" (St. Matt. ix. 21).

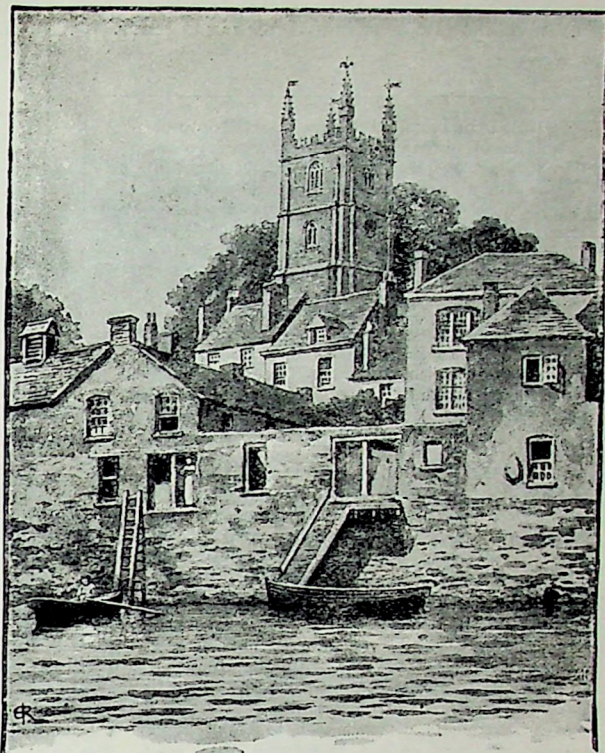
(VI.) *Faith is the key* that unlocks the treasures of Christ. You have a precious jewel in a case. But you need a key to open it. So in Christ are hidden blessings beyond all price, pardon and

peace, grace and glory. The question is, How shall they become mine? Faith is the key. But faith is not the jewel. Faith does not save. Christ saves. Yet Christ is mine by faith. Faith unlocks the stores of grace. Faith claims the unsearchable riches of Christ.

(VII.) Faith is spoken of in the New Testament as a *coming to Christ*. For *coming to Christ* is the same thing as *believing on Him*, as He Himself says in St. John vi. 35: "He that *cometh* to Me shall never hunger; and he that *believeth* in Me shall never thirst." Come, then, with such words as these:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all."

Only remember for your great and endless comfort, there is weak faith and there is strong faith. You may not have strong faith, but it is a mercy if you have the weak faith of him who said, with tears, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." And remember, too, that real faith is, as St. Paul says, in Ephesians ii., "The Gift of God": and then ask Him for it—ask Him for *strong* faith. And He will give it.



OUR HOUSE OF PRAYER.

Our Book of Common Prayer.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

COMMON WORSHIP.—Common worship is the seal upon the bonds of comradeship and affection and loyalty. In common worship we strengthen our faith in God, our hope for ourselves, our charity to our fellows.—*Dr. Bernard.*

Augustine's Creed.—"A whole Christ for my Salvation, a whole Bible for my staff, a whole Church for my fellowship, and a whole world for my parish."

What an American Nonconformist said of the Church of England.—"How rich the English Church is in hallowed memories: how rich in good books: how rich in philanthropic institutions: how rich in great names: how rich in the blood of martyrs: and especially how rich in those hymns and anthems and prayers which bring, as it were, the departed saints back to our assemblies, so that those who are here and those who are there can worship God once more in the same transporting strains!"

"And that is the reason why I cling with a growing tenacity to those sublime bursts of praise which come echoing down to us through the ages. The Litany—do you think I will ever consent to give

that up? The 'Gloria in Excelsis'—do you think I will ever let any man or any Church rob me of that? And the noblest of them all, the 'Te Deum Laudamus,'—why, I cling to that as I cling to the blessing which my dying mother left me. It is a hymn of praise for all ages.

"No modern hymns, however beautiful or grand, can ever take the place of these. I want the hymns that cheered the pilgrimage of the saints in the olden times; I want the hymns that the martyrs sang on their way to the stake. When I sing I would have Polycarp and Chrysostom, and Ambrose and Augustine, sing with me. It is impossible for the Church in our day to make another 'Te Deum.' Before we can make such an anthem as that, we must reverse the wheels of time; we must have the shadow on the dial go backward; we must recall the dead; we must rekindle the fires of persecution; we must restore the martyr age; we must arouse the rushing mighty wind of Pentecost, and awaken the lingering echoes of the angelic song."—*Dr. Shaw* (Presbyterian).

Where Have the Flies Gone?

BY H. T. INGRAM. SKETCHES BY JAMES SCOTT.

II.

FLIES, and indeed other insects, do not breathe through their trunks or mouths. Their respiration is effected by means of a small number of tiny orifices along the sides of the body. Each opening is retained intact, and protected from being clogged, by a slender and peculiar miniature spiral tube. In a small cavity behind each orifice there are a large number of loose and thin extremely minute pieces of hard substance. When the air is expelled through the breathing holes, the action causes (at the discretion of the insect) a jingling together of the pieces, which performance results in the musical buzzing. Imagine that instead of gargling water in your own throat, you were to replace the liquid with small pieces of tin. The gargling motion would produce a jingling of the tin, which would be similar to the fly's buzzing, though the fly works with several "throats." The sound is *not* caused by the wings (though, no doubt, they contribute their share), for wingless and headless flies produce the notes.

The two large red orbs of vision belonging to house-flies are composed (as is the case with most insects' compound eyes) of several hundreds of tiny lenses, each capable of receiving an image. Various computations have been made respecting the number of these lenses, so I will not commit myself to a definite statement concerning the matter.

It is an extremely difficult task to count them, and strict accuracy cannot be secured. The most generally accepted number is two thousand to each eye. It does not follow, of course, that the fly sees more than one image of any object that he gazes at. It would be just as unreasonable to suppose that it did, as it would be to expect a man to see *two* sovereigns when he looked at *one*, because he has *two* eyes.

In addition to this pair of comparatively huge red eyes, the fly has a set of three minute orbs on top of



Fig. 6. A fly being killed by a plant.

its head. These may be seen in the illustrations. Some naturalists suppose that these two distinctly different kinds of eyes enable the insects to see both by day and by night. There is nothing at all unlikely in the assumption.

Did it ever occur to you that the fly is possessed of remarkable acrobatic capabilities? When one is flying about the room and desires to settle upon the ceiling, it is necessary for it to indulge in a somersault before it can accomplish the act. Birds do not practise such eccentric motions. In this connection I should strongly advise any inventors who hanker after a solution respecting the means which man may adopt in order to permit flight on his part, to study the movements of winged insects, especially house-flies, in preference to those of birds.

Many naturalists imagine that the intricate formation of these creatures' eyes must result in but a hazy vision; but I am inclined to a directly opposite opinion, bearing in mind that a fly will sweep with tremendous *comparative* speed completely across and about an apartment without colliding with any obstacle. Certainly it will sometimes fly violently against the window-panes; but glass is undoubtedly invisible to them, or nearly so, on account of its transparency. To thinking insects, this to us familiar material must present a great puzzle.

A house-fly dissolves its food by means of a saliva which issues from its quaint trunk. This organ, when not in use, is generally concealed from view, having been withdrawn into the head.

In Fig. 9, across the centre of the head, as it were, is clearly shown an under view of the lower extremity of the trunk. You are really looking just within the lips, which (if the drawing be held sideways) strongly resemble our own in some respects. The faint lines across this portion bear, when greatly magnified, a resemblance to spiral tubes; but they are in reality the regular rows of minute teeth and curved rods further alluded to. In Fig. 7 this extremity of the trunk is bent forwards, with the lips "putting."

A fly's feet are extremely interesting objects; and

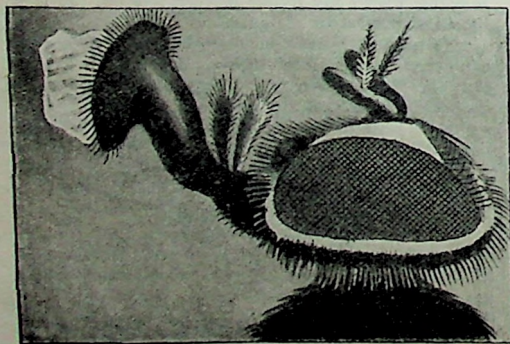


Fig. 7.

when examined with a microscope reveal how the insect is able to stand or walk upside down on ceilings, or run vigorously up the smooth glass panes of our windows. Each foot terminates in a pair of large and powerful claws, and a pair of white pads. Each of the latter are provided with several hundreds of invisible *hollow* hairs, and from the end of each hair exudes a fluid glue. As a fly owns six legs, it is thus furnished with twelve gluing-pads. Its mode of locomotion, when in an upside-down position, is temporarily to fix its feet to the surface over which it is travelling, and then, when it requires to lift a foot, to force its claws on to the surface, and thus dislodge and raise the pads.

It is mainly with these pads that it transfers disease germs from itself to man. If the insect is busily occupied upon decaying matter, many germs will adhere to its feet, and in such a case it would be a serious danger to the health of any person should that insect walk over a scratch on his hands or face.

You must not imagine that a microbe could be picked up in the fly's claws as you could pick up a crab. They are a *trifle* smaller in proportion, as must be admitted when it is stated that one authority computes that *ten million* microbes, responsible for that disastrous disease typhoid fever, would be needed to equal the bulk of a house-fly's foot. It is on account of the germs adhering to the sticky pads on the insect's feet, and to the ugly, conical bristles covering its trunk and legs, that the obnoxious invisible organisms stand a chance of transference to our sensitive bodies, which (if you will give the matter a moment's consideration) are exposed to the attacks of an apparently undue number and variety of tiny living creatures, from wasps to microbes.

It may prove to be a source of grim satisfaction

to those people who do not like flies, to learn that these insects are subject to the torments of a special kind of living creatures which prey upon them; and, also, that they are usually killed off at the end of the summer by a curious fungus.

The illustration No. 8 depicts one of the

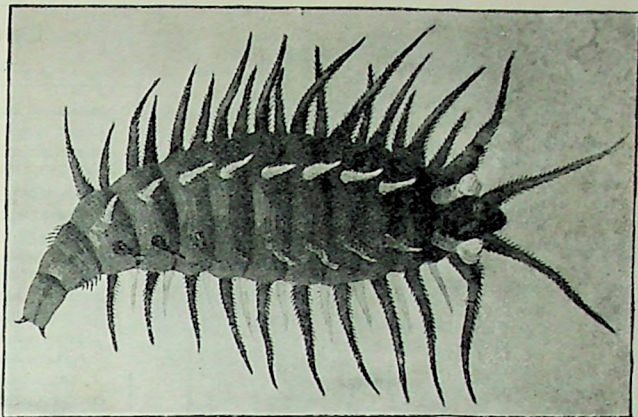


Fig. 8. The mite which preys on flies.

attacking eight-legged mites which suck the blood of the poor fly. Note its tremendously large size as compared with the bulk of the victim itself. Yet two or three of these parasites will adhere tenaciously to the hairy body of a fly for months at a time.

I come now appropriately to the termination of a fly's existence. The majority of them succumb to a fungoid disease, and may be seen during the autumn with their lifeless bodies suspended on walls, picture-frames, and elsewhere, supported by one or two pairs of their pads, the glue of which has hardened because the insect's weakened condition had prevented it from moving those feet. You must surely have noticed that these dead flies have a sickly appearance, and have been encircled by a white misty-looking patch. Now, that mist is a plant—a fungus. Its seeds are ever-present in the air, in companionship with other germs, as a sunbeam will demonstrate. Immediately that a seed encounters a feeble fly's body, that creature is doomed. From that seed will sprout a tiny thread, bearing at its end a ball of other seeds as it ripens, each of which will follow the example of the original one. Although it is a plant, it subsists upon the nourishing and essential fluids of the living fly; and when the latter's vitality has become exhausted, the plant will continue to grow for a little while, shooting out and around the vanquished and diseased victim until, unable to further secure support for itself, it ceases growth, and remains as a mysterious blotch of mist. Thus it is that the house-fly disappears.

Next spring, when the flies again blacken our ceilings, and their ceaseless buzz sounds in our ears, it may be worth while to watch their extraordinary acrobatic performances, which far exceed any feat ever attempted by men. And if, as I believe, the problem of aerial flight for ourselves is to be solved by carefully modelling our airships upon the flying apparatus of the house-fly, that tiny insect may yet repay us for all the irritation and annoyance it has caused in the past.

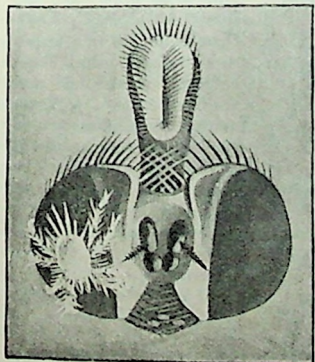


Fig. 9.



"I met him
on the top of the
cliff."—Page 251.

The Light of Love.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY.

managed to escape duty at the hospital and come home, and these over-frequent visits "meant something" in the opinion of Jed. What they "meant" I happened to discover in part one afternoon when I met him on the top of the cliff. He was staring fixedly towards the lighthouse, which rises, like an index finger, from the belt of rock out at sea. At one time Jed Blaine had had charge of the lighthouse, but when he came in for money, left him by a distant relation, he had retired into broadcloth and lonely luxury. As I approached I saw he was greatly disturbed, for he struck his stick sharply on the ground several times, and then raised it menacingly for a moment towards the horizon.

"What's the matter, Mr. Blaine?" I asked, coming up behind him.

He was evidently startled. "Nothin', nothin', sir," he began hastily. Then, correcting himself, "Leastwise, nothin' as you can cure, doctor. Mebbe you can set broken legs, but you can't do nothin' for hearts as is broke."

"Come, come, Mr. Blaine, you are looking hale and hearty enough," I replied. "Tell me what has upset you."

For a moment he hesitated. But a glance at the lighthouse set fresh flame to his anger, and with flashing eyes and many flourishes of his stick he told me his grievance.

"Though I reckon you can't cure what's wrong," he said, "that isn't sayin' you mightn't do something."

"Quite right, Mr. Blaine," I interrupted, "and you may count on me to do all I can."

"It's Mary I'm fear'd about, sir. You know well 'nough my intentions (his tongue rolled out the word familiarly) 'bout she. When I come in for my money, sez I, 'That will go some day to set her up comfable with a town chap with a bit of his own.' An', what's more, the wife has been jus' as convinced 'bout it, as you may say. Now what must turn out but that that Will Rundle should think he's got the right to look towards she. Him as isn't worth much more'n he stands up in, and a lighthouseman too. He knows, fer I kep' it no secret, that the wife and me always has said it's main hard for two folks as is man and wife to be se'prated for three months, and then to get only one month together. Anyway, what's the good of a bit o' money if I can't start my girl fair and square in the town with a feller as 'd be able to cleave to her *all* the days o' her life?"

He shook his stick at the lighthouse, and then swished off a daisy's head at his feet.

"He's a steady chap," I ventured.

"Umph," ejaculated Jed. "I sez he's as good as married a'ready."

"What d'you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Bein' three months out there at a spell, he's bound hand and foot to the lighthouse. I guess he'd be more

I.

JED BLAINE was counted a moneyed man. "Tis they ole purses as carries most coin," was a favourite saying in the village of Singsby. Nobody knew exactly where it originated, but it was always applied with a significant nod to Jed Blaine. Truth to tell, he did look very like an old purse.

His clothes, invariably a rusty black coat, with ill-fitting skimpy trousers, were none the less neat and serviceable; his shiny black felt hat, settled firmly on his head, showed that its owner wore it with a view to impressing the neighbours with his importance. In fact, Jed Blaine was always dressed in his Sunday best, or what had once been Sunday best.

He lived, with his bed-ridden wife Sarah, at a square-built, white cottage, about a quarter of a mile from the ribbon of white road, which is the only trimming the grassy cliff can boast. They would have been a lonely couple, but for occasional week-end visits from their daughter, who was a nurse in the neighbouring town of Longhaven.

Recently the old couple had grown suspicious of the girl. Three week-ends in succession had she

married to that than to any wife he'd have ashore for one month at a spell. 'Nother man mightn't see it like that. Me and Sarah know."

"Can't he get other work?" I asked. "He's not fixed for life out on the lighthouse."

"Ess he is," persisted Jed. "You don't get me startin' him in any other employ, where he'd have to begin at the bottom. My money's all goin' to my girl, t' keep her safe and sound for life, as the sayin' is."

Before I said good-night to the old man he pleaded with me to do my utmost to keep his daughter as much as possible at the hospital. "Don't let her have no days off for the next week," said he. "By then he'll be on duty again."

* * * * *

As I walked home that night I puzzled my brain to devise some solution of the matrimonial problem. It troubled me to think that I, a young doctor, with scarcely a year's experience, should deliberately try my hand at matchmaking. Yet I was certainly interested in Mary Blaine. She was an excellent nurse, and would make a good wife for Will Rundle, whom I had known since we went fishing together when he and I were boys. How could I induce the old couple to give up their prejudice, born of hard experience?

The lighthouse stood on a black reef a mile beyond the tide at low water, and was no home for a woman, even if the authorities had allowed it. No, Will's wife would have to live at Singsby, and look forward to the lighthouseman's periodical holidays.

II.

It was a week later to a day that on reaching the hospital late in the evening, I heard that Jed Blaine had been brought in terribly injured, but still alive. From inquiries I learnt that the old man had had a fall on Bently Cliffs that afternoon, and had been rescued with great difficulty. But this was but a skeleton of the story which I afterwards heard from Jed Blaine's own lips.

A fortnight, or rather more, after he had been carried into the accident ward, my friend was declared convalescent. I had not attended him, though occasionally I had been in to see him.

At length one day he intimated that he had something he wished to say to me, and I was sent for.

"Are you nearly right again, Mr. Blaine?" I asked cheerily.

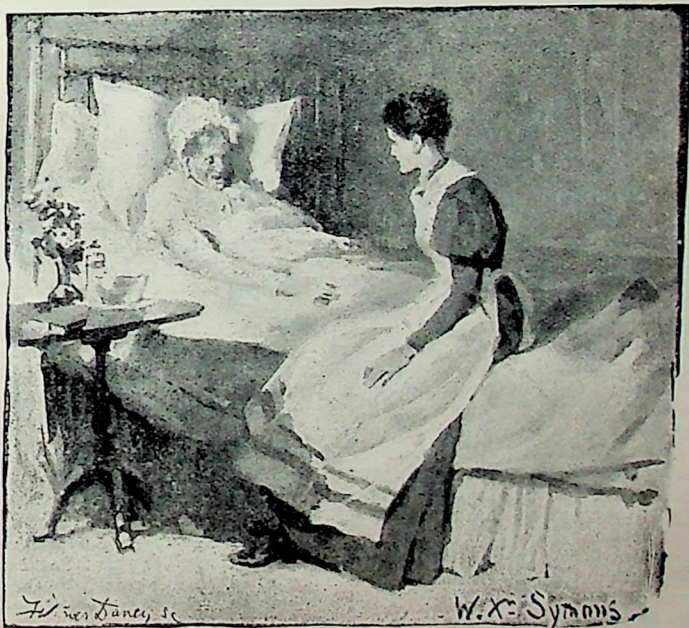
"Yes, sir, thanks be to my daughter. She be a rare one

fer managing, I reckon. But 'tis thanks, too, to that feller, Will Rundle, as I dessay you've heard tell."

"I should like to hear what you have to say about the adventure," I replied.

"Well, sir, to begin at the commencement, 'twas the day he were to go off to the lighthouse that I got wind that Mary was to see him off. You mebbe ought to know I'd been sharp with the girl and told her she'd never see the colour o' my coin if she persisted in love-making with Will Rundle, and I gave her my reason plain as a book. Then her mother had her into her room quiet like, and talked to her, but Mary 'd made up her mind and nothing would move her. Then me and the wife thought we'd get her moved to a London hospital, she being bent that way we knew; and all I'd got to do was to keep her from seeing Will afore he went out to the lighthouse.

"The day he was to start I thought I'd go 'long the cliff and see him safely out o' harm's way. You can guess my feelings when I see 'way down on the shore her and him takin' leave o' each other as though 'twas for the last time. There are two ways down shore from the cliff, tho' most folks only know the one right round, best part o' a mile. T'other is fergot, bein' the gully the men used when the lighthouse were built twenty-five year back. Then 'twas made with a sort o' rail longside o' steps, and many's the time I have been up and down by it. I guess I didn't think twice 'fore I was on the fust bit of chalk in the gully. On'y one idea 'd got hold of me, and that was to get straight away down to the shore quick as could be.



"Then her mother had her into her room."—Page 255.

"Fast I found the chalk steps bit rounded off with the weather, but good enough; then there come a place where something had slipped. Still 'twas easy, and I went careless like, and 'fore I knew where I was a tuft had gave and I was slipping. I clutched at everything, but it went past like a flash, and I knew it was all up. Where I came to I don't rightly know, but they tell me I stopped in a bush o' black-berry growing on a ledge. I was knocked clean out of my senses; mebbe if I hadn't been I'd have rolled clean over. Then you know how my girl, after she'd done sayin' good-bye, just chanced, as you may say, to see somethin' queer 'bout that black-berry bush, and run 'long the shore, and shouted to Bill to come back, bein' anxious fer any excuse to get him to land again. He wasn't slow to put in neither. But when it come to climbin' it must have took some pluck; and they say Bill Rundle risked more'n his bones to get at me. An' there he stayed longside me, keep-



"Are you nearly right again?" I asked."—Page 255.

in' me from movin', till my girl got the coastguards round with ropes."

Jed Blaine stopped, and I thought I saw tears in his eyes.

"You aren't guessin' that that's all?" said he.

"Oh no," I returned innocently.

"I reckon they've got to wed," he murmured.

* * *

That was how it came about that a year later there was a housewarming at Long Eaton—a lighthouse warming too. But no doubt Trinity House would give another reason for the drafting of William Rundle to the fine new lighthouse which, with its attendant cottages, stands on Long Eaton Point.

But it is said that even officials are moved by a love story which gets into the papers.

Our Duty towards our Pets.

OF course we love dogs, for there are no more faithful friends of man in the world. Yet I fear there are some exceptions to the rule of kindness: there are animals, even pet animals, which are ill-treated. To every master or mistress of an animal I would commend Bishop Westcott's words: "Animals are in our power in a peculiar sense, and we need to school ourselves that we may fulfil our duty towards them, for we have a duty towards them. They are not only for our service or for our amusement: they are committed by God to our sovereignty, and we owe to them a considerate regard for their rights. No animal, wild or domestic, can be treated as a thing. Wilful disrespect of the sanctities of physical life in our sphere bears its fruit in other and higher spheres."

Sometimes the animals themselves show us an example of unselfish devotion. Two dogs left their home one morning, and did not return at night; they were seen by an under-keeper, at dinner-time next day, the one caught in a snare, the other protecting her, and preventing by threatening growls the man's approach. Of course the free dog could have come home at any time. The snare was on the ground, and but for the protection afforded, his companion must have perished during the night.

Once walking in Edinburgh Dr. John Brown felt his trouser plucked by a little mongrel dog. Dogs, evidently reading his character, often saluted him thus; so at first he thought little of it, but patted her and passed on. She followed, pulled his clothes again, and on arresting his attention sprang back, as if inviting him to retrace his steps. She repeated this action several times. He at last yielded to her evident wish and followed her. Off she trotted in high delight, turning from time to time to be sure that he accompanied her. She led him to the old broken door of a disused stable. There she went in and paused, wagging her tail with delight, beside a gaunt mother dog surrounded by a litter of puppies! The poor beast had evidently fallen aside from some hunting pack, and but for the wise intervention of the little mongrel must have presently—with her brood—perished miserably of hunger.

Needless to say, the kind doctor took charge of the whole party. The thoroughbred mother and her thoroughbred pups were well cared for till good homes were found for them: but Dr. Brown would never part from that little ownerless mongrel, and she stayed with him all her days. He knew the love and goodness that were in her heart.

EDWARD GARRETT.

VESTRY
NOTICE



Wain 1873

A SQUABBLE AT PUPPY-DOG SCHOOL: "BEWARE OF THE DOG!"

[LUCAS WAIN.]



Other Folks' Parishes, IX. PEOPLE WITHOUT A PARISH.

BY THE REV. A. N. COOPER, M.A.,
VICAR OF FILEY.

in higher respect than God's law, how is amendment possible?

From a religious point of view the case of the tramp is equally hopeless. Lying is his stock-in-trade. He always says he is in search of a job of work, though if work be offered it is abandoned after an hour or so. At the gate of the workhouse, where he seeks admission to the tramp ward, he declares he has always walked the number of miles laid down by statute to entitle him to food and lodging, although he rarely has done more than half that number. In the tramp wards religious services are not infrequently held, and ministers have been thus enabled to help a poor fellow who is really in distress; but the veritable "moucher" attends the service if there is a chance of exploiting the parson, but failing this he has no interest in it. "Cease to do evil, learn to do well," is the Divinely appointed way of amendment, and so long as his idle life is in direct opposition to God's law about eating bread in the sweat of the face, so long is his case hopeless.

In Lambeth Parish Church there used to be a window representing a pedlar and his dog. The story goes, the pedlar bequeathed land to the poor of his parish on condition that he and his dog should be painted on a window. It is a fair inference that the pedlar was in the habit of attending the church, and there can be no reason against it. In the early days of the Reformation it would be impossible to rate too highly the work of the pedlar, who carried Bibles and good books from one fair to another.

As may be imagined, a considerable proportion of pedlars are Jews, they having that sleuth-hound like perseverance which is so necessary for their calling. An incident connected with a Jew pedlar well illustrates the mixture of good and evil in the class. A Jew had succeeded in palming off upon a servant a brooch for five shillings, which was not worth one. On her master's return he immediately went after the cheat, and after strong denunciation of such knavery, he gave the pedlar the choice of either returning the money or being locked up. The Jew decided to give back the money, and after some delay produced four shillings and sixpence. Then, taking out another bag, produced the remaining coin. The master inquired why the money had been thus divided, when the Jew told him he had put the six-



W E have often been asked how far have any efforts succeeded for the religious welfare of the homeless wayfarers, gipsies, pedlars, and tramps. In one way the question is settling itself, for all classes of wayfarers are disappearing. The name of gipsy is said to be derived from the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, when 600,000 men and the mixed multitude were brought out of the house of bondage.

Others say the gipsies are of Indian origin. But whatever knowledge of the true religion they once had, it seems almost entirely lost now. They have their children baptized, and the baptismal registers are carefully kept; also when dead the gipsy will be buried with the rites of our Church; but between those two occasions the gipsy is never seen within sacred walls.

A few good men who have possessed the rare faculty of speaking the Romany language have preached to them; but though the gipsies have listened respectfully to their teaching, not the slightest amendment has been made in their morals. How could it? The gipsy law lays down that the Gentiles (that is, all who are not gipsies) are fair subjects for cheating and plunder, and so long as their law is held

pence into God's bag, as he always gave the tenth part of all he took to the cause of God. That Jew possibly was a fair specimen of his class, and shows that amid much that is dishonest, or at least shady, in their transactions, there may be a lurking feeling that God is about them and "spies out all their ways."

But to return to the gipsies. Among the earliest notices of the gipsies in history is that by a Bishop in 1622, when he describes them as "a raging rabble of brutal and animal propensities." Time brings changes even to gipsies, and no one with any knowledge of the subject would so describe them now: nor so speak of their kindred in occupation, the pedlars, the hawkers, and wayfarers of to-day. Let it not be supposed, however, that gipsies, pedlars, and tramps are to be classed together.

Gipsies who once dealt in horses, which for the most part they stole, and, if rumour does not belie them, in stolen children too, now vend clothes-pegs and basket work, and may be as honest as other folks.

Pedlars and hawkers fulfil a useful calling by carrying goods to the lone farm-houses and cottages on Wold and Moor. But the tramp is nothing but a nuisance to every human being.

The gipsy, though looked askance at by people of settled life, yet leads a very pleasant existence, and lends his family and belongings to add to the picturesque features of English rural life. In a certain sense he is the parent of all the rest, and all others have modelled their lives after him. The gipsy's kettles remind us that he was the first to encamp by the road-side, and the first to live in a van, and to set the example of honest outdoor life.

All classes who lead a wayfaring life, whether gipsies, pedlars, or tramps, are bound together by a community of interests. All have this in common, that they are homeless, and are more or less under the supervision of the police, and at the mercy of their fellow-men in a way no others are. A good instance of this was shown lately. Two gipsies called on a rector, and begged him to come and baptize a baby in their van. The clergyman hesitated to trust himself to a gipsy encampment, and said he would baptize the child if brought to his house. In due time the gipsies appeared, bringing with them the required god-parents, and the mother of the child, albeit the latter was not two days old. It seems they

had been ordered to move on by the farmer in whose fields they had encamped, and as he was backed by the police, there was nothing for it but to obey. They were going to some waste land at a distance, near enough to a village to sell their produce, and yet sufficiently out of the way to allow of their being undisturbed. Such an incident shows the pleasant as well as the seamy side of vagabond life: for it proves how you are at the bidding of the churlish, at the mercy of the brutal and the low-tongued. But what a silent witness it is to the healthiness of the life; for what mother in any other rank of life could carry her baby a quarter of a mile two days after it was born? And this brings to mind a feather in the gipsy's cap he may well be proud of. No gipsy, I believe, ever committed suicide. They are as merry as the larks with which they rise, and their outdoor life keeps their spirits in continual effervescence.

The gipsy has turned hawker, and his horse and cart are guarantees for his bona fides, but a pedlar may be a genuine trader, or his pedlary may be a

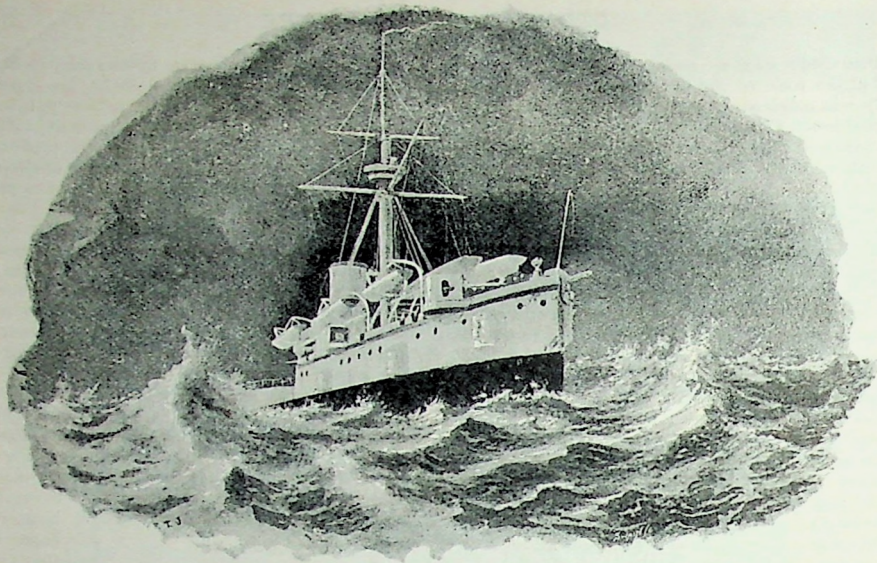
cover for his begging. I have known for twenty years pedlars on the Yorkshire Wolds who travelled in drapery, carrying their packs to all sorts of odd houses, and re-appearing at stated times. Before the introduction of cheap teas a fair living was to be made in that line of



A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT IN WINTER.

business, but the poor people rarely pay more than eighteenpence a pound for tea, and a pedlar could not cover enough ground to make a living at that price. I have known many men who have lost their situations as clerks, or broken down as school-masters, take to a pedlar's pack, and I have also known old soldiers turn to pedlary, but without exception they have given it up. Once the pedlars in England were important enough to have a court of their own, the Court of Pie Powder, or dusty feet, now they are so few and far between it would be hard to impound a jury of them.

These pedlars are practically homeless, though many have a centre from which they work. Certain of the class, who live by mending watches and clocks for the poor, are obliged to cover a very large stretch of country in order to make a living. They get a bed at sixpence a night in the country inns, and contrive to make fifteen shillings a week. All pedlars are poor, for as soon as they make money they cease to be pedlars.



FULL STEAM AHEAD.

Slaves of Steam.

BY F. T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE 'CACHALOT'," "IDYLLS OF THE SEA," "THE LOG OF A SEA WAIF."

FARD as is the lot of the majority of seafarers, it is unquestionably true that in many trades and in the better class of ships there are often numerous pleasant compensations. Recklessness and improvidence, too, often add needless suffering to a calling which is certainly arduous enough without being made more so by the folly of its adherents. But it cannot be denied that sailors, even in the worst ships, have, taking their work all round, quite a good time when compared with the firemen and trimmers of steamships.

It really makes little difference to these truly unhappy toilers what class of ship they are in or what trade. No one except a marine engineer can appreciate properly what the labour of keeping a head of steam entails upon the men engaged in it, and his sympathies are usually alienated by the fact that between him and his grimy gang there is usually much friction. He wants steam, wants it continually, and it is his duty to see that he gets it, no matter what the conditions are in the stokehold. The skipper is thankful enough to have somebody under him whose duty it is to control the fierce, lawless lot of men usually composing the "black gang."

Any occupation more appalling than that of a sea stoker, or fireman, as they are always called in the merchant service, is hardly to be imagined. Take, for instance, the case of a big tramp steamer bound, let us say, to Bombay. She is, we will suppose, of 400-horsepower nominal, and has two stokeholds, with four furnaces in each. She will be considered

well manned with twelve firemen and six coal-trimmers. They are divided into three watches of four hours each, so that each watch has four hours' work and eight hours' rest. This compares favourably in point of time with the sailors, who have four hours on and off alternately. But then no men could long stand the strain of stokehold work in alternating watches of four hours each, and so it has been found absolutely imperative to give firemen a double allowance of rest.

As most people know who have ever seen a steamship, the stokehold is quite at the bottom of the ship, extending right across her with the exception of the bunkers, or coal receptacles, which lie along either side. Space being so valuable, not an inch more room than is absolutely necessary is allowed between the front of the boilers and the water-tight bulkhead which divides the stokehold from the transverse bunker. So close, indeed, is this iron wall to the furnace doors, that a visitor descending into these lower regions for the first time, and seeing one of those glowing white caverns flung open, shrinks back against the barrier in uttermost dismay, feeling sure that he must immediately be roasted to a cinder.

The flooring is of iron plates, roughened, of course, but horribly slippery, even with a liberal sprinkling of coal dust. Into this gloomy pit two firemen descend promptly at eight bells, and immediately begin their four hours' task, one to each pair of fires. Flinging wide the first furnace door, the fireman glances down the long hollow of incandescent coal

with eyes so accustomed to the fierce glare that he can tell on the instant whether his predecessor has "kept her clean." All being satisfactory, he braces himself against the bulkhead with legs wide apart, and with rapid, skilful sweep of shovel spreads the coal evenly over the whole surface of fire, so that it shall ignite rapidly and nowhere form a black heat that will temporarily rob the furnace of its fury.

At the best of times this is no child's play, but when the ship is plunging end on into the sea raised by a fierce gale, it seems nothing short of miraculous how any man can keep his feet on the plates, can avoid being flung headlong against the hungry mouth of the furnace. But no time may be lost. The period during which a door may remain open is necessarily limited to seconds, at feeding time that is, and suddenly the door is slammed to and the next one opened.

The process is immediately repeated on the second fire, and a short spell ensues while the panting man swabs his streaming head and body with the piece of cotton net always loosely tied round the neck, and constituting the badge of the fireman. Then the "slice," the "pricker," etc., must be plied, long iron tools wherewith to search the roaring mass and prevent any clogging on the fire-bars, hindering the free passage of the draught up through. This part of the business is far more severe than simply shovelling in fuel, for the workman must stand closer to the fire and look with scorching eyeballs into the heart of things.

So the watch passes, with an occasional chilly dash of sea down through the grating above or a searching

blast from the bell-mouthed ventilators, most welcome though dangerous; for when in the tropics not a breath of cool air descends, and the temperature rises to something not far short of that within a baker's oven.

Meanwhile, within the blackness of the bunkers the lonely trimmer toils to keep a supply of coal always at the bunker door in readiness for the fireman's shovel. When the bunkers are full, and the great fragments of coal hurtle down their slopes around the toiling figure in a dense cloud of dust, quite obscuring his dim lamp, his position looks, as indeed it is, frightfully dangerous. Cuts and bruises are so plentiful that he ceases to notice them. He gets used to breathing an atmosphere that is largely composed of gas and coal dust, and actually prefers a full bunker to a half-empty one, because of the great labour involved in heaving the coal long distances to the outlet. And at eight bells he and his two mates wind up their watch's work by the trifling exercise of heaving up through the ventilator a few dozen huge buckets of ashes and dumping them down the ash-shoot to leeward.

Leading a life like this, is it any wonder that firemen and trimmers are such a rough crowd that even sailors will not associate with them, or that they are too often tacitly left to their own reckless, desperate way when ashore?

Undoubtedly "the slaves of steam" claim our Church's sympathy, and some action should be taken to show the sympathy practically, by effort for their comfort and instruction.



A FLEET OF SAILING SHIPS.



WHEN FATHER'S FAR AWAY.
(Specially drawn for this Magazine by KATE STREET.)

The Young Folks' Page.

THE EMPRESS AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.



It is related that the German Empress once met a chimney sweep at work in a room in the Palace. Her Majesty nodded in a friendly manner, and bidding him wait a moment, returned very soon leading her two youngest children by the hand. Each was the bearer of a honey cake which their Royal Highnesses offered to the sweep. Prince Joachim is said to have discharged his bounty with royal grace, but the little Princess was frightened at first by the grimy appearance of her guest.

CHILDREN OR SHEEP.

A STARTLING mistake was once made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good Bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learnt that he was a family man graciously inquired how many children he had. Now it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep." So the worthy Bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood Her Majesty to ask how many *sheep* he owned, and promptly answered "Two hundred." "Two hundred children!" cried the Queen astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the Bishop, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them."

LOST PINS.

It is calculated that the production of pins in the United Kingdom may be set down at two hundred and eighty millions a week. Up to the year 1840 pins were the result of long and tedious manual labour, every single pin being handled by fourteen workers before it reached the draper's counter. Now they are made by machinery in millions, and so insignificant is their cost that they are used largely as "change" by those tradesmen whose prices run into odd farthings. But the most interesting point about pins, speaking of them collectively and not individually, is what becomes of them. Of every hundred pins that are manufactured it is said that one is worn out or broken, and that the remaining ninety-nine are "lost." What becomes of them is a question that has never been answered. Can any of our readers tell us or calculate the value of pins "lost"?

KEEP SMILING.

It is a curious fact that every one is born into the world with a smile of his or her own—a sort of silver spoon that is apt to get rusty if not in frequent use. Eyes, nose, mouth may be merely average, commonplace features; may look, taken singly, very much like anybody else's eyes, nose, or mouth. Let whoever doubts this try the simple experiment of setting half a dozen people behind a perforated curtain, and making them put their eyes at the holes. Not one eye in a hundred can be recognised, even by the most familiar friends. But observe, even in the most casual way, the variety of smiles one sees in a day, and it will soon be felt what stories they tell.

Study, then, "the fine art of smiling," which, like all fine art, true art, perfection of art, is the simplest following of Nature.

THE CATERPILLAR'S LESSON.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a crawling dole."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice,—never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

"100."

I REMEMBER a striking talk by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, in which he took the number "100," and told us what it meant to him. "The first figure," said the Bishop, "gives value to the number; without it we should have two meaningless noughts. So Christ must come first and give value to our lives. The first nought may be said to stand for the world—other people—and the last nought for self. Christ first, then our neighbours, then ourselves. Therefore I say, give your hearts to the Lord Jesus to-day, live for Him to-morrow, and then you will live with Him in glory for ever."

"TWO LITTLE FOLKS."

BY MAUD MADDICK.

Two little folks of tender age,
Two little hearts so full of rage,
That love forgotten lies,
And kindly thoughts are all asleep,
While looks that make the angels weep
Are in two pairs of eyes.

Two little tongues that try to say
Such words of bitterness to-day,
Instead of happy mirth,
That mourning fills the air above,
Where angels dwell in peace and love,
And wish the same on earth.

Two little faces hot with shame,
Two little whispers—"I'm to blame,"
Some tears that follow this;
And then a rush of little feet
That rosy mouths may quickly meet
To have a loving kiss!

Two little folks who smiling stand
Now heart to heart and hand to hand
Obeying love's dear voice.
Methinks I hear some fluttering wings—
A heavenly voice that softly sings,
"The angels now rejoice!"

CURIOSITIES OF THE CALENDAR.

No century has ever begun on a Wednesday, a Friday, or a Sunday; and the same order of days is repeated every twenty years. January and October of each year always begin with the same day; so with April and July; so with September and December; so with February, March and November.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT are we told in the New Testament that God has promised to them that love Him?
2. What three things made the Publican's prayer acceptable?
3. What danger is spoken of in the Epistle for the third Sunday after Trinity?
4. What encouragement is given us in the Epistle to look for God's "mighty aid" in time of need?
5. Where in the Psalms do we read that God is "Governor among the nations"?

ANSWERS (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 215).

1. Mark iv. 13.
2. Titus i. 2.
3. Babylon; Isa. xiv. 4.
4. Philippi. 1 Thess. ii. 5, 7, 9; Phil. iv. 10; 2 Cor. xi. 9; Phil. iv. 10.
5. Acts xxiii. 10.
6. 1 Kings iv. 33.
7. Ps. xcix. 6.
8. Ps. lv. 17; Dan. vi. 10.
9. 1 Sam. xv. 11.
10. Hosea xii. 4.



Home, Sweet Home.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY," ETC.

XI. ORDER IN THE HOME.

WE all know the old saying that "Order is heaven's first law." Yet, in spite of the poet Pope, I have left the subject of it in our homes almost to the last paper of this series! Well, I can give no explanation, except that some folk keep the plums in their daily pudding until the last!

Now, in order to have everything in its place (which is the due development of this law), we must provide a place for every thing. It is impossible to keep a tidy house without a proper supply of cupboards therein. In taking a house every woman should see to the possibilities of store-places to be found in it. Builders now-a-days think more of these conveniences than they used to do. Yet I am afraid generous ones like the owner of a house I once rented are few and far between. This model man had a hanging wardrobe in every bedroom, adorned with a full length mirror; under the turn of each flight of stairs he put small cubby holes. In each sitting-room he built glorified kitchen dressers up to the ceiling. In the house-place proper he planted a huge dresser, whilst housemaids' and other cupboards made existence in No. 75 a continual triumph of order!

If a landlord does not do all this, yet we may expect that he will leave spaces in which we can fix and rear up cupboards for ourselves. He should also see, at least, that there are alcoves beside each fireplace, and occasional corners where curtains, etc., may be hung.

First of all, you will want a linen press. Even the smallest store of such is given unnecessary wear and tear unless you can store it far from dust and moth. For this place two planks of common deal or soft yellow pine are necessary. Cut them equal lengths. Fix them about four feet from each other by nailing on a cross-piece of that length. To give it extra strength, nail another piece about three inches from the base. At irregular spaces nail in shelves, letting the widest apertures be at the top, and consequently above your head.

Now, with a piece of the strongest unbleached calico you can get, form a back to your press by nailing one on to it of the stretched linen. Across the top board in front put a rod, resting on brass hooks. This is to support a curtain, and the rod in strong brass costs a few pence only; or, if you have a four-foot stair-rod it will be the best of all. The portiere to this press may be made of thick tuck sheeting. Be sure it is long enough to tuck up on the lowest shelf.

These shelves must now be fitted with wrappers of holland or calico. The wrappers must be wide enough to double over the contents of each shelf. They must also be fitted with strings to tie. You will then have as dust-proof a press as if you lived in a mansion. Sheets and tablecloths are meant to repose on the top broad shelves; doyleys, napkins, under-garments, pillow-slips, lie on the narrower ones, each in its own little heap and place. To make this linen-press fit for a really sweet home, a long, flat bag of lavender must lie along each shelf. These bags must not be made after the prevalent fashion in such, or they will not do their work efficiently. Make them of coloured art muslin, as long and as wide as the shelf on which they are meant to lie. Then they will not get into corners and try our tempers. I may mention, *en passant*, that the stalks of lavender are just as sweet as the blossoms. Instead of cutting such away, as was the usual mode, place stalks and blooms alike into your large bags. You will be the gainer. I have dwelt thus long on the linen-press, because it is a model for almost every kind of

home-made cupboard. Doors to such have generally to be dispensed with, unless our particular husband is a genius at carpentry work. The great thing to remember is that every curtain hung before a press must be long enough to reach the lowest shelf (half a foot or so) from the floors, and it must not be long enough to sweep the ground, or the law of dust-out-place will jar with that of order!

It is also well to make these presses reach up to the ceiling. In the case of a hanging one, do away with the shelves, of course, and in their place screw in a row of American pegs. These are unlike the generality of hanging pegs. They are made of iron, and require no nails. They are fitted with a long screw, which the greatest tyro at carpentering could coax into place. Of course tiny holes must first be punched for them with a gimlet. Above the pegs put one wide shelf to form a roof. Over this again fix a slight frame made of slater's laths. This must just touch the real ceiling, and if a short curtain be hung in front to match the one below, you have at once a tidy receptacle for those very untidy hat boxes we women seem unable to do without; or the alcove provides a safe place for the hats themselves.

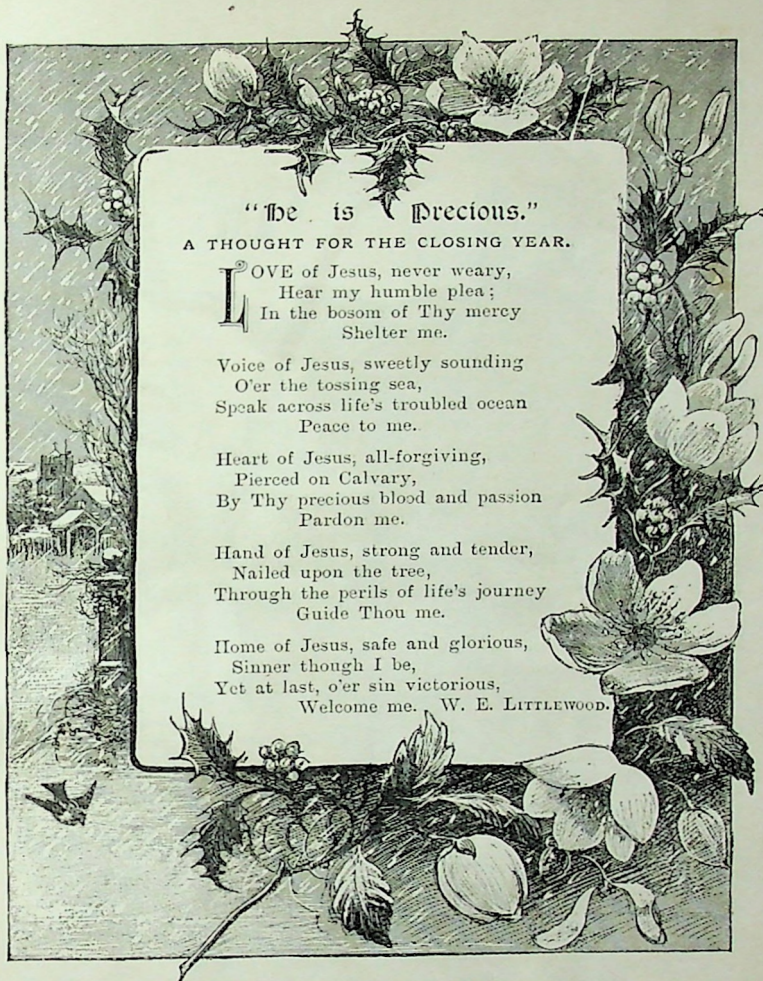
A rag bag is a necessity in an orderly house. Into it each scrap of material left over from work must be put—that is, the small pieces. All larger ones are better rolled up, and kept in a drawer reserved for the purpose.

A string bag is another useful commodity in an orderly establishment. Into it every piece of twine, after being rolled up neatly, can go safely.

A medicine chest is a necessity. Very grand ones can be bought, but any moderate-sized box fitted with a lock and key will answer our purpose. Here all our home pharmacopoeia lies ready for an emergency—green oil for burns; eucalyptus to backen a cold; nux-vomica, in its homeopathic preparation, for indigestion; aconite, or spirits of sweet nitre, for a feverish attack; linseed, in a tin, for poultices; mustard and hippo wine to act as emetics; sticking plaster and sanitas for cuts or bruises, etc., etc.

Some "set-apart" spot for scribbling is one of the most useful luxuries in a house. A writing-table is easy to make; one I used for years cost almost nothing. It was pretty enough to be an ornament in the drawing-room. For a copy of such, buy a second-hand four-foot-long table with the usual spindle legs. Sand-paper this well, give it a coat of size or common gum (a hint this from an art cabinet maker), and when dry another coat of Aspinall's oxidised sage-green enamel. Any tobacconist will sell you four cigar-boxes for 6d. Nail them two together; then screw them at each end of the table, and enamel them the same tint. Paint, if you are artistic, a spray of apple-blossom over one couple; on the other, a branch of prickly yellow gorse. Buy four brass handle drops—they cost 3d. apiece—and screw them on to the covers of each box. Fix two tiny rings at the back of the boxes. Into this run a stair-rod. This rod will hold a bright yellow curtain, half a yard wide, in position. You will be charmed with the result of your work. Each of those boxes will hide away packets of envelopes and paper, sticks of sealing-wax, stamps, pens, pencils, and nibs. Here, in fact, will be found "order" of the first quality, or the possibility of such.

Every reader of this paper can work out developments of these home-made contrivances. By their aid our sweet homes may be abodes of tidiness and comfort. Things will be at hand when wanted, and precious time will not be so frequently wasted.



"He is Precious."

A THOUGHT FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

LOVE of Jesus, never weary,
Hear my humble plea;
In the bosom of Thy mercy
Shelter me.

Voice of Jesus, sweetly sounding
O'er the tossing sea,
Speak across life's troubled ocean
Peace to me.

Heart of Jesus, all-forgiving,
Pierced on Calvary,
By Thy precious blood and passion
Pardon me.

Hand of Jesus, strong and tender,
Nailed upon the tree,
Through the perils of life's journey
Guide Thou me.

Home of Jesus, safe and glorious,
Sinner though I be,
Yet at last, o'er sin victorious,
Welcome me. W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

TO ALL OUR READERS:

A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

TRUE as the angels' wondrous lay
Dawneth the blessed Christmas Day:
Dawneth as first it dawned on earth,
When Love's fair face had human birth.

"Glory to God!"—O wondrous sound,
Cleaving the air with glad rebound—

"Peace on the earth; to men goodwill:
O way-worn hearts, be still, be still!"

O brother, see yon joyous star!—
Gaze on its splendour from afar:
Follow its course o'er Time's steep hill—
Be Love and Hope your beacon still!

WILLIAM G. KINGSLAND.



THE BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

"NOW Peace and Hope may brighten, and patient Love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight to the bells across the snow."—F. R. Havergal.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH.

Owen Forrest of Ash Farm.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "READY, AYE READY." ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY COWELL.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAVINIA'S VIEW OF THINGS.

THE engagement was broken off.

Owen strode from the farm alone with hanging head and dejected air, speaking to no one by the way. Margot vanished to her own bedroom, and nearly cried her eyes out before she again came into the family circle. But when she did, she carried herself courageously, and her determined manner contradicted her red and disfigured face.

"It's all over," she said, trying hard to smile. "Owen and I've settled to part. He doesn't believe what I say, and that's quite enough. We shouldn't get along happily if he can't trust me. I'd rather not talk about it, please; and there's no use. We don't mean to have anything more to do with one another. I shall look out for a situation as nursery-governess, just as I meant to do before. It's a great deal best so. I didn't know that Owen would be that sort of man. So it's all right."

She even tried to sing a small song over her mending, to show how

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indifferent she felt. But her voice was sadly out of tune, and the song soon died into silence.

Mrs. Handfast told her husband the full tale so far as she knew it, and the farmer was very sorry. It seemed such a pity, just when everything was arranged. He called Margot a silly little goose, who didn't deserve to have so good a husband; but he utterly pooh-poohed the notion that Margot had meant any harm by her folly, or that she did not care for Owen.

"Don't you tell me that! Why, I've seen 'em together," he said. "She cares for him a lot more than she knows herself. You take my word for it. She'll find her mistake, and Owen 'll find his—depend upon it they will. You just leave 'em alone, my dear, for a few days, and they'll come to their senses. Won't explain what she was doing, won't she? Not she! Her pride's up in arms because Owen didn't believe her straight off, without any doubting. That's like you women. But as for anything else—Rubbish, my dear. Margot's a good little girl as any I ever came across."

"But what could she have been after, running out to talk to that man?"

"Some folly or other. She's a girl, and she's



"The engagement was broken off."

easy taken in by a few smooth words. That fellow's been gettin' the best of her, depend on it, some way or other. She'll let it out before long, and Owen 'll be sorry. You leave her time. Set her down to darn stockings, and just ask no questions. She'll come round."

The farmer spoke shrewdly, and he went off with a laugh. Mrs. Handfast viewed the matter differently. She thought Margot altogether wrong to refuse an explanation to Owen; and her sympathies were mainly on Owen's side. Yet she was very sorry for Margot; and yet again another side of the question haunted her a good deal. Once or twice a wonder inserted itself into her mind whether, perhaps, this might in the end mean Owen turning again to Lavinia. But she scarcely knew how to wish it. Lavinia had been of late placidly contented and busy. Any revival of the old fancy might disturb her placidity, and might not end in real happiness.

If Owen should finally break from Margot, and should fail to console himself elsewhere, it would be bad for him. Mrs. Handfast saw that clearly, from her knowledge of his character. The disappointment could not well fail to have upon him a souring effect. On the whole she was not less anxious than her husband that the two should come together again.

As yet there was nothing to be done, except to wait. Neither Owen nor Margot invited interference.

Three or four days passed, and Sutton Farm had seen nothing of Owen. Nor had his own home been much more favoured. Mrs. Forrest and Lily knew that the engagement was at an end, and they knew that Owen was miserable. He declined to discuss the question; ate his meals in gloomy silence; refused sympathy; and spent his whole time out of doors, trudging about the farm. Mrs. Forrest was no better pleased with the breaking off of the engagement than she had been with its coming on. On the whole, however, she was the least to be pitied of all parties concerned. She was never happy unless she had a trouble to gloat over, and here was a brand-new trouble ready to her hand. Of course she made the most of it.

Mrs. Handfast, after some hesitation, wrote a kind little motherly note to Owen, saying how sorry she was for the state of affairs, and telling him how sure she and her husband were that Margot had been only very silly, but not seriously and wilfully in the wrong. Like a good wife, she had come round to her husband's opinion. But to this letter no reply came.

Sunday arrived, a day of leisure, and a day when everybody expected everybody to be visible in church. Some conjectures were hazarded between Mrs. Handfast and Lavinia as to what

Owen's line of action would be. During many a week past, he had joined the Sutton Farm party immediately after the service, and had walked part of the way home with them. But nothing was said openly; and at the usual time Margot was ready to go with the rest. She looked rather pale and woe-begone, but wore her prettiest hat.

The Handfasts had a pew just behind that of the Forrests. So the Handfasts could not avoid seeing the Forrests, though the Forrests might avoid seeing the Handfasts.

Lily was there with her mother, and instead of avoiding it, she turned round and looked with grieved eyes at Margot—reproachful eyes, too, for she, more than any one, knew what this week had been to her brother. But she failed to meet Margot's gaze, which was persistently bent downward.

At the very last moment, as the Vicar and the choir walked in, Owen somewhat hurriedly, and with bent head, slipped into his corner seat. The change in his look went to Mrs. Handfast's heart. Not that he seemed to be ill. A strong sturdy young fellow, such as Owen, was not likely to be so soon affected in his health. But the hardness and the misery of his face—Mrs. Handfast was upset by it. She cried softly to herself as she knelt, when nobody could see, and most of her prayers that day were for Owen. He had for years been almost like a boy of her own.

Margot did not cry. She was bent on doing nothing of the kind, and she would not once allow her eyes to stray in his direction. But she, too, prayed for Owen and for herself—prayed, perhaps, with more of earnestness and reality than ever in her life before—that she might be forgiven what was wrong, and made to do what was right. And just at the close of the sermon she allowed herself one glance at his face.

The Handfasts went out tolerably early as usual, but the Forrests remained behind, so that the two families did not meet. Lily would have liked to speak to Margot, but she could not, because Owen had laid his commands upon her.

Nothing was said by any of the Handfast party as they walked home. Mrs. Handfast's face showed traces of tears. Margot drooped, and was very serious. She said hardly anything through dinner, and afterwards escaped to her own room.

"Mother, did you see?" asked Lavinia, when she found herself alone with Mrs. Handfast. "Did you see how he looked?"

She spoke quietly, not as if her own feelings were greatly concerned; but there was pity in the tone.

"He didn't look—like himself—"

"He didn't follow the service, mother. Not one bit. I could see. He had his Prayer-Book open, and he never looked at it. He never turned a

page, except just now and then at random. He stared at nothing. Why *won't* Margot explain what he wants?"

"Does she tell you nothing?"

"No; she won't. She won't talk to me any more than to you. I think she's afraid of crying. She does cry at night. I've heard her, and I can see it in her face. But she won't let me speak about Owen to her. She wouldn't be like that if she really didn't care for him,—if she cared for Mr. Pyke."

"I wish you could get her to speak out."

"I can't. I've tried. She did say yesterday that, perhaps, in a few days she might be able to tell. She said she couldn't now—it wouldn't be right. I don't know what she means. It can't be right to make Owen so wretched."

Mrs. Handfast was thinking, and Lavinia began again,—

"I suppose she's angry with him because he wouldn't trust her without her explaining. But still—she can't think he doesn't care. She couldn't, if she had only one glimpse of his face this morning."

"She had one." Mrs. Handfast was looking earnestly at Lavinia. "You'd like to bring it on again between them?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

"You'll p'rhaps be able."

"I don't know. I wish I could. I should be glad. I'm fond of Margot, and I hate to see her unhappy. She's really unhappy, you know. I'm sure she is."

Lavinia knew exactly what her mother was thinking at this moment; and after the least little pause, she went on, flushing somewhat,—

"Please, mother, don't have that any more in your mind. You know what I mean. It—wasn't

anything. It really wasn't. I didn't know at first,—and I think I had seen what you were fancying, and that made me fancy it too. And, of course, I've always been fond of Owen and Lily. I began to think it was the other sort of liking. But I'm sure now it wasn't. Seeing Owen with Margot has cured me. I suppose it wouldn't have done, if I'd really and truly cared for him in the way you thought."

Mrs. Handfast's plump hand was squeezing Lavinia's. "Then that's all right," she said. "But what do you mean by seeing him with Margot? How did that cure you?"

"I don't know exactly — I don't know how to explain. Owen has been so different. Always running after Margot, and caring for nothing in the world except what

she wanted.

And leaving his work sometimes when you and father thought he oughtn't. And not minding in the least about his old mother and Lily having to turn out of the farm and to get a new home. I'm not blaming him. I suppose it's all quite natural, and what everybody does. Only"

— Lavinia

gave a little laugh—"only it's what I couldn't do in his place if *you* were the mother, you know. And it just makes me feel that the Owen I used to think I knew wasn't exactly the real true Owen Forrest. If he never thought-of Margot again, and if some day he *should* want to marry me, I couldn't do it. I could never leave Sutton Farm and you and father for Owen. So isn't it a good thing that I have found this out?"

"Yes, very good, Lavinia."

"And he won't ever want anything of the kind. He never will. He's perfectly set on Margot. He'll never hold up his head again till it's all straight between them. Couldn't you see that in



"The change in his look went to Mrs. Handfast's heart."—Page 263.



"Margot stood still, not trying to escape."—Page 272.

his face this morning? It's half temper on both sides, I do believe. Owen's vexed, because Margot won't answer his questions; and Margot's vexed, because Owen won't believe in her without being told everything. I do think lovers are very silly sometimes," added Lavinia, laughing. "But you needn't think any more about *me*, mother. I know what you meant just now, and that is all quite at an end."

Mother and daughter wound up with a comfortable hug, which said much more than words could have said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN EMPTY CHAIR.

SUNDAY supper at Sutton Farm was generally a cheerful function. The farmer was specially bright and cheerful. Mrs. Handfast, in her best gown, would beam upon everybody. Lavinia would smile contentedly. Margot would indulge in girlish brightness. And for many a month past Owen had never failed to drop in for this particular meal.

But no Owen appeared this evening, though a place had been made ready for him as usual. By common consent his chair was left empty. Mrs. Handfast—and perhaps Margot too—indulged some faint hopes that at the last moment he might turn up.

He did not turn up however. A weight seemed

to rest upon them all: even upon Mrs. Handfast, though she was secretly glad in a great relief about her own child. If Lavinia were happy, her mother could scarcely be anything else. Still, she cared much in a secondary sense for the happiness of both Owen and Margot.

She saw a quiver of the girl's lips at sight of that unused chair. The farmer saw it too. He said nothing for a while, being hungry, and supper went on in silence and gravity. Farmer Handfast, while disposing of goodly piles of food, was also busily cogitating; and presently the cogitations budded into action. Margot stood up, to reach across for a plate, and he took hold of the extended arm, drawing her nearer to himself.

"Well, my girl?" he said in meaning tones. "Well, I wonder how long this is to go on? Eh? Don't you think it has lasted pretty near long enough? Judging by your looks—yours and his—it isn't for the happiness of either of you. Eh?"

Margot stood still, not trying to escape.

"What's it all about? Some sort of crank somewhere, isn't there? Come, tell your old uncle. Have it out, child. Just a bit of a misunderstanding, I suppose?"

Margot was still silent, held in his big grasp. The farmer tried another line.

"What about the sixty pounds, child? I gave 'em to you for your troussy, you know. But if you don't want a troussy—if you're bent on goin' in for single blessedness, and don't need any troussy—why, you'll have to give the money back to me again."

The farmer spoke jokingly, but Margot's dismayed start was genuine.

"So you see—eh, child? Hadn't you best make haste and bring Owen to his bearings? If you don't want me to be down on you for the sixty pounds, you know!"

"But—but—" hesitated Margot, too much dismayed to read the fun in his face,—"But I—I've—spent part."

"Ah, to be sure. You'll have to give me the things you've bought. Couldn't wear 'em myself, could I? So they'll do for Lavinia. How much have you spent—eh?"

Margot hung her head.

"How much has she spent, Lavinia?"

"She kept out twelve pounds first, father." Lavinia spoke reluctantly, looking to see if Margot

mind. "And then she took out twenty-five pounds. And since then—something more, didn't you, Margot? I saw the little blue post-office paper come one morning."

Margot nodded.

"Twenty-five and twelve's thirty-seven. How much is left in the savings-bank, child?"

Margot's answer was a whisper. "About—one pound."

"Margot!" cried Mrs. Handfast and Lavinia together.

"What's become of it all?" asked the farmer, a rather odd expression coming to his face. Though not nearly so quick-witted as his wife, he had a glimpse of the other end of the tangle in this case before her.

"Eh, child? What's become of it all?" He held the trembling hand with a kind grasp, and Margot clung to him as if for protection.

"I can't—can't—tell you," she whispered.

"Why not?"

"I mustn't. I—promised."

"How soon do you expect to be able to tell? Eh?"

Margot hid her face on his shoulder, and sobbed quietly. The farmer patted her hand.

"Some sort of mystery, isn't it? Come, come, you little goose, don't cry. If I was you, I'd speak out. Tell me, or tell my wife, or tell Owen—it don't matter which. Have you been doing what's wrong?"

"I—didn't—mean to. I—s'pose it—wasn't—right."

"No, I s'pose it wasn't either." But the farmer patted her hand again.

Then he suddenly changed the subject of conversation, while Margot's face was still hidden on the shoulder of his coat. Mrs. Handfast was disappointed that he did not pursue his advantage.

"I've heard news to-day," he remarked. "About one of the lawyer's clerks."

"Not Pyke!" This came from his wife involuntarily; and the farmer was aware of a convulsive little movement on the part of Margot.

"Ay. That's it. He's a rascal."

"What's he been doing now?"

"Well—things have come out, all of a sudden. Seems he was engaged a while since to a young woman, who's come to this part; and when she come he just turned her off. I don't say but what he'd reason. If accounts be true, she's none of the best. But anyhow, she's taken her revenge. She's gone round telling tales of him in some of the shops. Seems

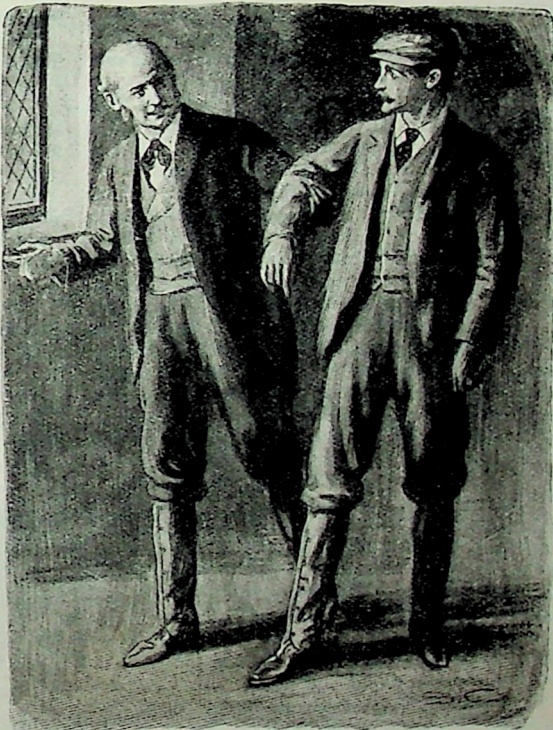
he was dismissed from his last place for picking and stealing, and—eh?"

Margot had raised her face with a gasp. "Oh!" she said.

"And," pursued the farmer, "more by token, 'tis said he's been found out in the same line o' business here, too. Seems he's been suspected for some weeks past, and this comin' out makes it pretty clear. Don't you say a word about it anywhere. It's none of our business. If he's got a character, we don't want to take it from him. And if he hasn't, why, the truth will be known with no help from us. I wouldn't have told thus much, if it wasn't for—well, fact is, he's been a bit of a friend of Margot's—"

"He hasn't!" cried Margot indignantly. "He isn't. He's no friend of mine. He kept me from being hurt that day, and everybody was down upon him. And I—just tried to help him. That's all. And I promised I wouldn't tell."

"Oh, ho! that's all, is it?" The farmer chuckled, well pleased with the outcome of his diplomacy. "You just tried to help him, eh? As a token of



"Then he could be heard to exchange a few words with some one."—Page 272.

gratitude, I shouldn't wonder. Found him in money difficulties, maybe? And gave him a big slice out of your sixty pounds—hey? Thought so," as Margot looked down, a half smile parting her lips. "Wonder how much was the tune o' your gratitude, child? Forty pounds?"

"Oh no," cried Margot. "Only—twenty-five."

"Pretty big present that!"

"But it wasn't a present. It was only——"

"Only a loan, eh? Got a note of hand to say so?"

"No, of course not. He promised to let me have it back in a fortnight. He promised—quite faithfully——"

"Wonder how much the faith of a thief and a liar is worth."

"But I promised I wouldn't tell, and you've made me tell. How could you?" asked Margot in distress.

"You haven't told me. I've told you, and you only had to say it wasn't as bad as I guessed. Twenty-five, not forty. You'll be lucky if ever you get back any part of it!"

"But he said he'd be sure!"

Farmer Handfast laughed.

"And you believed him, you little goose. And to shield that rascal you let trouble come between you and Owen Forrest—as steady a fellow as ever lived."

Margot was not listening. Her eyes were fixed on the farther window. "What's that?" she said uneasily. "I thought I saw—something outside. Like a white face against the glass."

"You've worked yourself into a regular nervous state—ready to fancy anything. Well"—and the farmer stood up—"I'll just go off this minute, and see what can be done. May as well set Owen's heart at rest. Not much chance for your twenty-five pounds, I'm thinking."

"But he said he would pay it back."

The farmer went out into the hall with a queer smile, and put on his great-coat. Mrs. Handfast and Lavinia, while exchanging looks of meaning, said nothing.

"Shall you see Owen, uncle?" Margot asked this in a whisper.

"That's what I mean to do."

"Please tell him—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make him unhappy. I only thought I oughtn't to tell—when I'd promised."

"All right," said the farmer.

He opened the front door, and took three steps out into the darkness, Margot watching him off.

"Hallo!" muttered the farmer.

Then he could be heard to exchange a few words with some one: after which he came back, dragging somebody with him.

"Here's Owen himself, hanging round the house. Can't be happy away from Margot. Eh, lad?" The farmer broke into another laugh.

"You'd best have it out together, you two. Margot's kept her promise to that rascal. She's been lending him a lot of money, by way of gratitude, and he's promised to return it 'faithful' in a fortnight. Wish she may get it, that's all. No, she didn't tell me. I told her. She couldn't say it wasn't true. If you'd been a bit smarter, lad, you'd have done the same. Come, you needn't pull such a long face. What's up now?"

"I thought I'd come and tell Margot"—Owen spoke slowly, with intense gravity—"I thought I'd tell her—that fellow's gone."

"Who? Pyke?"

"Yes. Made off with himself. Nobody knows where. And taken a lot of money with him. The police are on his track, but they say he's too sharp to be easy caught. It's not the first time."

Then he turned to look at Margot. She had drawn closer to Owen, her eyes uplifted to his sombre face, her lips parted in an eager smile. The sombreness suddenly departed from Owen's features.

"Then—you don't mind—about *him*, Margot?"

"Mind!" uttered Margot with infinite scorn.

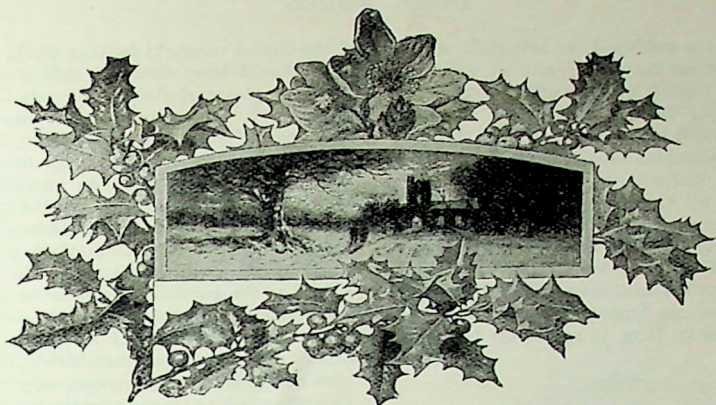
"Come along, wife," chuckled the farmer. "We'll leave 'em to have it out together. Shouldn't wonder if the wedding was to come off on the right day after all."

THE



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CHIMES.

A LITTLE CHILD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

THREE men (it is an old story recast) were disputing what was the mightiest thing on earth.

One declared that Princes were powerful, for they could do whatever pleased them, and men honoured and obeyed them.

Another said: "Philosophers are strong; for even kings paid homage to philosophers."

A third rejoined: "Women are stronger than kings or philosophers, for kings have forgotten their triumphs, and philosophers their controversies, in a woman's smile."

A woman was standing by, and she said: "There is one stronger than kings, philosophers, or woman. Philosophers may sway the minds of kings, woman may cast a spell upon philosophers, but the cry of a little child in distress will draw woman from the side of wise men and

kings. Strong as all are, they are weaklings before infancy; wayward as they are, a little child shall lead them."

She was right. Watch how childhood reconciles all life, and learn to bless the wisdom which speaks to us by a Son. It will not be strange that signs and wonders should be wrought by the Holy Child Jesus, for it is childhood that reconciles all life. This child Jesus gives all a common object—love and labour for Him. He it is who maketh men to be of one mind in one house. He is the Son who unites hearts and houses. Unto us a Child is born in whom all true hearts may find union.

Great and mighty is that childhood of Jesus which this glad Christmastide preaches to us again. Great and mighty is that Holy Child Jesus who reconciles all things; who, worshipped by all nations, will be the bond of nations; who, adored and honoured in all households, will be the golden circle encompassing and drawing together all homes; who, being remembered in life and labour, will reconcile us to life and labour; who, kept near to in sorrow, will reconcile us to the sweet teachings of sorrow; and who, showing us how strong are the links of love, will make us triumph over the vain efforts of death to break them.

I know not what your Christmas will be; it will be varied to most of us. To some, indeed, it may be unalloyed joy, joy unmingled by a saddened memory or a painful regret; to others it will be a season in which the joy will be all overshadowed by present pain, or anxiety, or by some weighty, never-lifting sorrow. To most of us it will be mingled; hooded forms of sorrow will be gazing upon our mirth, and we shall feel that the eye of sadness is upon us even when we smile.



But gladsome, or saddened, or mingled, whichever your Christmas may be, go and let childhood teach you. As you lift a little one upon your knee, or as you think of the Yule-tides when you were the little one lifted to be kissed by lips that now are cold, remember how God has spoken to us by the Childhood of Jesus, and let that Childhood teach you that all things are made one in Him; that in it is given as the token that all things which seemingly are at variance and strife may be reconciled in Him. Yes! all reconciled in Him—the holy God with sinful man. Kingdoms reconciled with kingdoms, homes within themselves—hearts made one in Him, in whom all things are reconciled.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

The dews were deep, the winds were still,
The night was cold and calm;
There came a light, a flash, a thrill,
A burst of seraph-psalm.
The shepherds bowed their heads in fear—
God and His angels were so near.

"Peace upon earth, goodwill to men,
Peace, peace, and God's good-will."
It rose, it died, it swelled again:—
It ceased, and all was still.
The frosty stars shone keen and clear:
"Oh! God," they whispered, "God is near!"

And still upon the Saviour's Birth,
Above the crash of bells,
O'er all the weary sin-bound earth
The angels' anthem swells.
Our sense is dull, our hearts are sore—
We cannot feel that God is near.

Oh, brother, wouldst thou hear the strain?
Let go the lust of gold,
Let go the passions fierce and vain,
Let go the sins of old;
Thine eyes shall see, thine ears shall hear,
God and His angels hovering near.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A.

It is in the home life that Christmas has its chiefest charm. For a day or two at the least, the young man or woman who has had to leave home to begin "life's ceaseless toil and endeavour" is back rejoicing in the warm welcome of the family circle. But it is, thank God, for many much more than a season of personal joy. There comes to the heart the thought, "Has the coming

of the Christ wrought in this world such changes as it should have done?" Are there not homes where no gleam of gladness pierces the dark night of sorrow? Are there not at this time, which ought to be for all one of rejoicing, little children—human "Robins"—who suffer from hunger and cold? Are there no outcasts wandering homeless along streets where is reflected the ruddy glow of the blazing fire in windows through which may be seen bright-faced, well-clothed, well-fed young people rejoicing in their holiday time?

And so the question comes home to us all—Are we doing our part to lessen the sin and sorrow that darken life's day for so many of our fellow-creatures? Have we remembered that the blessedness of Christ's kingdom can only be attained as Christians adopt Christ's methods?

It is when we most remember the great purpose for which Christ came into the world, and realize that that purpose can only be carried into effect so far as His people show in their lives that they desire "Glory to God in the highest," that they are promoting "peace on earth, and goodwill amongst men," that we rightly read the lesson of the Christmas season, or fully partake of the blessedness it is meant to give. As the minor tones in a piece of music do but serve to bring into full relief the notes of triumphant gladness, so our Christmas joy will not be the less deep and full if it is mingled with sympathy for the sorrowful, and prompts us to more active endeavour to make Christ's religion a living power on earth.

CHRIST JESUS.

BY THE LATE BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

A TOUCHING tale is told of a band of rough and hardened hunters in America. The only woman who belonged to their company died, and left behind her newborn baby. And the men had to take it in their arms and nurse it. And looking at the little infant, and keeping watch over it by turns, their whole character seemed to change while tending it. They had to learn self-restraint, and gentleness, and kindness. And as the infant grew, and laughed and smiled in their faces, and stretched out its little arms to them in trusting affection, coarse words and ways were abashed. The love of the bright, innocent being brought a new joy to their lives. They learned a kind of reverence for purity. They learned that in forgetting self and ministering to another there was a spring of happiness they had not dreamed of before. Should not the presence of the Babe of Bethlehem work in every heart even a deeper reformation?

At this Christmas season come and see what God has made known. Come and see that Being, so pure and gentle, whom God has given to you:

whom God offers to you to take and cherish in your heart. A treasure of love and happiness He offers you in Christ Jesus. You have not to go even to Bethlehem to see Him. He is present beside you, looking into your heart.

He knows all your folly and sin; knows your weak yielding to worldliness and selfishness; knows how at this instant you are vacillating and wavering, whether you will yield to His love, or go your way and forget all about it. Still He stretches out the arms of His mercy, He offers to

give Himself to you freely, and to be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever.

Who will receive Jesus into his heart on this Christmas Day? Who will find that there is no room for Him there, and go on his way leaving Him outside forgotten, rejected? Who? *God knows.*

Brothers, sisters, must not the answer of your heart be—"Humbly, gratefully, I will receive my Saviour, and go on my way praising God for His wonderful goodness"?

No Room.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

"There was no room for them in the inn."

"No room, no room for you,
This inn is full of guests":
How little then they knew
Who made those vain requests!

No room to welcome now:
Poor and distressed she comes—
How slow to minister
To such in worldly homes!

No room, no room for Him—
Creation lies in night:
The world's great Light is dim,
Its Sun is hid from sight.

No room, no room for Thee?
Yet Thou my Saviour art—
Oh! come, Thou Christ, to me,
Find room within my heart!

The cattle know their Lord,
The shepherds see their King:
What gift can I afford,
In humble faith to bring?

No gems, or golden store
Have I, with which to part:
And I can do no more
Than offer Thee my heart!

Ah! 'tis an easy thing
To say, but hard to do:
So rare an offering
Is made but by the few.

It means the hours and days,
Which now my *own* I call,
My thoughts, my words, my ways,
My life, my soul, my all!



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Oh give me grace to try—
And this I surely can—
To serve my God on high,
And love my fellow-man!

Whispers for "You."

BY A VERY SLOW LEARNER.

Do not be unfaithful in reproving others, when reproof is needed: but do not be faithful to them before others.

Loving, humble, *self-including* faithfulness is always the best and most effective, and it is the *only* faithfulness that becomes us. Speak to others as you would be spoken to. But we shall never do this unless we are often on our knees.

"Dost thou well to be angry?" Might you not do better to be patient?

When things are all to our mind, we are very apt to think too well of ourselves.

Defy any one—to find you out of temper!

We shall understand each other better when we reach the land of light.



"Mr. Joseph Steevens glanced curiously up at No. 176."
—Page 273.

Ben Tebbuts' Christmas Invention.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY, AUTHOR OF "A MAN
AND A BROTHER," ETC.

advice. If he had valued his services more highly, people would have talked of Dr. Tebbuts as a clever practitioner, quite wasted in the country.

Nobody knew how Dr. Tebbuts came by his accident. It was on a raw, cold December night that the doctor had to visit a dying patient three miles from the surgery. Next day, in the dusk of the morning, he was found by the roadside, where he had been thrown from his gig. Evidently the horse had taken fright and dashed down a short hill, which ended abruptly in a corkscrew lane turning to the right. The gig had upset at the corner, and the horse had broken loose.

The strange part of the silent facts was that the doctor was discovered wrapped from head to foot in a thick plaid. A terrible scalp wound had been roughly dressed, and from the footprints in the mud it was quite clear that some one had rendered first aid, but had desisted from further efforts when the doctor had breathed his last. It was possible, of course, that he had been killed at once, or at least rendered unconscious.

The neighbours and friends of the Tebbuts family did their best to break the force of the blow, but the Tebbuts shrank from making any one of them a confidant of their troubles. The family circle had been so complete that they could scarcely realize that it had been broken.

John, the eldest son, had been intended for the medical profession, but at eighteen there were still some years of unremunerative study before him. With courage that many a hero might envy, he never showed that he buried his hopes and ambitions when he applied for a clerkship in a bank and secured the post. Like the rest of the family he was not clever, but he certainly had more genius for medicine than for figures.

Only once was he near breaking down. It was the day he left for London, when his mother told him she was proud to be his mother.

II.

I fancy Ben knew most about John's self-sacrifice, and what it cost him those first weeks on the office stool. Ben was thirteen, and was left by his elder brother in charge of the family. The responsibility he took very seriously. There was far more change in him than if he had suddenly put on dignity with a frock-coat. The day after his brother left he sat on an upturned box in an out-building known as the "carpenter's shop," and thought long and earnestly how he might add to the resources of the family. At last he was struck with an idea. Money was always to be made out of clever inventions: why should he not be an inventor? It wanted no expensive tools or plant; in fact, the mere twisting of a piece of wire had raised one inventor to the pinnacle of prosperity.

I.

THEY lived in the depths of the country because it was cheaper.

John had planned it, and John, being in business in the city, knew what he was doing when he filled a penny account book with figures, and proved once and for all that if the Tebbuts family were to keep out of the workhouse every member must practise the greatest economy.

"And," said John Tebbuts with decision, "it is easier to save in the country, where there is less temptation to spend."

But John went to London, and took a clerkship, hoping to be able, by strict attention to business and stricter attention to the science of making ends meet, to keep his widowed mother, his small brother, and two smaller sisters in the necessities, if not the luxuries, of life in the country.

Most stories start with one of the troubles which so suddenly flash across men's lives like blinding lightning. The Tebbutses had enjoyed a very commonplace, uneventful existence at Thorneby until Dr. Tebbuts' accident. Nobody would have dreamed of writing a story about them until then. They formed such a very ordinary home circle—the children good but not clever, the mother and father devoted to their daily toil, which brought in enough for the daily needs, but little more. For Dr. Tebbuts was far too kindly to make much money by his profession. Day and night too when he was summoned, he drove to sick cases, which he treated tenderly and with a woman's sympathy. He could not charge for sympathy, he would argue, and besides that there were only the medicine and his simple

Possibly it was a penny paper that set his brain working in this direction. It had held out golden promises to people with notions in their heads, and Ben believed he *had* notions if only they could be induced to come out. So day and night he tried to tempt the shy creatures of his imagination to show themselves, but specially at night. He would wander round the house in the moonlight, but only the successful achievements of others occurred to him—matches and hair-pins, safety-pins and pneumatic tyres. They seemed so simple that he could not understand why it was impossible to hit upon a like simplicity.

Ben had almost given up the hunting of a profitable patent, when his opportunity presented itself, late and unexpected as usual. Ben entertained it cordially—a piece of wisdom not always practised by those to whom opportunities come unawares and uninvited. He had been to the neighbouring town of Frisbourne to do some small shopping for his mother, and was coming home by 'bus. With the early fall of night a chilly sleet drove most of the passengers to take seats inside; but Ben mounted to the roof. He wanted to think of inventions, and in the stuffy interior he felt he should think in vain.

An elderly gentleman, warmly clad in a heavy overcoat, sat close to the driver on the front seat. He was talkative, and more than once laughed at his own sallies.

"We shall have motor-'buses running in a couple of years," he said banteringly to the driver. "What will you do then?"

"I'll take to stabling of 'em," returned the driver; "it'll be a deal safer nor drivin' of 'em."

The elderly gentleman laughed boisterously.

"Caught a tartar, have I? Well, I don't mind admitting it," he said confidentially. "Mind you I like 'buses with a pair of good gees to pull; but take my word for it, the 'bus companies will have to invent

some-thing to make the insides of these old concerns more comfortable and airy. There's a mint of money to the man who can make a window go up and down and yet not rattle and shake to bits."

For the next fortnight Ben worked hard and mysteriously in the "carpenter's shop." He must be the inventor of a patent window for 'buses. He had at least one qualification for his task: the doctor had taught his sons to be handy carpenters and joiners. After many trials he decided on a remarkable combination of a cork and wood sash. The window was gripped tightly, until a spring was touched, when the glass could be easily raised or lowered.

III.

It was midway through January when the Tebbutses received a call from a gentleman whom none of the family remembered to have seen before. Ben was quite sure that it was in connection with his 'bus window idea, for which he had applied for a patent. And strangely enough Ben was not so far wrong. Not that the stranger made 'bus windows the ostensible reason for his call. He gave his name as Joseph Steevens, and explained to Mrs. Tebbuts that he came to offer his sincere sympathy to her on her sudden bereavement. He owed a debt, he said, to the doctor, which he could never repay.

"I know it is a delicate matter to touch upon," he explained, "but if you would allow me to be of any service to you in furthering the interests of any of your sons, you would be doing me a favour. I should then feel that I was discharging part of my indebtedness. Perhaps I could give one of them a start in business. I have myself a large firm connected with the motor industry, which, as you know, is rapidly growing in Great Britain.

Needless to say Mrs. Tebbuts was quite overcome with gratitude to so generous a friend, and Ben was introduced. Naturally, too, it was not long before



"He would wander round the house in the moonlight."—Page 277.

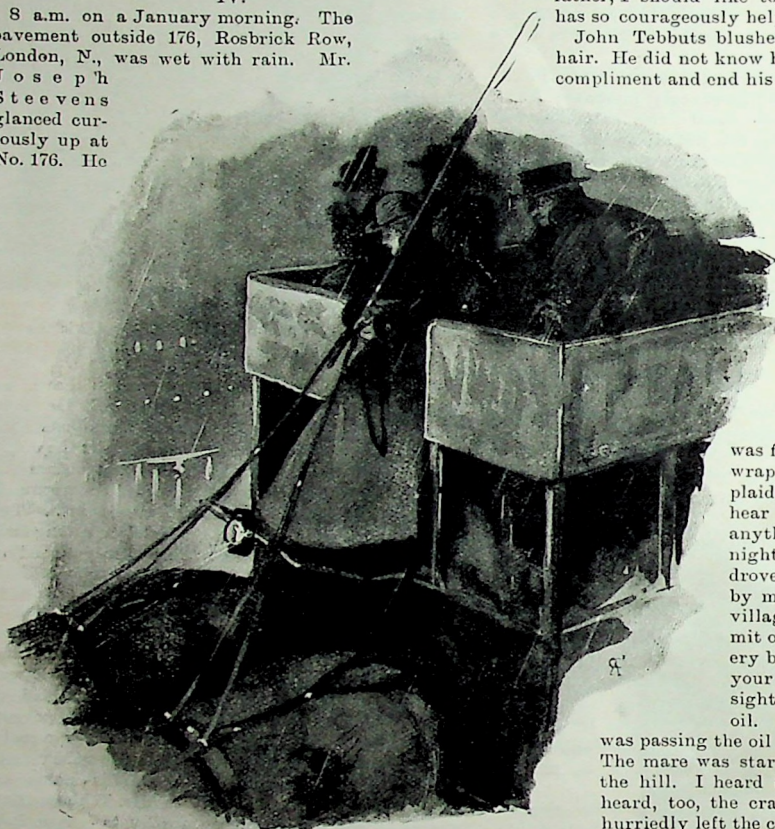


"He sat on an upturned box."—Page 276.

his inventive powers were touched upon. Nor was Ben slow to dilate upon his contrivance for the improvement of 'buses. The stranger examined the models, made a few comments of a non-committal character, and took his leave, assuring Mrs. Tebbuts that he would keep a look-out for a satisfactory opening for her "ingenious son"—a compliment which won the widow's heart.

IV.

8 a.m. on a January morning. The pavement outside 176, Rosbrick Row, London, N., was wet with rain. Mr. Joseph Stevens glanced curiously up at No. 176. He



"An elderly gentleman sat close to the driver."—Page 277.

seemed a little nervous, and hesitated before ringing the rusty bell.

Once inside the sparsely-furnished little sitting-room, where John Tebbuts' frugal breakfast was spread, he regained his composure. John offered his visitor a seat, remarking that he had fully half an hour to spare before he should have to start for the office.

"If you will allow me to explain my business without commenting upon it that will amply suffice," said Mr. Stevens. "To begin with, I have,

unknown to you, watched with great interest, and, I hope, some profit to myself, the brave way in which your family, and you yourself in particular, have met the heavy loss which befell you when your father died. You threw up, at a moment's notice, your dearest ambition, and undertook work which was distasteful to you. I have, Mr. Tebbuts, a sincere admiration for your unselfishness. Apart from a great debt which I owed your father, I should like to have helped one who has so courageously helped himself."

John Tebbuts blushed to the roots of his hair. He did not know how to stop the flow of compliment and end his confusion.

"But," continued the stranger, "I knew you would not accept the financial help I should like to offer unless I clearly explained my obligation to you and yours. I confess it is not easy for me to tell you what I feel you ought to have known more than a month ago. You will remember that your father

was found by the road-side, wrapped in a plaid. That plaid was mine. No; please hear all before you say anything. The wintry night when your father drove out I was travelling by motor car through your village. Just at the summit of the hill my machinery broke down, and when your father's gig came in sight I was busy with the oil. Unhappily, just as he

was passing the oil ignited and flared up. The mare was startled and bolted down the hill. I heard the gig rattle away; heard, too, the crash at the bottom. I hurriedly left the car after extinguishing the fire, but only arrived in time to hear your father murmur, 'O God, take care of my children.' He died in my arms. For an hour I sat beside him, thinking out a plan by which I might avoid publicity in connection with the accident, and yet anonymously offer to you some substantial compensation. I am the head of the Light Motor Car Company, and I dreaded that my name should appear in the newspapers, even as the indirect cause of so fatal a mishap. I confess that I left your father's body by the road-side and callously made off on my car. Since then I have had no peace of mind. I have come to you to ask your forgiveness for my inhumanity."

Mr. Steevens stopped short, but John had no reply. The strange tale he only grasped slowly. This man then had, in a measure, been the cause of his father's death; so much he understood, and it was enough.

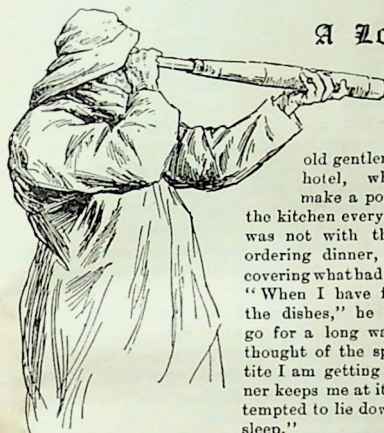
"I should like to put you in the way of continuing your medical course," Mr. Steevens began again.

"I would rather—rather not, sir," returned John.

"I am afraid you blame me, but not more than I blame myself," he urged in extenuation.

"I have no right to blame you," said John slowly. "It is not that—that was an accident. But I cannot touch any money—any compensation. None would be legally allowed."

"I know, I know," returned Mr. Steevens, "but I cannot get away from the fact that my carelessness has been the ruin of your home happiness. At least give me the satisfaction of doing something to make amends."



A Look into the New Year.

WE remember once meeting an old gentleman at a Swiss hotel, who used to make a point of visiting the kitchen every morning. It was not with the object of ordering dinner, but of discovering what had been ordered. "When I have found out all the dishes," he told me, "I go for a long walk; and the thought of the splendid appetite I am getting for that dinner keeps me at it, when I feel tempted to lie down and go to sleep."

Some of our readers may prefer to enjoy "surprises"; if so, they need read no further, for we are about to present a complete bill of January fare. But if, like the old gentleman, you like to be "a little previous," and so work up a grand appetite for the good things to come, by all means read on. The pleasures of anticipation are often as real as the pleasures of possession.

First, we have to announce a hymn of praise for the past and prayer for the future. This New Century hymn has been written and set to music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve, whose "Litany" and "As a Nation We Implore" have made her name known in every corner of England. Then we come to our serial tale, "For His Name's Sake," by Sydney Grier, whose powerful tales have gained wide circulation. The subject is the romance of the pioneers of Missionary work in South Africa, before the days of Societies. There is also a complete Irish tale by Mrs. Orman Cooper, who has never written anything more pathetically true to life. No one should fail to make the acquaintance of "Lisbeth."

The special articles, which have been written in connection with the new century, will, we are sure, prove of great interest. "The First Cathedral of the Twentieth Century" is accompanied by an imaginary sketch of Liverpool Cathed-

"I would rather work on," John said steadily; "my father would have wished it."

That accounts for the fact that John Tebbuts is still slaving on an office stool, slowly working his way up the many-rungged ladder.

But Ben has made his way in the world. His invention of a new 'bus window was the beginning of his success. A wealthy manager of a motor-car company, of the name of Steevens, bought up the patent rights for a large sum of money, since he said he feared that the introduction of the patent windows would give a new lease of life to the dying 'bus trade.

And John could not find it in his heart to tell his brother that his invention was not worth a penny-piece. He, and he only, knows the whole story of his father's death.

dral, with pictures of the present Cathedral Church of St. Peter and the Bishop's Throne. Also our artist gives a study of Bishop Chavasse preaching in his temporary Cathedral. The second Century paper summarises the progress of Missionary work during the past hundred years, Canon Sutton's figures being ably illustrated with diagrams.

Papers of popular interest include "Church Folk in Feathers and Fur," by the Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S.; "How We Got Our Numbers," by James Scott; and "The Queen's Chaplains," by Sarah Tooley. The last article is particularly attractive for its glimpses of the Queen: it is illustrated with five portraits.

The New Year's address is entitled, "Sunday in the New Century," by the Editor, and it is supplemented by short testimonies by the Bishops of Ripon, Ossory, Meath, and Lord Kinnaird.

We have left the dessert till the end—the sweets which the children love, and others as well. "My Young Adventurer" is an inimitable tale from life by Canon Sutton; and we have only to add that Mrs. Orman Cooper begins a series of papers on "Washing Days and Washing Ways," to prove that housewives are well catered for.

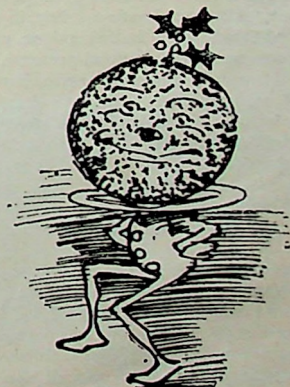
Our Special Christmas Number (*Id.*) will once again contain a complete, fully-illustrated tale of adventure and love by

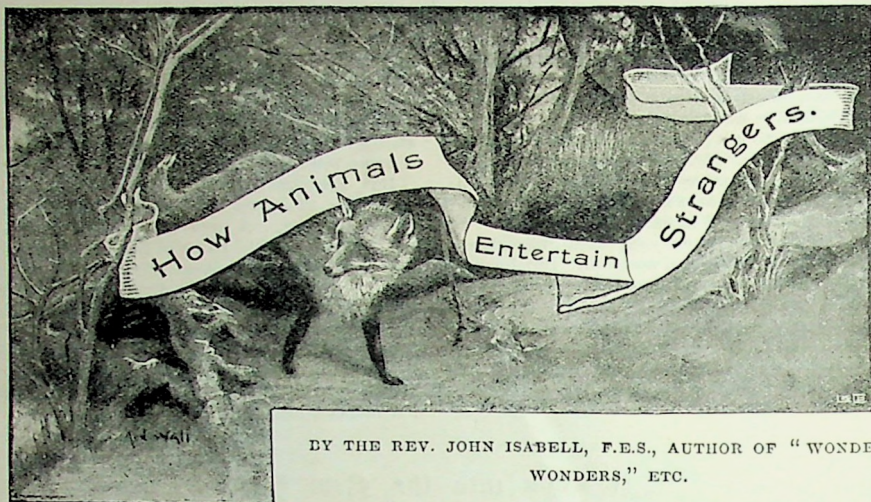
SYDNEY WATSON.

Another attractive feature will be an article on "Pussycats at Sea," by

FRANK T. BULLEN,
F.R.G.S.

Issued at the same time will be *The Fireside* and *The Day of Days* Christmas Numbers, which will be full of seasonable fact and fiction.





BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

THE higher animals may be divided roughly into two classes, the social and the unsocial. The first includes those creatures which associate together and live a common life, such as cattle, elephants, beavers, deer, and many birds and fishes. To these must be added those wonderful representatives of a lower type of beings, as far as structure is concerned, namely, the bees and ants. Some of these animals form perfect communities, dominated and guided by a master mind: others are simply companies inspired by a common purpose; while many are only parties thrown together almost by chance and for a limited period.

The unsocial animals lead solitary lives, merely associating in pairs for the breeding season, or, with some exceptions, for life. Into this class fall the cat tribe, from the lion downwards, most of the other carnivora (or flesh-eating animals), and the birds of prey. Among the notable exceptions are wild dogs and wolves, which are social in their habits as well as carnivorous in their diet. As a rule the beasts of prey are comparatively few in number and widely dispersed: each individual or pair or small group hunting its own special preserve.

It is only the social animals which have one code of etiquette for their own friends and another for outsiders. The birds and beasts of prey are not on visiting terms with each other, and individuals which go to live where they are not known are received with open mouths rather than with open arms.

Even domesticated dogs, which by their association with man are trained to tolerate casuals and wayfarers of their own race, often display marked disapprobation of their advances. "Here's a stranger! take him by the throat!" is not seldom the guiding principle. When the two dogs differ in sex amicable relations are quickly established. "Never strike a woman," is a canine as well as a human rule. When dogs of the sterner sex meet matters are more diffi-

cult of adjustment. Two pairs of sharp eyes scrutinize each other, two noses touch, two inquisitive sniffs are taken, and, if mutual satisfaction is felt, two tails wag in token of amity.

Occasionally, hostilities break out after the ratification of a treaty of peace. Apparently one of the dogs, of a sarcastic disposition, makes a caustic remark upon the manners, or personal appearance of the other; or, perhaps, sneers at his master. This is resented; the waggle dies out of the tail, and war is declared.

Wild cattle which go in herds are dominated by an experienced and powerful male, who, like an Oriental Sultan, "bears no brother near the throne," and guards his herd with fierce vigilance. The old despot discriminates when dealing with applications for admittance into his herd. If the new-comer please him she is driven in among the rest without ceremony, and has to endure at first a considerable amount of hustling and jostling.

Domesticated cattle are wont to show new-comers much incivility. Cows will thrust the intruder with their horns, and push and hustle her, until she heartily wishes herself back with her old friends. The leader of the herd, known in some parts as the Captain, always walks at the head in the procession to the yard for milking and back again to the field. Woe to the new cow if, forgetful of good manners or puffed up by pride, she so far forgets herself as to take the first place. The Captain promptly administers a castigation, being sometimes imitated by the rest of the herd, and the humbled individual takes the place allotted to strangers in the rear rank.

Fowls, like cattle, are ruled by a master mind, the possessor in this case being the cock which for the time is the strongest and most courageous. Hens introduced to a strange brood or group have often an unhappy experience. They are pecked unmercifully, and scratched and buffeted; and, being compelled to hold aloof from their new neighbours, must perforce be content to wait for their meals until the others



A BENEVOLENT
HOST.

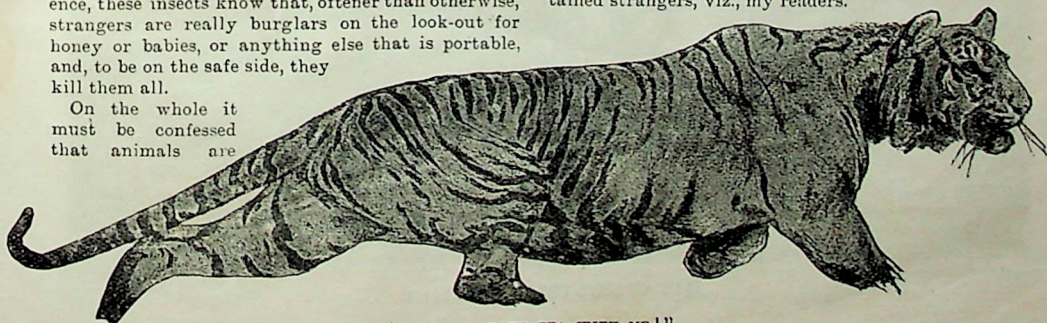
have done. To be a stranger is to be friendless and forlorn.

A stranger who knocks at the door of a bee-hive or an ants' nest must prepare for the worst. He, or oftener she, is immediately detected, however much the plea of being a long-lost relative is pressed; and the impostor or honest wayfarer, whichever it may be, is remorselessly slain. Taught by sad experience, these insects know that, oftener than otherwise, strangers are really burglars on the look-out for honey or babies, or anything else that is portable, and, to be on the safe side, they kill them all.

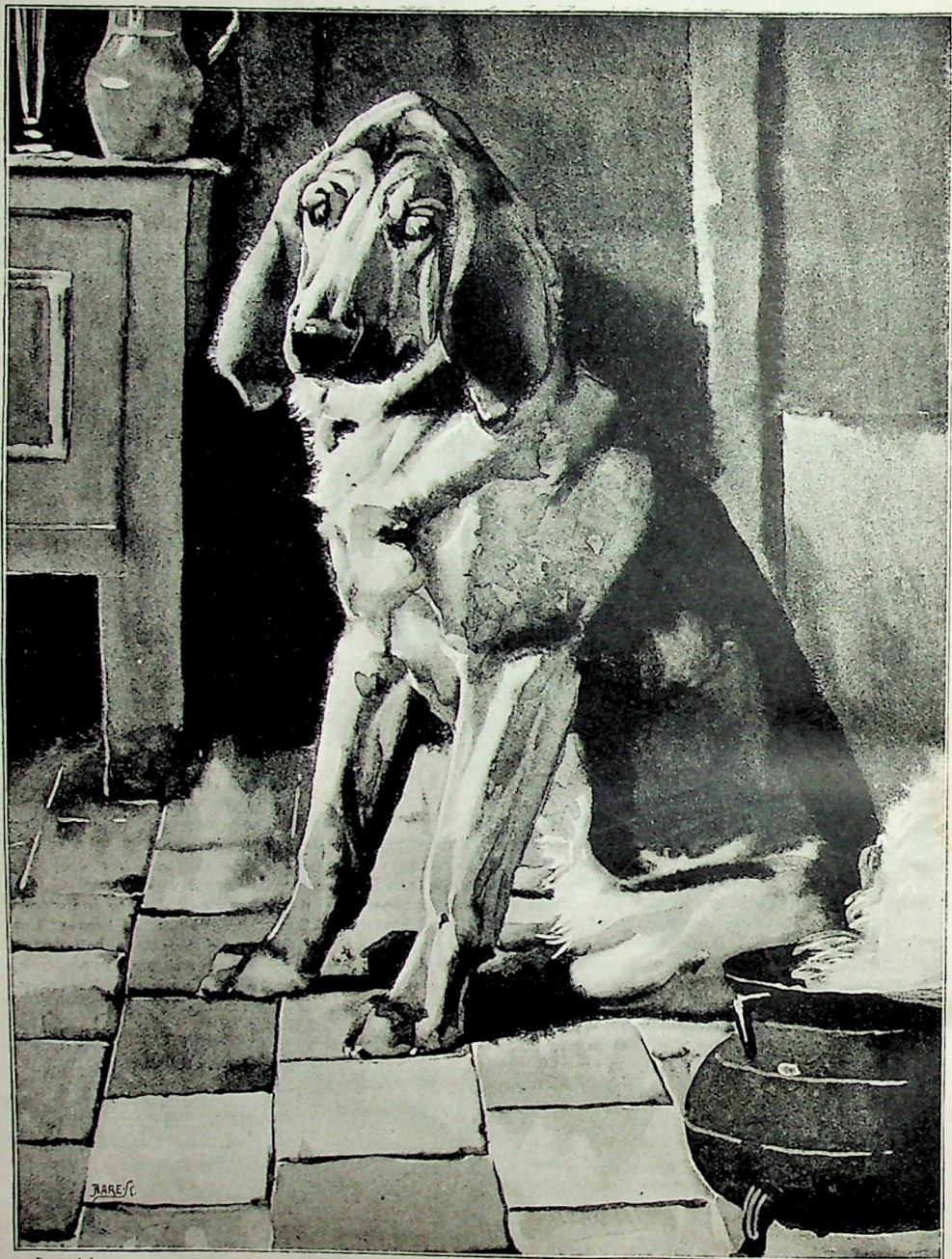
On the whole it must be confessed that animals are

unlikely to entertain many angels unawares if the angels come in the guise of strangers; but we must not blame them too severely, for human beings often shut the door upon celestial visitors. Lastly, a word must be added of the efforts of animals to entertain their master and his friends. There is not the least doubt that horses, dogs, and even birds, do their utmost to be sociable. Here are two stories, which may be taken, with a grain of salt, to prove that some horses are quite up to the arts of polite society. A man got off his pony and stood talking to a friend he chanced to meet. The pony, after giving his master several ineffectual hints that he considered it was time to be moving on, as a last expedient took his master's hat, and presented it to him with a polite bow. A similar story is told of a horse that gave a hint to a ploughman that it was six o'clock, the time for leaving off work. The ploughman consulted his watch; he found it was not time to stop, and remonstrated with the animal; but it still remained unconvinced, and all he could do would not make it turn to commence a new furrow. On reaching home the ploughman learnt the true cause; the horse was right as regards the time for dropping work, and his watch was wrong.

Now these two stories may be taken to indicate a love of home (and dinner) on the part of horses; but they may also be said to prove the horses' benevolent concern for the welfare of their masters. In any case, I am sure I may say that their conduct has entertained strangers, viz., my readers.



"COME AND HAVE TEA WITH ME!"



Drawn by

HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

[Cecil Aldin.]

The Young Folks' Page.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.



RIGHT "merrie" Christmas all round to our Young Folk the wide world over. May they be "merrie" and make "merrie," be happy and make happy, and possess the best of all Christmas presents—kind hearts and helping hands.

"Greeting" is not Scotch "greeting," which means raining, but a wish to make somebody happier, even if it is only by a kind word. "Only," did I say? That boy or girl must be at the top of the class in "greeting" who knows all that a kind word is worth.

There was once a doll that only squeaked when it was pinched. That doll was content with one solitary note, and even that was none too "Christmassy." The boy and girl at the top of my class are living musical boxes. Early on Christmas morning they sing carols, and through the day they make music wherever they go—music that sometimes cheers an old bed-ridden woman in a cottage; music that is full of praise; music that goes hand in hand with "Greeting." And all is as merrie and joyous as the sound of Christmas bells.

H. S. B.

AN ESKIMO CHRISTMAS TREE.

AN Eskimo Christmas tree seems rather a novel idea. Last year the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society who are working among the Eskimo at Cumberland Sound, Baffin's Bay, near the Arctic Circle, were determined to give the natives a Christmas treat, and to include in it a Christmas tree. But no vegetation worth mentioning grows on those ice-bound coasts, and the inhabitants have never seen any nearer approach to a tree than the driftwood which may be washed ashore in summer time. That difficulty, however, was soon overcome. A tent pole did duty as the trunk, and hoops from old flour barrels served as branches. Some wool represented snow—though, to be sure, there was plenty of the real article to be had. When covered with gifts and decorated with candles the "tree" was pronounced to be "very pretty." The missionaries who are labouring at Cumberland Sound can, at the most, only expect to communicate with the outside world once a year.

LITTLE THINGS.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in the field of flowers;
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes, or what if it mars?
But the bar is built of the little grains,
And the little flowers make the meadows gay,
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

FATHERS OF GREAT MEN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON's father was a farmer.
The father of Samuel Pepys was a tailor.
Shakespeare's father was a wool merchant.
Lincoln's father was a poor farmer and labourer.
The Emperor Diocletian was the son of a slave.
The father of Martin Luther was a peasant and woodman.

Virgil's father was a porter, and for many years a slave.
Demosthenes was the son of a sword-maker and blacksmith.
The father of Sir Robert Peel, the statesman, was a day labourer.

Benjamin Franklin was the son of a soap boiler, and was himself a printer.

Daniel Webster was the son of a farmer in very humble circumstances.

Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was a farmer's boy.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver, and himself learned that trade.

Sophocles, the Greek poet, was the son of a blacksmith, whose wife had been a slave.

Faraday's father was a blacksmith, and disapproved of his son's experiments with chemicals.

Æsop's father was a slave, and the writer of fables is believed to have been in servitude most of his days.

Thiers, the historian of the French Revolution, and afterwards President of France, was the son of a lock-mender.

General Grant's father was a tanner, and the son followed the same occupation when a boy.

"WATCH AND PRAY."

ONCE when John Ruskin, perhaps the most perfect writer of English prose, was in the Alps, he happened to see a peasant kneeling in prayer by the roadside. Immediately the learned professor went up to him, and kneeling down beside him, offered a petition to God. "When I reach the mountains," he used to say, "I always pray." Amid the grand Alpine scenery he would seek some quiet spot and fall on his knees. What an example! When we see the wonderful works of our Father, do we remember to thank Him Who giveth all? Every leaf, every snowflake, every blade of grass, may be a message from our Father. Let us, then, "watch and pray."

"HOLD FAST BY YOUR SUNDAYS."

A NEW CENTURY MOTTO FOR 1901.

WE want every one in 1901 to read "*Hold Fast by Your Sundays*"—and then to "*Hold it Fast*." It is the very book for boys, and it is equally good for girls—in fact, for every one. It used to be a half-crown volume, and the *Standard* says: "It is a charming and cheery story for the Day of Rest." It has now been published, under the same title, with other papers, as the second *News* "Million Penny Number," and the tale is illustrated with fine engravings. The first "Million Penny Number of *The News* 'Guard your Sundays,' has reached a record circulation of 310,000 copies.

One hundred copies of either Number can be had for 6s. by any Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. It should be a Christmas gift to every scholar. But all would sell at once if seen, and probably each 100 would thus reach 1,000 *Readers*. In one parish—St. Paul's, Stratford, E.—the Rev. W. H. Hewett, the Vicar, ordered 3,000 copies, and all were wanted and paid for. Let all Sunday Scholars see what they can do, and the "Million" of each Number will soon be sold. Every scholar who sells 100 shall have a free copy of an eighteenpenny book—"The Queen's Resolve," or "*Sunrise in Britain*."

Orders should be sent at once to the Publisher, *Home Words* Office, 11, Ludgate Square, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Sunday School Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

1. WHAT does "advertise" mean in the Bible?
2. Prove it was the habit of Jesus and His disciples to relieve the poor.
3. For which Church only of those St. Paul wrote to does he not give thanks?
4. Collect verses in which Jesus is called God's servant.
5. Show by examples that God counts a sin ours which we do by other hands.
6. What Psalm is most suitable to read during a thunderstorm?
7. What petition occurs seven times in one of the Psalms?
8. When did Christ show kindness to a father and mother?
9. Of what did the first wedding present named in Scripture consist?
10. Give instances of sailors calling upon God to avert a storm.

ANSWERS (See OCTOBER No., p. 238).

1. (1) As "few and evil" (Gen. xlvii. 9); (2) as years of affliction (Ps. xc. 15).
2. The "years of the right hand of the Most High" (Ps. lxxvii. 10).
3. As days of prosperity and years of pleasure (Job xxxvi. 11).
4. To "a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" (Jas. iv. 14).
5. As "eternal" (Rom. vi. 23); and received by faith in Christ (John iii. 36).
6. "Where is He?" asked by the wise men.
7. The answer was found in Scripture, Matt. ii. 5, 6, and thus illustrates John v. 39.
8. To the town where He was staying.



Fuel for the Christmas Fire.

BY H. T. INGRAM.

How to save your
Coals.

HERE is a simple method of making half a ton of coals go as far as fifteen hundred-weight.

The plan is to place a quantity of chalk in the grates; once heated, this is practically inexhaustible from combustion, and gives out great heat.

Some years ago the experiment was tried in the Dorset County Hospital. Chalk was placed at the back of each of the fires in the two large convalescent wards, in nearly equal proportions with the coal. In both wards full satisfaction was felt both as to the cheerfulness and as to the warmth of the fire, and the saving throughout that winter in these two fires was 75 per cent. It is, therefore, well worth putting the idea into practice.

Some Quaint Advice.

The following lines by an old author is good advice all the year round, and the man who follows it will never want for a warm chimney corner when winter raps at the door:—

JACK OF ALL TRADES IS MASTER OF NONE.

Wyse men alway
Affirme and say,
That best is for a man,
Diligently
For to apply
The business that he can;
And in no wyse
To enterprise
Another facultie;
For he that will,
And can no skyll,
Is never like to thrive.

How to save Money.

Let less of it find its way into the publican's till. Some wives will say: "Oh, it is the husbands who are to blame." Are you quite sure? A lady, who has had wide experience, once declared that good cookery was the great remedy for indulgence in alcohol. "A man who is ill-fed longs for stimulants. Grease-soaked meat, watery vegetables, sloppy coffee, and bad bread, in many cases induce a resort to the public-house. Bad cookery is a foe to everything that elevates and ennobs." "I say Amen to that," exclaimed Bishop Vincent, who was present. "I hope the time will come when we shall train our boys to be judges of cookery, so that none may marry women who are bad cooks. Fried beef! Weak coffee, when you might as well have strong coffee! Heavy bread, or bread made light by artificial means! When shall we learn wisdom, and lay the foundation of good health and good morals and good order by a system of good cooking?"

Something to put on the Christmas Fire.

Turnips boiled in milk may sound a little extravagant, but it is not so, and makes a very appetising vegetarian dish. Wash and brush the turnips in cold water, and pare away the thick skin, cutting down till a line can be seen a little way in. This

outer part is usually stringy and bitter to the taste, and should be rejected. Cut the pared turnips into oblong pieces, and let them remain in cold water till they are to be cooked. Then put them into boiling water with a little salt, and boil them till they are slightly soft, drain off the water and nearly cover the turnips with milk. In this milk let them boil till quite tender, but the pieces must not break, or they would look unsightly. When cooked, place them in a vegetable dish, add a piece of butter to the milk and thicken with flour, seasoning with pepper and salt. Boil for another few minutes and pour over the turnips, or, better still, return the turnips to the sauce, leaving it at the side of the fire to keep hot until required for use.

Christmas Flowers.

Do you know how to keep cut flowers fresh? If not, a little information on the subject will be welcomed, especially at this season. If flowers are put in a vase which is subject to a draught, they will lose their freshness in a very short time; a result which will also occur, as is generally recognised, if they are kept in a hot room. To keep flowers well, sprinkle them with cold water, set them in the coolest part of the room free from draughts, and at night put them into a cellar and turn an airtight vessel over them after having covered them with a thin damp cloth. This treatment will often revive flowers that have hung their heads during the day.

Apple Butter.

Add to this fruit—pared, cored, and quartered—half its weight in sugar, and boil four hours. Apples make an excellent preserve, also, when cooked, either in treacle (golden syrup) or sugar, with equal quantities of quinces or stewing pears. If boiled until the syrup is quite thick, and put into earthen crocks, well covered, the preserve will keep through the winter, always ready for use, and always welcome. In Norfolk, when apples are plentiful, they are often baked in large crocks, with a little water, treacle, or sugar, and a clove or two. They should be cooked in a slow oven; for instance, sent to the baker, to stand all night in his cool oven. With dumplings made of flour, suet, baking powder, or yeast, children eat them and thrive on them, needing no meat. Would that our London poor could get plenty of them.

A Birthday Text for all the Year.

The first year of the New Century will bring us 365 Birthdays. One will be yours. Be sure you find the Almanack Text for that day. Let me tell you what I once saw. On the wall of a noisy grinding "wheel" in Sheffield was a localized sheet of one of *Home Words Almanacks*, with its attractive pictures and daily texts. One of the workers, attracted by it, sought his birthday text, and read it aloud. The act was contagious, and in a few seconds an interested group stood in front of the almanack, each man and lad anxious to know the words of the text against his birthday. So text after text was read out.

This, doubtless, is a typical instance of what often takes place both in home and workshop. Not a few of the clergy in our large towns are careful to see that an almanack is put up in workshops and warehouses. This, as a rule, is welcomed by master or manager, and very often proves an effectual reminder to the busy worker that "man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live."—*The Rev. W. Odum, Heeley Vicarage, Sheffield.*

Home Words for CHRISTMAS.

*Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night,
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.*

TENNYSON.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY.

CHAPTER I.

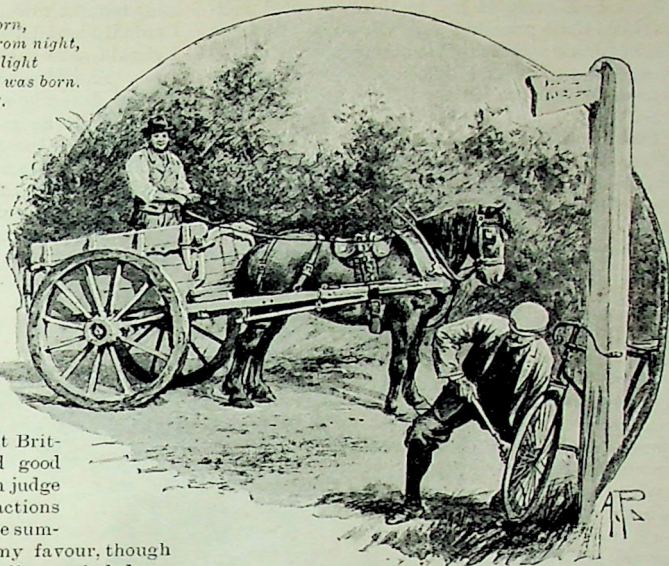
OF THE PUNCTURE OF A
SECOND-HAND BICYCLE.

MY name is William Strong, and I plead guilty. Of the crime, if crime it was, I stand self-accused. The case has never been before an intelligent British jury of known probity and good sense, yet a judge (and no mean judge in my eyes) has declared my actions excusable, if not justifiable. The summing up was pronouncedly in my favour, though the judge somewhat enigmatically concluded:—

“If you say another word about it I shall tell you to leave the Court without a stain upon your character. So there!”

But I am forgetting my purpose. If my readers will kindly consent to act as jurymen, disabusing their minds of all partiality and bias in my favour, I will put before them as briefly as possible a full confession of the facts.

I need not go much farther back in my history than December 19th, 189-. I had been exactly a year and two months as junior clerk in the London offices of Messrs. Robson & Twining, bankers. My home is at Darton, where my mother was then living alone. It is quite a small village, hiding among the southern downs, where a band of trees have taken cover on the sunny side of a hill. My mother, who is the best mother that ever trod our village street, kept a small shop, exactly opposite our ancient Norman church. When cycling came into fashion trade was brought to my mother's door, and before long we had to enlarge the parlour to accommodate our customers. I can remember, as a red-letter day in my life, when my mother added cakes and sweet biscuits to the good things she offered wayfarers. Before that she had always served folk with bread and butter, jam and tea for sixpence. She would never stint any one; each had what he liked, and paid the same price for refreshment, whether little or much. And refreshment it was: never a soul left my mother's shop without complimenting her



on the best catering they had ever come across.

You will understand the sort of mother I am proud of when I tell you that, as profits grew from shillings and pence to pounds and shillings, an ambitious idea entered her dear old head. I think I can honestly say I did well at the village school. Parson told mother that my head was made for business. Perhaps that set her brain to work: anyhow, one night she told me what was on her mind.

“Will,” she said, “you’re a big lad now, and rare good at figures and sums.” For a moment she hesitated, and I can still recall the catch in her voice and the tremble of her hand as she played with my sleeve and then began to stroke my hand caressingly. “I’m thinking,” she went on slowly, “as I’d like to give you a start like your father had in a big city.”

“Not in London, mother?” I gasped incredulously.

The ring of delight was in my words.

“Yes, dear. There’s nothing doing in the village, they say, and no big town near. Besides, parson says, if I’m willing to part with you, London’s best; you would have a better chance of getting on quick—and perhaps— But there! that’s too far off to think about. I’ve been counting up just what I can easily spare to set you on your legs; for they don’t give much to beginners in big offices, so they say. You have to work a sort of apprenticeship and such like, and the pay’s small.

But I'll be saving lots with your keep knocked off: so that'll be right enough."

And I—I accepted my mother's devoted self-sacrifice, little guessing with what a brave heart she had made up her mind to sacrifice her own comfort, perhaps half-starve herself, to give me a real chance to push myself up in the great business world.

One gusty October I began my new life in the offices of Messrs. Robson & Twining, with a salary of fifteen shillings a week, a sum which was supplemented by my mother to an extent which I now know must have made the shoe of poverty pinch in winter-time, when cyclists were few and picnics out of season.

I must confess, too, that I was none too careful. To me to be in London necessitated doing as Londoners did, or as I thought they did; and, before I knew what was happening, my store of money nearly ran out—a store which had seemed limitless at Darton.

But I must cut short the tale of my early business struggles, and hurry on to the events which I hope tell more in my favour.

On December 19th, 189-, I bought a second-hand bicycle.

You will say that that is scarcely worth recording. Please to fancy me smiling at your hasty judgment, and then saying, with all the air of superior knowledge of which a young man is capable: "Would you be surprised to hear that it was to that bicycle I owe everything that I count most dear in life?" It was a machine of rather peculiar make, a trifle old-fashioned, and fitted with unusually large pneumatic tyres. According to the cycle agent, it was a first-grade American model, which had come upon his hands owing to the sudden death of the owner. It was an opportunity, he said, for making a bargain which was not likely to occur again. The man was right, though he little guessed it.

Do not condemn me as guilty of unfeeling ex-

travagance without taking into account extenuating circumstances. I had put by money for some months towards my intending purchase, and I proudly hoped that, with a machine of my own, I should save substantially in railway and 'bus fares. And I hoped to spring a delightful surprise on my dear old mother. She had given up all hopes of seeing me at home for Christmas: the cost of the railway ticket, I had written, was more than I felt justified in spending. But when I wrote I had already planned to cycle the whole way home, if the weather held good.

When I took my purchase to my lodgings I chuckled over the fond deception which was to win me such a welcome as I could well imagine.

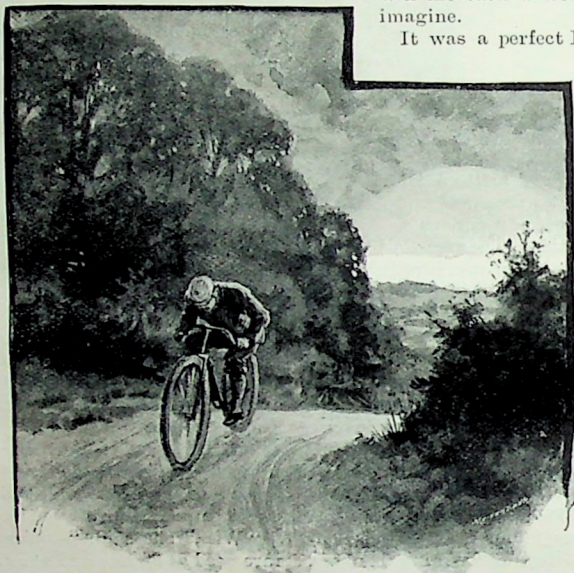
It was a perfect December day, with a brisk breeze from the north-east, that saw me start on my ride home. A snap of frost had just touched the roads, but not enough to induce the sun to try to undo the work and melt them into a sticky compound. Though I did not make the mistake of going too fast in the exhilarating air of the morning, yet I found myself tiring rapidly.

"I believe I've been 'had' over this second-hand Yankee mount," I thought to myself. "It's either

that or the chain is too tight."

Once or twice I dismounted and examined the machine, and even tried to blow the tyres tighter, but everything seemed sound enough, the wheels running freely and well. I could only conclude that long hours of desk-work had not improved my muscles.

I will not bore my readers with the tale of my weariness. The miles seemed to be telescopic in their power of stretching out unexpectedly. Plug, plug, plug went my legs mechanically, but there was no sympathetic "life" about the bicycle. The tyres seemed hard, and every jolt and jar went up my backbone. The sun set early, clouds being far too plentiful for my liking, and I found myself still twenty miles from my halt-



"The sun set early."—Page 2.

ing-place when night began to fall, and the hedges and trees to stand out blackly against the sky. I spurred with grim determination, but despite my best endeavours darkness overtook me when I was still an hour's ride from Ripton Ferry. I remember how I dashed down a steep hill, leading, so it appeared, into cavernous depths of gloom: I had no time to waste on such a luxury as caution. Suddenly I was almost thrown out of my saddle as the front wheel struck some obstacle in the road. The back wheel escaped concussion, but in a moment I knew it would be the strangest chance if I had escaped puncture. I dismounted as soon as I could, and an examination of the machine confirmed my worst fears. The tyre was not only simply punctured—it had been ripped, rather than gashed, for a couple of inches, if not more. It was obvious that, with my tiny repairing outfit, I could not hope to mend such damage to both inner tyre and outer cover.

The full meaning of the disaster only dawned upon me when I set out mournfully to walk, tired as I was, the ten miles of lonely road which lay between me and Ripton Ferry. What I should do if the tyre were beyond repair I dared not think. I had no money with which to purchase a fresh one, even if it had been obtainable, nor had I enough to enable me to take a ticket to Darton. When I at last reached Ripton Ferry Inn I confess I broke down with exasperation, disgust, despair—call it what you will. The landlord must have been amazed to find me in his best parlour, my head bowed over his table, and one hand convulsively clutching his clean cloth, newly laid for dinner. When I told him of my disaster he was more than friendly to me, and his wife, who, with her first-born, shadowed him wherever he went, added her condolences.

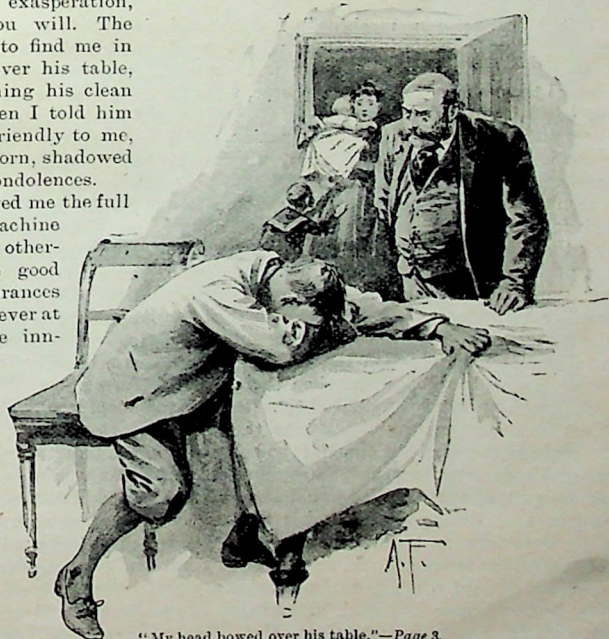
I suppose when the inn lamp showed me the full extent of the damage done to the machine I was knocked over, for I cannot otherwise explain my weakness. The good people tried to cheer me with assurances that the village smith was "rare clever at puttin' things to rights," and the inn-keeper promised to get him to have a look at the machine first thing next morning.

With that he and his wife busied themselves to turn out an excellent tea, which gave me fresh strength and spirit. That night I slept poorly, and woke doubly depressed. Next morning I got up by candle-light, yet, true to his word, I found my host ready for me. He expected the smith, whom he had sent for, to arrive any minute.

"Twon't look near so bad by daylight," he said. "Things don't, you know," he added sagely.

I went to see, and my courage descended into my cycling shoes. The tear literally gaped at me. But what struck me as curious was that the tyre had not deflated as completely as one would naturally have expected. I pinched it; it was not flabby, and the rims did not rest on the floor. Instead the tyre seemed extraordinarily solid. I unscrewed the valve, but no air came out. Then I attempted to remove the outer cover. It was a useless effort.

"Yankee tyre patent," I muttered angrily. "How in the world am I to get it off?" Still the tear gaped at me as though to mock my helplessness. I knelt down, the better to see whether any part of the flint which had caused the cut were visible. Something protruded from the gash, and I tried to pull it out. Slowly I coaxed forth some paper, which was rolled up tightly like a spill. Half through the hole it tore, and came away in my hand. I was on the point of crumpling it up and throwing it into a corner when something in the nature of the paper struck me. I unfolded it, pressed out the crinkles, and, to my amazement, revealed half a 100-dollar note. With feverish energy I thrust my fingers into the puncture, and a minute later was in possession of the other half of the note. But in pulling that out I could feel further paper. The worthy inn-



"My head bowed over his table."—Page 3.

keeper would have been astonished had he seen me deliberately take my knife and enlarge the slit in the tyre by at least three inches. Two further notes were my reward.

"Tis in here. The young gent be tryin' what he can dew, but I reckon you can put her straight."

The voice of the innkeeper startled me as never thief was startled at dead of night by the master of the house. I had no time for arguing with my conscience; in a moment I had made up my mind to conceal at all costs my extraordinary find. You will say I did wisely: there was no need for me to take those men into my confidence; it was no concern of theirs. No doubt a true contention, but I now know that that initial act of concealment was the first ill weed I allowed to grow. And ill weeds grow apace.

"I have made up my mind the tyre is not worth patching," I said as unconcernedly as I could. "It is very good of you to bring the smith, but I am sure he can see at a glance that ending is better than mending in the case of so large a gash."

"It dew seem rare big," said the brawny man. "But I reckon it's not tew big fer I. 'Twill be a purty job."

"Stop!" I almost shouted as he made as though he would kneel down to look at the puncture.

Both men started.

"It is an American machine," I continued hurriedly, "with peculiar tyres which need special treatment. I think, if you don't mind, I'll wheel the machine on to Hazelthorpe, where I know there is an agent."

The smith naturally resented this notion, and I saw the innkeeper was amazed at my ungrateful behaviour.

I don't care to dwell on the conversation which followed; it was not to my credit. Enough to say that an hour later I was on the road once more, pushing my machine before me. One hand every now and again found its way into my breast pocket, where three 100-dollar notes, one in halves, lay snugly concealed. When I was some mile and a half beyond the village I lifted the cycle over a low hedge, and then proceeded to cut the tyre completely off the wheel. Even my wildest anticipations were put into the shade. Note after note came out, until I had literally "amassed a fortune," as the phrase runs, on the bank below the hedge. Who could have chosen so strange a hiding-place for his wealth, or, having once done so, could have forgotten where he concealed his treasure? Then I recalled what the dealer had said when he sold me the machine—the former owner had died. I experienced a momentary sense of satisfaction. How had he

died, where, when? It was long before I had answers to the questions.

CHAPTER II.

MY CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING.

THE poor, it has been often said, are the best friends of the poor. When I arrived at Darton, having come the last half of my journey from London by train, it was my mother's face that welcomed me at the station.

"I knew you'd be real glad to come, sonny," she said as I kissed her. "But don't be givin' me the credit for the money: 'twas all along of Miss Rollit. I'll tell you everything about it when we've got settled comfortable over a good warmin' tea."

I stood amazed, and, had not my mother been overjoyed to see me, she must have noticed my bewilderment.

It was only with great difficulty and much delicate manoeuvring that I probed the depths of my mother's "little secret."

The autumn cycling season had been cut short by extraordinarily bad weather, and even during the hot, dry summer visitors had been far fewer than in former years. As a natural consequence, my mother's trade in teas and refreshments had been small. Some time before Christmas she began to feel the pinch of poverty, and late in November came the hardest blow of all—a new shop, offering tasty cakes and sweets, besides toys and cards, such as any town establishment might have boasted. Yet never a word of complaint or distress did my mother let me have in her letters. I know she must have suffered much, but I can never fancy her dear face careworn or sad. No matter what cloud came between her and the sunshine, she was content to watch and pray for the light. Like the Antrim folk of old, she would never forget to say grace for light.

It was, as she said, our neighbour Miss Rollit, an elderly spinster, who proved to her a friend in need. Mother had set her heart on seeing me home for Christmas, and had saved up money that she might send it me for my ticket. The sum was complete before December began. But as the days passed drearily by, with small takings in the shop, food and coal began to fail, and at last, with many a tear, the hoarded shillings had to be drawn upon to supply pressing need.

It was only three days before Christmas that Miss Rollit came to the relief. She had looked in one afternoon to tea—"tea worth drinkin', every drop, and not like the straw stuff they sold down to the new shop," as she said.

She took off her bonnet and made herself comfortable by the tiny fire. Sarah Rollit, folk always declared, had a masterful way with her.



"Taking out a sovereign, put it deliberately into my mother's hand."—Page 6.

Then she wanted to know why my mother did not look quite the thing, and little by little she drew out all her story of disappointed hope. When she had heard all, Miss Rollet's head shook determinedly, and her twin pair of curls vibrated in sympathy.

"I tell you what's goin' to be," she said at length—"that young fellow o' yours is coming down. I'm goin' to buy you out. Now, you seller o' sweetmeats, etcetary, please to understand as you're behind the counter all proper and smilin', and I'm a good sort o' customer. You jus' send round to my place enough refreshment for a little party I be giving to—well, visitors as don't get asked out *over* often, perhaps once a year, and that on Christmas Day. I reckon you can let me have an assortment, as you may say; and there, my dear, is cash down."

With which pronouncement she opened her purse, and, taking out a sovereign, put it deliberately into my mother's hand.

That explains, I think, why I was an expected arrival at Darton, for my mother had lost no time in sending off a postal order for twenty shillings to my lodgings in London, and it had arrived the day after I had left.

And now I enter upon a more difficult part of my narrative. From the first moment that my mother saw me, she took it for granted that I had come home thanks to the money she had sent. As I walked towards the corner of the grey village where our white-faced cottage looked over upon the churchyard wall, I was silent, and without a glance to spare to note the little changes of which my mother was eager to tell. Should I raise her hopes high as the church steeple, only to confess that they were ill-founded and must come down? At first I had taken for granted that the riches which had come to me so strangely were mine—mine every way. Then some unwelcome suggestions, like buzzing flies one would angrily brush aside, intruded upon my sense of satisfaction. Who would have had this money if its owner's wishes had been consulted? Might not some one be in need no less pressing than my mother's and my own? Had I any right to the treasure-trove? Legally I believe I had, but all through my life I had been taught that a higher law should influence my actions; and often I had appealed, when temptations were thick on every side, to that truest test of all our conduct—"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

But now I shirked the issue. I would not decide at once, I said to myself; it was well to sleep upon the question.

That evening my mother for the first time treated me as a man; perhaps my seriousness had impressed her, the toning down of my impetuous

longings, the bridling of my tongue. She little knew the real cause. Up till then I had been as a boy to her, a child to be humoured and helped, and ever loved—as a child. But that night there was new charm about her quiet, silver-arched face—a new, trusting light in her eyes. I had been promoted to be her counsellor—it might be her director.

It was when the fire burnt clearly after tea that she spoke to me in the new way.

"Will," said she, "I have done my best to give you a start in life, such as your father would have wished me to give you. It has been dear, comforting work and them the happiest days of my life, even though it has been lonesome-like sometimes. But now I can feel the night shadows come creeping nearer, and they say, 'Give over working now; it is time to pray, 'Keep me through the night, till the morning light appear.' So I am going to slip away from the cottage and the little trade. Doctor—says—it's best so."

How I remember those tolling words! They made me catch my breath in sudden apprehension.

"You are not ill, mother?" The words almost choked me as I uttered them.

"Ill; no, not really ill, dear. Just failing and—and tired."

You will not mind if I write no more of that evening talk: the memory of it is sacred. But the thought of my mother in the workhouse infirmary—she who had cheerfully given me the hard-earned savings which would have kept her in comfort to the end of her days—the thought haunted me all through the dark hours of the night.

Instinctively I knew what my mother would say if I told her of my mind: she would never let me rest till I had done my utmost to restore it to its owner. I knew what she would say in answer to my objection that I had bought the machine as it stood. And yet, could I see her go into the workhouse?

The confession must come, sooner or later—why not at once? I compromised, silenced my scruples, and once committed to the way I had chosen, it was hard to retrace my steps.

"Mother," I said next morning, "I have a store of money, which will keep you and the shop going for the next three months. Don't ask me how I happen to have it—it is a secret, *my* secret. You have had yours all these years, when I never guessed the sacrifices you were making for me. Let me keep mine for a little time."

Thus I over-persuaded her—against her will, I know; but she took this proof of my love to her heart as a precious present, which she could not refuse.

* * * * *

A week later I returned to London, leaving my

mother supremely happy with a slender pittance—I dared not excite her suspicions by giving her more—upon which to exist week by week till three months were sped and the cycling season was once more in sight.

CHAPTER III.

CONSCIENCE MAKES "CULPRITS" OF US ALL.

IT was not far from the close of March when I turned back along the road I had followed ever since that moment in the innkeeper's backyard, when I determined to keep my find to myself.

Three months of torture they were—no, not quite that. Of fighting? No. Rather of bickering with my conscience. It would never leave me to myself. I would spur myself to spend some of the money to relieve the hard life I led, but I could not. At last, to quiet these persistent though silent reproaches, I made as it were a bargain: I would count whatever I took from the treasure of the tyre as lent to me for a good object. Some day I would pay it back to the owner, if I could find him within a reasonable time. For a few days that nearly satisfied my better self. Then my tormentor began again. How did I know that I was not wasting irretrievable time in not making search at once? I had no defence. Nothing that my ingenuity could suggest could give me satisfying excuse for inaction.

Hence one morning I called at the second-hand cycle shop where I had bought the machine. Without letting him know the extent of my find, I obtained from the shop manager all that he knew. Happily, the incidents connected with the machine were unusual, and had impressed themselves upon his mind. Yes, he remembered selling me the high grade American roadster. It had

come to him by lawyers' orders direct from the steamship *Argonaut*. No doubt the lawyers could give me all information; but so far as he remembered it was part of the effects of a passenger who had died at sea.

I confess I had many misgivings before I could muster up determination to inquire at the lawyers' firm for further details. However, I did, and narrowly escaped letting my secret be wrested from me. The owner had been Mr. Silas Ridgeway, who had been lost overboard in a gale in mid

Atlantic. Yes, they knew his heirs, had, in fact, been pestered by them, but there was nothing the late Mr. Ridgeway had to devise save his personal effects, which did not amount to much. He had been an eccentric man all his life, a bit of a miser it was supposed, but this was not borne out by the small amount of property he had left behind him. Of course it was possible he had carried to the bottom of the sea a considerable sum.

I received the address of the next of kin—a certain Mrs. Hawthorne, who was living in a village in Normandy on very slender means.

And now comes the final chapter of confession, and one which I turn to with not a little relief.



I go on board by means of a smack.

CHAPTER IV.

I LEAVE MY CASE WITH THE JURY.

I CANNOT wholly account for the resolve which took possession of me to go and see who were the rightful owners of my fortune of the road. Partly it may have been curiosity, but I think I may claim that it was mainly the wish to put myself right with my conscience. I have, too, always been of an adventurous disposition, and the idea of playing the part of beneficent Father Christmas appealed to my imagination. The funds for my passage I considered I might legitimately take from my "find."

So it came about that a week before Christmas I left my office stool behind me and took train for Newhaven. The weather was boisterous, and when I reached the harbour half a gale blew from the south-west. "Channel Service suspended" was posted, and an old fisherman critically added, with a significant nod towards the rising sea, that it would "like enough be too stiffish for any steamer to make harbour for a day or two."

I had not bargained for such delay—in fact, I did not know what I was to do. The fisherman saw my perplexity, and made a proposal.

"I'll put 'ee aboard, sir, for half a quid; there be a boat outside harbour, and she be goin' back with the mails."

"How will you do it?" I asked.

"The smack can get out safe enough," said he, "and I can get her alongside easy 'nough. It may be you'll be wet, but there! a duckin' needn't daunt 'ee if 'tis important to get across."

Rather doubtful of my own judgment I accepted the man's offer; but I can tell you I regretted it bitterly. It was true I gained the steamer's deck not much the worse, but once fairly out at sea I have never been so thrown about, never so ignominiously treated by wind and weather in my life. Below I could not stay, and on deck green billows curled ominously over the vessel's bows, and more than once I was up to my knees in a swirling current, and hanging on to a rope for dear life.

I was landed at Dieppe—"more dead than alive," I should have said had I been consulted as to my condition. Next morning, however, my spirits had greatly improved, as had the weather. "With my friend the fisherman I have a nut to crack," I assured myself grimly. However, I was glad his prognostications of the rough time lasting for several days were not fulfilled. A short railway journey brought me to St. Oo, four miles from which place Mrs. Hawthorne had rented a cottage.

I can recall at this moment with keen satisfaction the un-Christmaslike conditions—a soft breeze floating over the swaying tree tops, sunshine darting arrows of light among some gloomy pines, only the young green wanting to make the scene spring-like. As I tramped along I was tempted over and over again to leave the main road and explore some delightful nook or corner, but duty held me to my task.

When I asked my way I was given very valuable directions, which were as bad as Greek to me—save always the gesticulations. These saved the situation, and by following the human finger-posts I arrived shortly before midday at Madame Hawthorne's *maisonnette*.

I was more nervous than I should care to admit when I lifted the latch on the garden gate

and marched up to the front door of Madame's little house.

Was Madame at home? I asked the elderly body who opened the door.

No, Madame was not at home; she had gone to pay a visit, and would not be back for a week.

I certainly should not have understood this explanation of Madame's whereabouts had it not been given in homely English. As it was the words completely disconcerted me. What was I to do during a whole week? I could not spare the time, even if I dare spend the money.

I explained that my business was of great importance.

Had I not let Madame know I was coming?

No, I had not. The fact was I had wished to break my news to her myself.

The old housekeeper, or family servant, evidently considered before she spoke again. She eyed me curiously.

Was my business in any way connected with Mr. Silas Ridgeway?

Eagerly I assured her that it was.

Then, perhaps, Mademoiselle Sybil might see me, if it was really very important and I could not call again in a week's time. She would go and inquire. Meanwhile, would Monsieur give her his name and step inside?

This I did with alacrity, and found myself in a cosy little sitting-room, furnished very simply. A small fire burnt brightly in the grate. A few minutes later the door opened, and I was confronted with Mademoiselle. How shall I describe her?

Small, yes, small, and very sweet, with serious, grey eyes, and a determined little mouth; her hair golden as May morning sunbeams. All this I noted in a flash.

"I am very sorry my mother is away," she said softly, with just a trace of embarrassment. "I am afraid I shall be of little use if it is a matter of business you have come to discuss."

Could I have wished for any one more delightful to whom to make my humble confession? I had pictured a haughty, unbending lady, who would debase me to the dust with scorn.

"If you will be so good as to listen to me," I answered, "I want to tell you the story of the last year of my life."

She glanced at me in surprise; and I could distinctly hear the housekeeper making her near presence known in the hall. Mademoiselle evidently took me for a beggar.

"I thought Martha said you wished to speak to us about uncle—Mr. Silas Ridgeway, I mean."

I could restrain myself no further. I longed to see Mademoiselle's eyes light up with interest. I felt instinctively she would understand how I

had been tempted, and how I had tardily overcome.

"Miss Hawthorne," I began, "I have come to tell you how, in the strangest manner possible, I came into possession of your uncle's money."

Her grey eyes showed depths of childish wonder.

"Then he did disinherit us after all," she said. "Oh, it was too cruel of him to write and say he was coming home to help us, and then——"

She stopped suddenly, and then added impulsively,—

"Forgive me, sir; I should not have spoken so strongly. I have interrupted you."

I could not help smiling at her seriousness.

"Not without the best reason for interrupting," I answered. "You have made it easy for me to solve the mystery I have come from England to clear up."

Then, from first to last, I made a clean breast of all that had happened since the day I bought Mr. Silas Ridgeway's bicycle. When I had finished I believe there were tears in her eyes.

"If you had spent every penny on your dear old mother we could not have said a word of condemnation. I know I couldn't, and I'm sure mother would have understood."

"Then you do not think I am little better than a common thief?"

I could not have dreamed of putting such a question before I came inside the little garden gate; but now I had grown bold.

"You have done what few men would have done," she said softly. "You have not been afraid to own up."

We talked on together until Martha must have been wild to show me out. Finally, she brought in some coffee, and put the tray down with so much violence that clattering china spoke eloquently of her annoyance.

"Will you mind if I tell Martha?" Miss Hawthorne asked me. "You see," she added,



"Save always the gesticulations."—Page 8.

"Martha is quite the confidential friend of the family."

I fancy Martha's manner warmed towards me when she heard the good news I had brought.

"If I'd known, sir, the nature of your business, as you may say, you'd have been welcomed like a lord," she said, as she curtsied respectfully towards me.

"Of course Mr. Strong must come over and see us again when mother returns," Miss Hawthorne said.

And I, though I made a show of the difficulties which might arise, did not refuse to think the plan over.

When I took my leave (shall I say tenderly?), I told her that I would put the money into the hands of bankers.

"Bankers, no!" she exclaimed. "I—we would

much rather you kept it, and besides the salvage will have to be arranged."

"The only salvage will be your forgiveness," I put in humbly.

So we parted for the first time—she and I; and though I had not been handed over to justice and no prison cell awaited me, yet more surely had my heart been captured—nay, more, I was a prisoner whose escape was impossible.

A month later Mrs. Hawthorne and Syb—Miss Hawthorne came over to England, and to Darton. They stayed several weeks, and then to my joy settled down in an old country house, called Court Place, a mile and a half out of the village.

Now that I am putting the whole case before my readers, it is more than two years since the Hawthornes came to the Court. Uncle Silas's money long ago passed into the hands of the rightful owners. The "salvage" went to my mother. I could not say "no" to the generous proposal of Mrs. Hawthorne. But I have yet to make the humblest confession of all. I have wooed and won my Sybil. She made me captive on the first day I saw her, and has kept me willing prisoner ever since. How little I dreamed then that a puncture would put me on the road towards winning the dearest wife in the world.



BY SYDNEY WATSON, AUTHOR OF "THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CHIEFLY INTRODUCTORY.

JOSHUA HALLUM was a man with a past. What that past had been, what secret the years contained, whether the story was one of sorrow, shame, or crime, none could say; though more than one of those who knew him best whispered that there lay a story behind his sad—or were they remorseful?—eyes.

It was known that he had spent the years of his younger manhood in Australia, but beyond this bare fact no one knew anything of his career during those years spent under the Southern Cross.

For twenty-three years he had lived at Mapleton, the country village where we find him when this story opens. He had been a quiet, reticent man when he had first come to Mapleton, but as time passed this natural restraint deepened into a very marked and decided moodiness, a kind of settled depression, such as a man might be expected to suffer from whose inner life was being preyed upon by some bitter regret.

He was nearer sixty than fifty, a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular-looking man, with a large ruddy-complexioned face, and blue-grey eyes from which sadness was rarely absent.

He was well-to-do, and, as was generally known, had always had a good balance at his banker's from the very day he had come to Mapleton Hangers.

"Hangers" was the name of the farm which he owned. The whole place was freehold, and had been in the hands of the Hallum family for

more than three hundred and fifty years. It consisted of close upon four thousand acres, including the extensive copses, the latter making most valuable shooting.

For many years previous to the arrival of Joshua Hallum, an uncle of his, named Stephen Hallum, had owned the farm and dwelt in the fine old Manor House. The old man had been a bachelor, and dying suddenly, the estate came, in the line of heirship, to his nephew, Joshua Hallum, who was supposed to be somewhere in Australia, the young fellow having been caught by one of the earliest rushes of the Gold Fever.

The heir was duly advertised for, but it was several years before young Joshua Hallum turned up and took possession of his property. Previous to his entering into possession of the "Hangers" he had never been to Mapleton, his father having quarrelled with the dead man, Stephen Hallum, and, leaving home, had never returned. The Joshua Hallum of our story was the only child of the absentee, and at the time of his entering into his inheritance both father and mother were dead.

A year after his settlement at "Hangers" the new squire married the only daughter of a retired Indian civil service officer, who lived in a pretty little cottage which formed part of the Hallum property, and which the father and daughter had been occupying as tenants when Joshua Hallum arrived on the scene.

Lucy Danceforth, as the girl was called, was one of the most demure maidens it would be possible to find, and the habitual melancholy of Joshua Hallum's manner did not repel her as it might have repelled another girl.

"They courts," one of the Danceforth servants had once said, "jes' fur all the world like two feather pillows 'ud court, if such dead, soft things could go sweethearting."

The outcome of this marriage was one child, a boy, who grew up as dreamy a lad as ever walked this all-alive earth. His name was Phil, and it is with his history that much of our story will have to do.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

"UPPER-END" COPSE was more than a copse; it was really a lovely wood that occupied the ridge to the extreme north of the "Hangers" estate, and was a favourite place for summer pic-nics; people for miles around, as well as the actual dwellers in Mapleton, travelling thither.

Under the shade of the trees, facing the down that swept in undulating billows to within an eighth of a mile of the Manor House, a merry little family party of Mapletonians were pic-nicking. There were six in the party—father, mother, a son and his *fiancée*, the daughter of the family, Lelia, and a brother of the father's,

who had recently returned from South America to spend the rest of his days and live on the moderate means he had gathered in his foreign travels.

"Uncle Jack" had taken a great fancy to his pretty little niece Lelia, and the pair were never very far apart.

They are sitting together now on the moss-covered hole of a big beech root, under the shadow of the wide-spreading, thick-foliaged tree, talking and chaffing.

He is full of fun, as tweaking one of her long straying hairs that floats near enough to him to reach, he asks:—

"Let me see, little one, how old are you?"

"Seventeen," she replied.

"Seventeen!" he cried in mock surprise. "Why, dear me! how old some of us are getting! nearly old enough to be thinking of a sweetheart."

The fair, sweet face of the girl became suffused with a burning colour as she met his eyes, and replied:—

"You naughty old Uncle Jack."

"Oh, that's all very well," he went on with mischievous persistency, "but you *have* got a sweetheart, you know, for I've heard Tom chaff you about some one named Phil."

"No, really and truly, Uncle Jack," she cried, "that is only Tom's teasing, because—"

"But there is some one named Phil," interrupted the old man. "Who is he? Tell me all about him, and then I shall be able to judge for myself whether there is anything in it."

The girl's cheeks were still very rosy as she proceeded to explain:—

"They mean Phil Hal-lum, uncle. He lives at the Manor House, and his father owns all that great estate that runs up from the big house right to the highest ridge where the two windmills stand."

"How old is he?" inter-jected the old man.

"Twenty," she replied, "and—"

She paused for the briefest fraction of a second, and her uncle's keen glance



"He was afraid to move, even when he fully realized the awkwardness of his position."—Page 14.

noted that her blue eyes flashed with something like indignation as she continued :—

"Some people dare to say that Phil is silly, but he is not; it is they who are silly for talking like that. Some people never see so far as the end of their nose, and know no more about reading character than a belfry bat knows about inscriptions on a bell."

In spite of all her girlish gaiety, and almost childish features, Lelia was a sensible little soul.

"Phil Hallum is no more naturally stupid," she went on, "than I —well, than you are, uncle. He is quiet; his father and mother are the two most retiring people I ever met, and it is only natural that Phil should take after them, and he does. But he is far from being stupid; he is quiet, and is very dreamy, and I shouldn't wonder if he turned out a genius. Ever since he was quite a little boy he has been kept very much to himself, but I believe he has been absorbing more than people dream he has been doing. By-and-by, he will suddenly wake up, and surprise people — and surprise himself."

"There is one thing that would awake him sooner than anything else that I know of," remarked the old man.

"What is that, uncle?" Lelia asked her question in all innocence.

"Let him fall in love," he replied, "and let the lady be a bright, gay little soul, who has ideas of her own, who will be a true contrast in every way to him, who will be as steel to his flint, and he will wake up fast enough."

Out of the corner of his eye the old man had been watching his niece as he spoke, and had seen how her colour came and went. Now, as he faced her, he laid his hand lightly upon hers a moment in a tender, fatherly way, as he said :—

"Let me tell you a story of a man whom I

knew in Australia before I went to South America, little one. His name was Dan Allen, and when I first went up-country he was a 'new chum' like myself. We met on the road and soon became great friends, the more so that we found out that we both came from the same part of Wiltshire, and that we were intimately acquainted with many of the same people.

"We got work on the same station in Australia, and became greater chums than ever. Dan, at this time, was about the dreamiest, most easy-going fellow whom I ever knew, yet, as you have said about *your* Phil Hallum—"

"My Phil Hallum!" interrupted the blushing girl. "Oh, Uncle Jack, how can you say such things!"

"Well, well," he laughed mischievously, "I dare say that is what it will come to, so you may take my statement as prophecy if that will make it more acceptable."

"But to go back to Dan Allen," he went on. "In spite of his dreaminess I always believed, as you believe about *your* Phil, that there were great possibilities in him, if only he could be roused. He was awakened at last, and it was the touch of love's magic wand that did it."

"When we get home this evening, little one, remind me to show you a few lines of poetry that I came across in a magazine the other day; they just describe Dan's case."

He paused, put his hand into his breast-pocket, and drawing out a leather wallet, said :—

"I just remember, I clipped those lines and put them in my pocket-book. Read them, Leli; read them out: I shall enjoy them again."

He handed the girl the cutting as he spoke, and she read aloud :—

"I knew a man who seemed a soulless thing,
A helpless plodder in a dreary way,
Careful in nothing, save that day by day
His humble task its small reward might bring.
His world was girdled by a narrow ring



"Phil stared in surprise for a moment."—Page 14.

Of common duties, knowing not the sway
Of pains and pleasures moving finer clay;
So dull content reigned as his chosen king,
But one day Love came knocking at his heart,
With mighty passion, fearing not defeat;
And like a man awakened out of sleep
He felt new life through all his being start—
A noble impulse, new and strangely sweet—
And walked where stars in mighty orbits sweep."

As Lelia's voice ceased, just for a moment there was silence between the pair. Then, as she handed back the cutting to the old man, he said:—

"And it will be so with Phil Hallum, my child, and whether yours shall be the hand that shall awaken him or not (though I believe it will

be yours and not another's), his awakening may, probably will, be as great as my old Australian chum's, when he fell in love with our master's daughter, sweet Margaret.

"Madge, as the boss always called his daughter, was little more than a child: but Dan was in no hurry, and while he waited for her to grow up, he worked like half a dozen men rolled into one.

"The change in him was so marvellous that our boss soon saw his real, long-hidden business worth, and made him manager of a second large run which he had just bought. Then there came an awful time for Australia, a drought that killed sheep and cattle by thousands, and utterly ruined hundreds of good men and true.

"Dan saved his master from ruin, and—well, to round up the story, Leli, Margaret gave him her love, they were married, and—and——"

He turned his mirth-filled eyes upon her as he added:—

"You can call me a 'wicked old uncle' as much as you please, but I believe that you will be Phil Hallum's awakener to a life as full as ever came to Dan Allen."

She was silent, though the glistening in her eyes, and the warm flushing in her cheek, showed something of what she was feeling.



"For one brief instant his eyes sought her face."
—Page 13.

VILL MORGAN

He gave her a moment or two to recover herself; then in gentler, graver tones, he went on:

"I know another thing, a more potent thing still, which will awaken a man or woman, let them be young or old."

She looked up into his face, and there was as much of intelligence as interrogation in her glance.

"That is," he continued, "when the love of God changes our life and gives us new purpose."

His great warm hand closed over hers in a touch that was like a caress.

CHAPTER III.

AN AWAKENED SLEEPER.

PHIL HALLUM looked quite the twenty years that were booked to him, thanks to his grave eyes and the set lines of his face. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a face that was singularly good-looking in spite of its serious expression.

Lelia Marchant had spoken truly when she said that Phil had genius that only needed awakening, and that there was infinitely more in him than people ever dreamed. He lived, moved, and had a being in a world all unknown to those around him, and not even his mother or father understood him. Lelia doubtless came nearer to understanding him than any one else, but then that was because—whether she admitted it, or even realised it, or not—because she loved him.

It was the afternoon of the Marchant picnic that, book in hand, Phil had wandered into his favourite wood, his eyes as often following the flight of a bird, the movements of a mole, the soaring of a butterfly, the race of a rabbit, or some other living denizen of the wood, as ever they sought the pages of the print he held in his hand. His ears caught and recognised every woodland sound with a discrimination as rare among men as it was true.

By-and-by he dropped down on the soft leafy loam beneath a great tree, and, lulled by the drowsiness of the hour, fell asleep.

There was the sound of voices in his ear when he awoke, and to his amazement he heard his own name mentioned. The voice that spoke his name sent the hot blood tingling into his cheeks and made him catch his breath sharply.

Hardly realising at first his position as an unintentional eavesdropper, he listened in amazement to much of the talk between Lelia and her uncle, which we have already recorded in our last chapter.

There was not more than twenty yards between himself and the pair who discussed him, and fragments of the conversation came clearly on the breeze.

He was afraid to move, even when he fully realised the awkwardness of his position, arguing

that his moving would discover his presence to Lelia and cover her with painful confusion.

When the pair were at last summoned to tea, and the course was clear for him to move, he hurried from the spot with ears and cheeks tingling and with a wildly beating heart.

On his face, in his eyes, was the light of a dawning revelation, for something at least of the prophesied awakening was coming upon him.

"Her uncle called me *her* Phil," he mused. Then, as a strange new light flashed in his eyes, which turned instinctively in the direction in which he knew Lelia had gone: "I don't believe I have realised it before," he said to himself, "but I know now I have loved you, Lelia, ever since I was a very little lad. I feel now that I have."

Fifty yards from the house he met his father, who, in his quiet, undemonstrative manner, said:

"I was wanting to see you, Phil. I've got a little business to do in London, and I am going to make it a holiday as well. Would you like to go up with me for a little change?"

Phil stared in surprise for a moment: then before he could speak his father added:—

"I propose to be away for a fortnight. What do you say?"

And Phil said "Yes."

CHAPTER IV.

A MEETING ON THE MOOR.

THERE was only one clear day before Phil and his father were to start, and the young fellow was anxious to see Lelia before he went. Yet while he longed to see her, he shrank from it. There was so much of self-consciousness with him now; he knew so much of his own feelings towards her, and of hers towards him, that while he hungered to see her, he felt that he would probably appear more stupid than ever in her presence.

He knew her habits well, and that she almost invariably rode her pony from ten to eleven every fine morning, and that day he set out with a vague determination to meet her.

He was half hidden behind a clump of furze on the moor when she came up with him.

"I am glad you rode this way, Lelia," he said, and his tone and manner were shyer than ever, "for I wanted to see you to-day."

Her eyes, though downcast, were very bright, her cheeks growing rosier every moment. Shyness held her in its grip, for she could not forget what had passed between her uncle and herself on the afternoon before.

They had always, from childhood's earliest days, called each other by their Christian names, and now, with an accent of surprise in her voice, she said:—

"Wanted to see me *to-day*, Phil? Why so specially *to-day*?"

"Because I am going away *to-morrow*," he stammered.

"Going away, Phil! Why—how—what do you

But in his nervousness he only hastened to reply to the mere question of her words.

"Only for a fortnight," he answered. "I am going with father to London."

She was leaning over her pony's neck gazing at

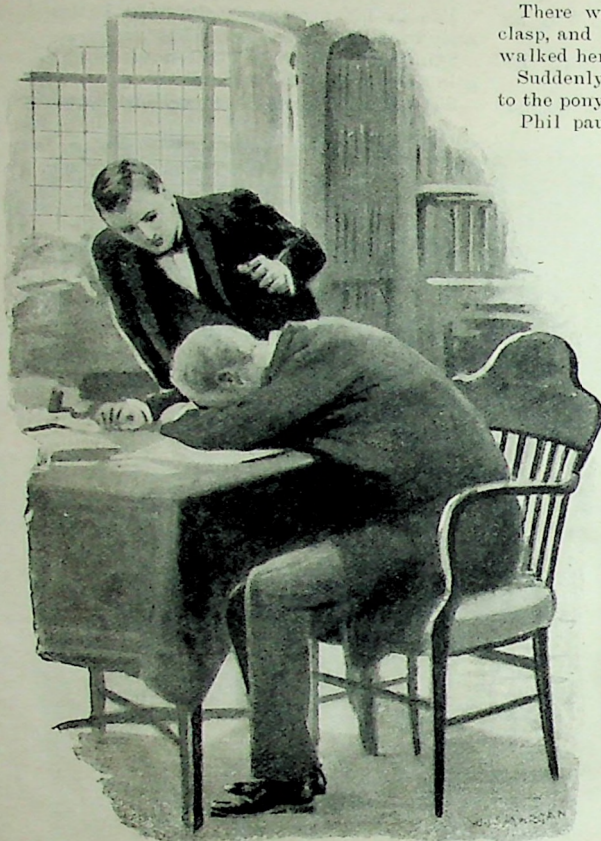


"Phil never forgot that one momentary glimpse of his father."—Page 16.

mean?" she cried; and if he had wanted to find out how she really regarded him, and he had been keen enough to note the expression of her face as she spoke, he would surely have learned all he needed to know.

Phil with an eager intentness. He had drawn nearer and now stood close to the pony, and was stroking the pretty creature's glossy skin.

Just for one brief instant his eyes sought her face; it was only a swift, furtive glance, and the



"He found him sitting in his chair, his head bowed forward."—Page 17.

intensity of her gaze as their eyes met utterly disconcerted him for a moment, and he looked away across the moor.

In the silence which followed, each could hear the quick breathing of the other. He still stroked the pony's neck, so did she, and a moment later their two hands touched.

A sudden keen desire swept over him to clasp her little fingers. He could easily have done it, for they remained close to his. But he did not avail himself of the opportunity.

He sighed, and lifting his face suddenly met her eyes again. They were full of an earnestness he had never seen there before, and the meaning of the glance puzzled him.

Breaking the silence he told her briefly the possible plans of his coming holiday, and they talked together for a few minutes, a vague, undefined tenderness characterizing their intercourse on both sides.

There was a lingering touch in their parting clasp, and for a moment or two after Lelia only walked her pony, Phil keeping close to her.

Suddenly, with a "Good-bye, Phil," and a word to the pony, she trotted off.

Phil paused to watch her. Then, as suddenly as she had ridden off, she presently pulled up, and turning her pony's head, called:—

"Phil! I want you a moment."

In a whirl of amazed delight he raced to her side. Her face was the colour of the crimson phlox of the prairie as she met his eager, questioning gaze.

"You must not be angry with me, Phil," she began, "but I did so want to say this to you, that I believe if you would *wake up* you would be a real genius. Good-bye!"

Before he could recover from his surprise she had touched her pony with the whip, and was off like a shot.

He watched her until, dipping below the hollow in the moor, she vanished from his sight, then he lifted his hat, and with a sigh, murmured:—

"I think I *am* waking up."

CHAPTER V.

SOME MYSTERIES.

It was late one Wednesday evening when Phil and his father returned to "Hangers," from London.

As early as nine o'clock next day a visitor called to see Joshua Hallum, and the two were in the library together for nearly an hour.

Phil was out of the house when the visitor called, and knowing nothing of his presence, and wanting something from the library, he went in.

Seeing a stranger present with his father he closed the door again as quietly as he had opened it, neither of the two men noticing him.

But Phil never forgot that one momentary glimpse of his father and the visitor, or the words he heard fall from the lips of the latter. His father's face was white to the lips, his eyes were terror-stricken, and his whole pose that of a man shamed and degraded as he stood before the stranger, who, at the moment of the young fellow's breaking in upon the interview, was saying:—

"It was the act of a cur, of a scoundrel."

Wondering what it could possibly mean, Phil went out of the house again, murmuring as he went, "I'm sure something has happened."

A quarter of an hour later he met the stranger,

who was striding rapidly from the house just as Phil was approaching it on his way back. For one instant the eyes of the pair met, but neither, of course, spoke to the other.

Phil moved on quickly to the house, anxious to see his father, and hoping to learn something of the mysterious visitor.

He found his mother alone with his father, and was welcomed by them both in a subdued, almost tearful way.

"I'm glad you've come, Phil, my boy," said his father, "for now once telling will be enough. Sit down, lad."

Phil sat down, and listened in wonder and sorrow to what his father had to say.

"Some day," he began, "I will write out *all* the story, and it shall be left sealed with my will to be opened after my death; until then you must both be satisfied with what I can tell you."

He paused, and seemed to be struggling with some intense, overpowering emotion. His wife was on the point of saying, "Don't tell us anything, dear, if it pains you to do it," when he suddenly continued:—

"I once, years ago, did the man who came to see me this morning one of the cruellest wrongs that ever was done against any man. In those days I was young and wild, and *I did not* think he was alive to be injured."

He shuddered, and caught his breath, clenching the fingers of his right hand as a man will do in the fearful agony of amputation when no opiate is administered.

"I cannot speak of that time," he presently went on. "I will, as I say, write the whole story some day; it must be enough for you both to know that we must leave 'Hangers,' at once."

Mother and son gazed wonderingly at each other for a moment, but did not interrupt.

"If it is possible," went on the stricken man, "we ought to leave in forty-eight hours; at the latest in four days. We shall never return to Mapleton, though just where we shall go or what we shall do I cannot say; I am too crushed to think at present."

The heart of Phil Hallum was very sore, very sick. In two hours he was to bid farewell to Mapleton. The events of the past days were wrapped in an ever-deepening mystery, for both his mother and himself had tried to extract something further from his father, but in vain. Both mother and son had been too long accustomed to accept implicitly, unquestioningly, every word from the head of the house, to attempt anything like revolt now.

It was known in the village that the Hallums were going away, but it was not known that they were leaving for good; it was generally reported that they were going for a long holiday, and there was a considerable amount of gossip and speculation over the affair.

As Phil entered the house he met his mother in the hall. Her face was pale, her eyes dim with much weeping.

"I am going to the churchyard, Phil. I must see my dear father's grave once more before I leave. Your father is in the library. Will you tell him where I have gone, and that I will be back in time for the carriage?"

She passed out of the hall door, and Phil went to the library to his father. He found him sitting in his chair, his head bowed forward and resting on his arms crossed on the edge of the table. At first he thought that he was asleep, but some subtle sense of the meaning of a deeper rest came to the young fellow, and he called "Father," and touched the bowed head.

Then he knew that Death had overtaken his father.

* * * * *

It was the morning arranged for the funeral of Joshua Hallum. Under the circumstances neither



"Phil and his mother were intensely puzzled over this letter."—Page 18.

Phil nor his mother had left "Hangers." Among the many letters of condolence by the morning post there was a square, coarse-grained envelope, addressed to Phil in a big, sprawling, unknown

him? Why had it been imperative that they should leave "Hangers" while yet their self-convicted loved one lived, and yet that the same course did not hold good now that he was dead?

These were some of the questions they asked each other, though no reply was forthcoming. But one thing was very apparent: the injured man knew how to act like a Christian, and they felt bound to accept his decision—for one reason because they had no means of tracing him, his letter giving no clue to his whereabouts, his identity, or that of his solicitor.

Three hours later, when the funeral party walked from the church to the grave, a commissioner in uniform, bearing a magnificent wreath, attached himself to the line of general mourners, and when others had laid their wreaths upon the coffin, he laid his with the rest. It was a beautiful wreath, and among lilies and other white flowers the word "FORGIVEN" was worked in blue forget-me-nots. On the card attached was written: "From J. H."

None knew who had sent this wreath, or the meaning of the blue-flowered inscription, save Phil and his mother, and their knowledge was very dim and vague.



"The stranger told his story."—Page 18.

hand. Wondering much who his correspondent could be, Phil opened the letter and read:—

"PHILIP HALLUM, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—

"Just for one moment you and I met at the gate of 'Hangers' a few days ago, as I was leaving Mapleton after a painful business interview with your father. I have just received notice of your father's death, and I hasten to write to say that whatever there may have been between your father and myself which seemed to make it imperative that he should leave 'Hangers,' ought not, now that he is gone, to affect your mother and yourself. My solicitor is therefore receiving instructions to allow everything to remain as it has been in the past. For myself, it is probable that I shall leave England almost immediately, in which land, many years ago, your father and I were close friends. May God comfort the hearts of your mother and yourself, and bless you exceedingly, is the true prayer of

"Yours sincerely,

"J. H."

Both Phil and his mother were intensely puzzled over this letter. Who was this man? What wrong had the dead husband and father done

CHAPTER VI.

DISINHERITING HIMSELF.

It is three years since the body of Joshua Hallum had been laid to rest in Mapleton Churchyard. In a week's time Phil and Lelia are to be married.

They had been a very ardent, very happy pair of lovers, and now, nearly three years after their love confession, they were about to be married.

Business had called Phil to town for a couple of days. Driving from Waterloo in a hansom, he first went to his hotel, and having lunched, sallied forth from his room on his way to the street. In the wide entrance hall below he came face to face with the man whom he had seen on that never-to-be-forgotten day interviewing his father in the library at "Hangers."

The recognition was mutual, and Phil eagerly asked for a few words with him. They were granted, the stranger adding, however, "Twenty minutes, at the outside, is all I can give you. I leave for Australia to-morrow morning; my luggage has preceded me, and in twenty minutes the cab will be here to take me to the station."

Once alone in a private room together Phil begged for some light on the past, and the stranger told his story to this effect:—

"Your father and I were chums; we were drovers in Australia. We had worked well together for three years, when, during a time of awful drought, we started with forty thousand sheep hoping to find pasture and water. We came to terrible straits, and cast lots who should take the only horse left, and ride ahead to find the precious water to save our own lives. The lot fell to your father, but he never returned, and I mourned him as dead. I was saved, though I came near to knuckling under. Then I made money, and at last I heard — well, I came home to England. Your poor father (I had all the story from his own lips) did find water, found too a camp of fellows, when he fainted clean away. When he woke to consciousness it was twenty-four hours later, and the search party never found me. With the men he fell in with he went to the diggings, made money, came home—and—well he settled at 'Hangers.'"

"But," cried Phil, "what my mother and I have never been able to comprehend is why, had my father lived, it would have been imperative that we should all have left 'Hangers,' and——"

"Your cab, sir," announced a servant.

The Australian rose quickly, gripped Phil's hand, and with a sad smile on his face, he said:—

"Good-bye, dear lad! What you ask is my secret, and I shall carry it with me to my grave."

He wrung Phil's hand once more, and in a moment he was out of sight.

* * * * *

Six days later, when the Mapleton Vicar asked Philip Hallum, in the presence of the crowded little village church, if he knew of any reason why he, Philip Hallum, should not enter into the bonds of holy matrimony with Lelia Marchant, Philip said "No."

But out on the wide ocean, the *real* Joshua Hallum, on his way back to Australia, was saying to himself:—

"This is the day of that dear lad's marriage. How little he dreams that his father was an impostor; that he took my name supposing me to be dead, and, personating me on his return to Eng-

land, became Joshua Hallum, of the 'Hangers.'"

He sighed, as he added:—

"This old world is a queer old place; the *wide, wide* world we call it, and in it there is ample 'room to deny ourselves.' And I could no more have let that sweet-faced, suffering little woman know that the man to whom she was devoted for all those years, was an impostor, who had married her under a false name, than I could have deliberately slain the man in cold blood. No, it is better that it should all end as it has ended, and that I return to Australia in time to eat my Christmas dinner under the trees, with the sun registering ninety-five in the shade."

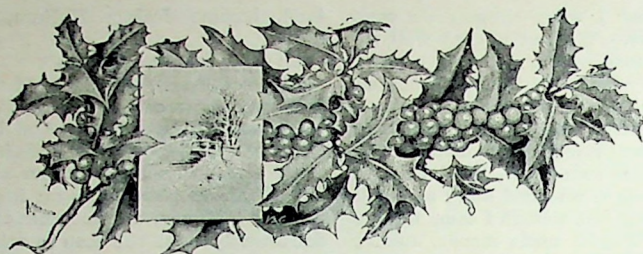


"This is the day of that dear lad's marriage."—Page 19.

THE END.

"Robin's" Little Bill.—With this number we again send out "Robin's" plea for London's children. Sixpence gives a "party night" to a child, who otherwise knows no Christmas dinner,

or red-letter day of happiness. Will every reader send back the little collecting form to "Robin," care of the Editor of *Home Words*, Coomrith, Eastbourne," and make somebody glad?

The
Chimesof
Christmas.

THE GRACE OF CHRISTMAS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR
OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

THE grace of Christmas is mysterious grace. We cannot fathom it. "Who by searching can find out" or solve "the mystery of godliness"? But—

"With all her powers, where reason fails,
There love adores and faith prevails."

Although no eye can penetrate into the depths of this mystery; although no intellect, however strong and untiring, can possibly soar up to the height of it—the fact, the great fact, underlies our Christian life, and forms the indestructible, immovable basis of our hopes for eternity. Our exaltation to heaven will be alone the full and practical solution of the mystery and condescension of the Incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth. The Son of God became the Son of Man that we might become the sons of God.

The depth of the fountain is the pledge to us of an inexhaustible supply—an overflowing spring of joy and blessing and consolation. "He who gave His Son, will He not with Him freely give us all things?"

We may say most truly, as the children of time, our human nature finds its *exaltation* in the *humiliation* of Jesus. With unfallen man, perfect in holiness, it had not been so; but sin has lowered us—degraded us in the scale of being. We are no longer, as we are in ourselves, meet for the society of God. Adam knew this when he shrank from the Divine presence, and *every one* knows it still. But the fact that the Son of God deigned to tabernacle among us attaches a new-born dignity to human life.

There is a story which may help to impress upon us this Christmas lesson. When the Pretender, Charles Edward, was quitting the shores of our land, after his fruitless attempt upon the crown, he was accompanied to the vessel by a

Highlander, who had given himself up entirely to the service of the man whom he considered to be his monarch. They parted on the shore, never to meet again in this life; but ere they parted, Charles Edward, touched by the devotion of the man, forgot the usual stiffness of princely etiquette, and reaching out his hand to his humble friend, gave his hand a hearty and a loving grasp. Ever after that, the Highlander, when any acquaintance happened to approach, put his right hand into his bosom, and offered only the left. The thing was remarked upon, and he was asked why he did it. "Oh," he said, "his hand was sick," meaning his hand had received some injury. But upon being pressed more closely, he admitted that inasmuch as his monarch had grasped that hand, he could never consent to allow it to be profaned by a meaner touch.

May we not say, inasmuch as Christ hath trod this earth in human flesh, hath breathed our air, hath mingled in our occupations, hath shared our human cares and human joys,—there is a dignity thrown round human life, round every pursuit (however humble, so it be honest), which should make us most careful how we pollute or degrade it?

But this is not the only or the chief Christmas lesson showing us the grace of the Incarnation. Christ might in this sense have appeared in our world only as our Exemplar: and in vain had He grasped our hand in condescending fellowship had this been all. His life would have been the condemning presence of holiness, passing righteous sentence on us as transgressors. His Incarnation was a life in order to a *Death*, and that an atoning death for us. He came as a Saviour, His Name "Jesus," because He "saves" His

people—
saves them
now, and
saves them
eternally—
"from their
sins."

This it is
which gives
to Bethle-



hem its excellent interest. The mystery of the Incarnation was great: the humiliation and condescension of the Saviour was infinite: but His purpose of grace formed the burden of the angels' song, as it has formed the burden of the Church's song in every age. And well may earth rejoice

and Heaven be glad! For what tidings of good ever equalled those "tidings of great joy" which the angels brought to the shepherds when they announced the birth of the Saviour of Mankind: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men"!

Christmas Forgiveness.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE PRECIOUS THINGS OF HOME."

WHY must we smile and be kind-hearted at Christmas? Because Christmas overshadows earth with a mighty mercy. It commemorates a Gift of God to each one of us, so vast, so splendid, that it has ever challenged this kindness of heart. It has made happy words and smiles a sweet duty.

But it may be there are some whose Christmas will be clouded because they are not reconciled to some one with whom they are at feud. The fault may be on their side; the fault may be on the other side. But, be the fault whose it may, it stands a wall of separation, and it blights the

sweet and tender happiness of the Christmas morn.

Ah! let it go: send it away. Let Christ dwell in your heart and rule your feelings. Never will you regret taking the way of Jesus, who forgave us all, and gave us all. Come forth, O true, best self—come forth, O noble, forgiving soul—and send messages of reconciliation and forgiveness.

So shall Christmas morning be not only a commemoration, but an actual realization of the Birth of Jesus, who shall thus be born in your souls. And so shall you *know* in actual proof and power that Jesus "became poor" that we, "through His poverty, might be rich."

FROM YEAR TO YEAR. 1900—1901.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH, D.D.



I.
TOLL, brothers, toll the old year's passing bell:
Hush, brothers, hush, in silence learn to die:
Ring, brothers, ring the new year's birth, and tell
Love deathless lives in God's eternity.

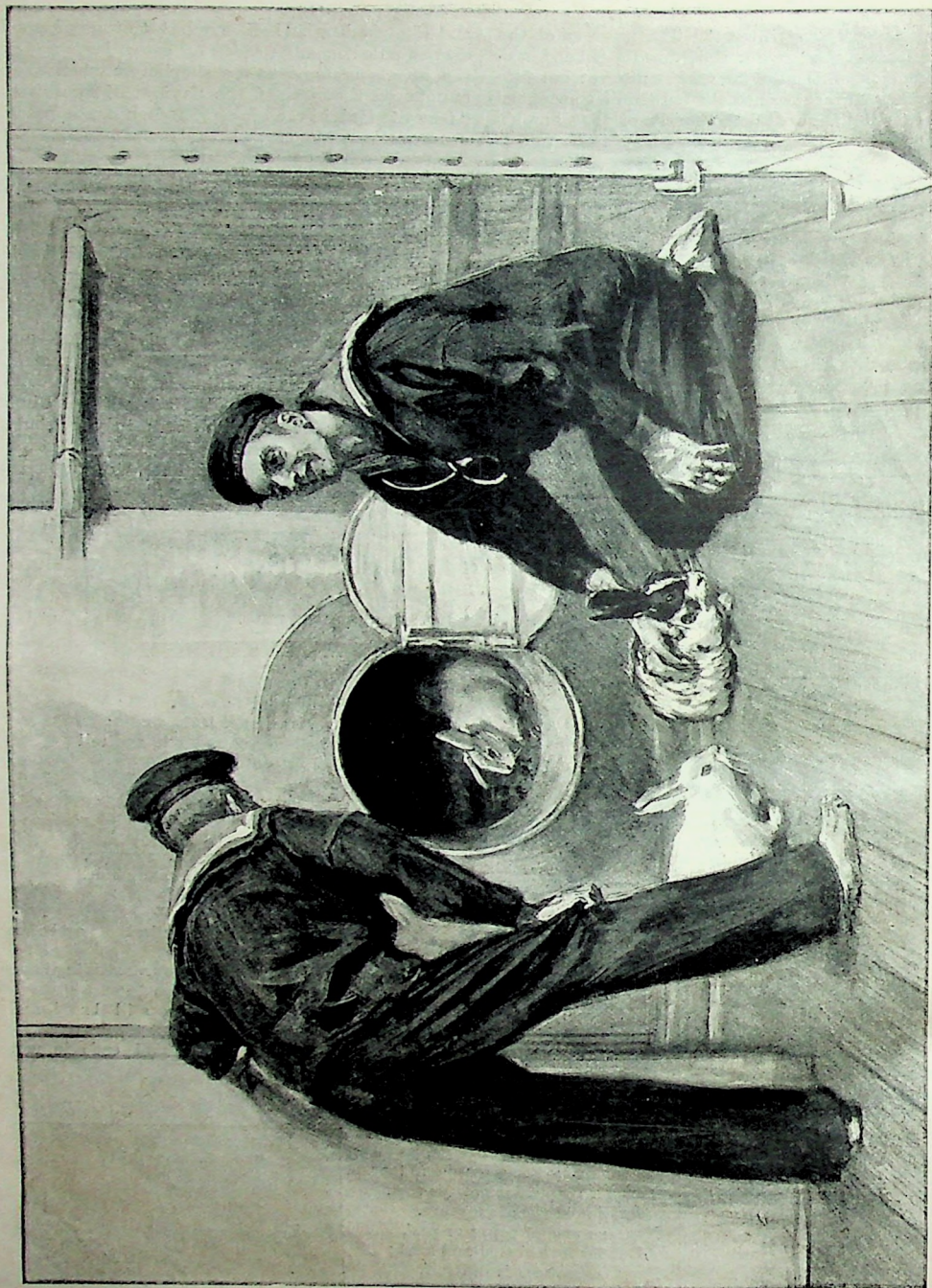
II.
Blessings on the year we enter,
Blessings on the path we roam;
Hearts all true to Love's true centre,
Each day nearer heaven and home.

III.
O Name of love,
All names above,
Given to the Heavenly Babe to-day,
In Thee I rest
Securely blest,
In Thy dear might I toil and pray.
Till with the saints in glory round
the Throne, ^{own}
Jesus, my Saviour and my God, I

V.
Patient toilers, forward go,
Bearing seed-corn steep'd in tears;
Ye shall reap what now ye sow,
Reap it in the after years.
Not for greed of power or pelf,
But for love of God and man;
Fruit whose seed is in itself,
Sow it, brothers, while ye can.

IV.
O Father, go Thou in the way before
us;
O Saviour, hold our trembling hand
in Thine;
O Dove of Peace, still brood and
hover o'er us,
Till human travel ends in rest
Divine.





THE HANDY MAN'S FARMYARD AFLOAT.

Cats on Board Ship.

A CHRISTMAS YARN BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

I.



MANY stories are current about the peculiar aptitude possessed by sailors of taming all sorts of wild creatures that chance to come under their care, most of them having a much firmer basis of fact than sea-yarns are usually given credit for. But of all the pets made by Jack none ever attains so intimate an acquaintance with him, so

firm a hold upon his affections, as the cat, about whom so many libellous things are said ashore.

All things considered, a ship's forecabin is about the last place in the world that one would expect to find favoured by a cat for its permanent abiding-place. Subject as it is at all times to sudden invasion by an encroaching wave, always at the extremes of stuffiness or draughtiness, never by any chance cheered by the glow of a fire, or boasting even an apology for a hearthrug,—warmth-loving, luxurious pussy cannot hope to find any of those comforts that her long acquaintance with civilization has certainly given her an innate hankering after. No cat's-meat man purveying regular rations of savoury horseflesh, so much beloved by even the daintiest aristocrats of the cat family, ever gladdens her ears with the dulcet cry of "Meeet, cassmeet," nor, saddest lack of all, is there ever to be found a saucer of milk for her delicate, cleanly lapping.

And yet, strange as it may appear, despite the superior attractions offered by the friendly steward at the after-end of the ship, irresponsible to the blandishments of the captain and officers, I have many times been shipmate with cats who remained steadily faithful to the fo'c's'le throughout the length of an East Indian or Colonial voyage. They could hardly be said to have any preferences for individual members of the crew, being content with the universal attention paid them by all. Although as a rule they found a snug berth in some man's bunk, which they came to look upon as theirs by prescriptive right, their shelter in time of storm, and their refuge when in harbour, the scanty floor place of the fo'c's'le afforded no safe promenade for anything bearing a tail. Only once or twice in all my experience have I seen any

cruelty offered to a cat on board ship, and then the miscreant who thus offended against the unwritten law had but a sorry time of it thereafter.

Personally, I have been honoured by the enduring fellowship of many cats, whose attachment to me for myself alone (for I had nothing to give them to eat but a little chewed biscuit) effectually settled for me the question of what some people are pleased to call the natural selfishness of cats. My first experience was on my second voyage, when I was nearly thirteen years old. On my first voyage we had no cat, strange to say, in either of the three ships I belonged to before I got back to England. But when I joined the *Brinkburn* in London for the West Indics as boy, I happened to be the first on board to take up my quarters in the fo'c's'le. I crept into my lonely bunk that night feeling very small and forgotten, and huddled myself into my ragged blanket trying to get warm and go to sleep. It was quite dark, and the sudden apparition of two glaring green eyes over the edge of my bunk sent a spasm of fear through me for a moment, until I felt soft feet walking over me and heard the pretty little crooning sound usually made by a complacent mother-cat over her kittens. I put up my hands and felt the warm fur, quite a thrill of pleasure trickling over me as pussy pleasantly responded with a loud satisfied purr. We were quite glad of each other, I know, for as I cuddled her closely to me the vibrations of her purring comforted me so that in a short time I was sound asleep.

Thenceforward puss and I were the firmest of friends. In fact, she was the only friend I had on board that hateful ship. For the crew were a hard-hearted lot, whose treatment of me was consistently barbarous, and even the other boy, being much bigger and stronger than I was, used to treat me as badly as any of them. But when night came, and the faithful cat nestled in by my side during my watch below, I would actually



forget my misery for a short time in the pleasant consciousness that *something* was fond of me. It was to my bunk she invariably fled for refuge from the ill-natured little terrier who lived aft, and never missed an opportunity of flying at her when he saw her on deck. Several times during the passage she found flying-fish that dropped on deck at night, and, by some instinct I do not pretend to explain, brought them to where I crouched by the cabin door. Then she would munch the sweet morsel contentedly, looking up at me between mouthfuls as if to tell me how much she was enjoying her unwonted meal, or actually leaving it for a minute or two to rub herself against me and arch her back under my fondling hand. Two days before we left port, on the homeward passage, she had kittens, five tiny slug-like things, that lived in my bunk in their mother's old nest.

(To be continued in "Home Words.")



On the Shore of the Twentieth Century.

"Home Words"
JANUARY NUMBER,
AND OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THOUGH Christmas surprises are in fashion, we cannot resist the temptation to tell our secret. The January number of "Home Words" is printed in red and black—the first magazine to offer such a triumph of the printer's art in a penny number. But that only introduces other novelties. First we have a New Century Hymn, written and composed by Mrs. Goodeve; next the opening chapter of a striking serial tale.

"FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE,"

a romance of early Missionary difficulties and dangers in South Africa, by the well-known writer,
SYDNEY C. GRIER.

The second complete tale is by Mrs. Orman Cooper, and is one of the most pathetic Irish stories we have ever read.

Of the illustrated articles we may note "The Queen's Chaplains," by Sarah Tooley; "The First Cathedral of the Twentieth Century," accompanied by an imaginary sketch of Liverpool Cathedral, with pictures of the present Cathedral Church of St. Peter and the Bishop's Throne. The second Century paper summarises the progress of Missionary work during the past hundred years, Canon Sutton's figures being ably illustrated with diagrams.

Papers of popular interest include "Church Folk in Feathers and Fur," by the Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S., and "How we Got our Numbers," by James Scott.

The voyage ended abruptly on the first day out of harbour by the vessel running upon an outlying spur of coral only a few miles from the port. After a day and night of great exertion and exposure, the ship slid off the sharp pinnacles of the reef into deep water, giving us scant time to escape on board one of the small craft that clustered alongside salving the cargo. The few rags I owned were hardly worth saving, but indeed I did not think of them. All my care was for an old slouch hat in which lay the five kittens snug and warm, while the anxious mother clung to me so closely that I had no difficulty in taking her along too. When we got ashore, although it cost me a bitter pang, I handed the rescued family over to the hotel-keeper's daughter, a comely mulatto girl, who promised me that my old shipmate should from that time live in luxury.

The New Year's address is entitled, "Sunday in the New Century," by the Editor, and it is supplemented by short testimonies by the Bishops of Ripon, Ossory, Meath, and Lord Kinnaird.

We have left the dessert till the end—the sweets which the children love, and others as well. "My Young Adventurer" is an inimitable tale from life by Canon Sutton; and we have only to add that Mrs. Orman Cooper begins a series of papers on "Washing Days and Washing Ways," to prove that housewives are well catered for.

We must further call attention to "Good-Night"—*The Fireside Christmas Number* (6d.)—which is full of good tales and papers; also to "Sunday Bells"—*The Day of Days Christmas Number* (1d.). Orders should be given for these at once.

It is scarcely necessary to add that our *Annals* are all abroad on the bookstalls in red and blue. *The Fireside* (7s. 6d.), *Home Words*, *The Day of Days*, and *Hand and Heart* (2s. each), make splendid Christmas presents. Why buy a book containing one tale when for the same price can be obtained a magazine volume containing many?

Home Words Almanack and *The Fireside Almanack* will, we think, be said almost to excel themselves this year. The key-note of both is "Home Happiness." Place one in every room.

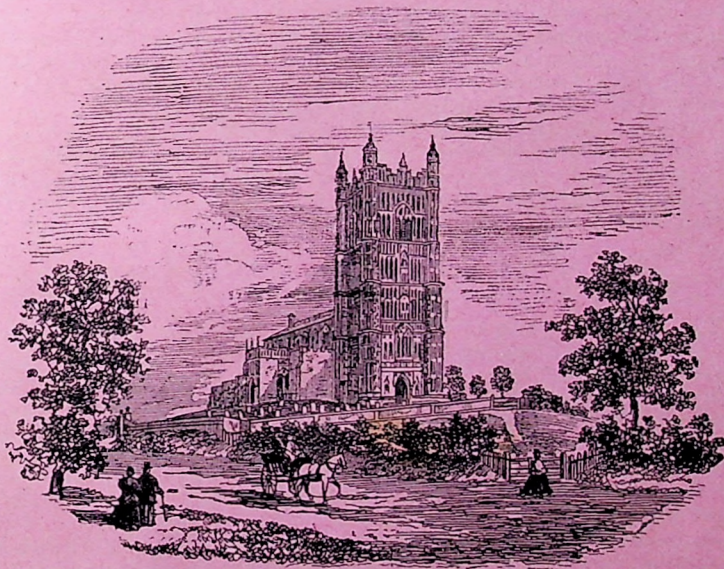
LONDON: "HOME WORDS" OFFICE, 11, LUDGATE SQUARE, E.C.

Darby

No 1.

JANUARY, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

INTERCESSION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

St. Andrew's Day, 30th November, was chosen for our annual Day of Intercession for the foreign missions of the Church. Three services were held in St. John's Church. At 8 a.m. the Holy Communion was administered. There were twenty communicants, and the offertory amounted to 19s., which was divided between the S.P.G. and C.M.S.

At 11.15 a.m. a Service of Intercession was held for the parish and neighbourhood. The Rural Dean and several of the neighbouring clergy were present. The address was given by the Rev. Canon De Chair, who chose for his text our Lord's promise to intercessory prayer in St. Matthew xviii.

After calling to mind some of the many examples in Holy Scripture of the blessing vouchsafed to intercessory prayer, Canon De Chair dwelt specially on two points connected with it: (1) It conforms us to the example of our Lord, who on earth prayed much and often for others, and who, in heaven, "ever liveth to make intercession for us"; and (2) it puts us into the right attitude of mind and feeling towards our fellow-men. In praying for them we come to love them.

At the 8 p.m. service Canon Pelham was the preacher. Taking for his subject one of the unanswered questions of the Bible, "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith upon the earth?" he pointed out that following as it does upon the parable of the unjust judge and the importunate widow, a parable spoken to teach us that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint," the faith referred to in our Lord's question was specially the faith, which shows itself by steady perseverance in prayer, in spite of difficulties and disappointments. Our brethren in the missionary field craved for such sympathy from the Church at home as the nation was now according to its armies abroad, such as making their cause our cause. Let us pray for more sympathy, more money, more men, more prayer, on behalf of the great missionary work of our Lord and of His Church in the world.

THE NEW YEAR.

A New Year's greeting to all our readers! A happy New Year may they all have, happy in that blessing of the Lord which maketh rich, and with which "He addeth no sorrow," save that loving correction which makes us great!

The year 1900 ends this century of the Christian era. It is a mistake to suppose that it begins a new century; for though in dating we shall begin with the 1st of January to write 19 instead of 18 before our hundreds, a moment's thought will convince us that we want this year 1900 to complete the century in which we have been living. Without it the century would contain only 99 instead of 100 years.

The nineteenth century has been for our nation a very memorable one. We do not propose, however, to speak of it now. That may appropriately be done a year hence, if we live as long. Now we ask attention to three matters, two of general and one of parochial interest, which belong to the now opening year. They are:—

1. The Bicentenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. The venerable Society was founded in June, 1701. It will therefore enter on its two hundredth year in June next. We are invited by the Society and by our Bishop to make the whole year, from June, 1901, to June, 1902, a season of thanksgiving to Almighty God for all the good He has done by means of the Society during the 200 years of its work, and of devout prayer to Him for

Dawey

increase of interest at home and of growth abroad in the missions of the Church. A special day will be set apart for our parish, as was the case with the Centenary of the Church Missionary Society, for prayer and thanksgiving, and special thankofferings to be devoted to the Society's work are also asked for.

It is not, surely, too much to hope and pray for, that two such celebrations, the Centenary and the Bicentenary, of two such Societies, falling so near together, may bear lasting fruit in the Church and in the world. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," is the Master's word to His disciples, "unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

2. In a pastoral addressed to the Clergy of his Diocese our Bishop writes: "We are now on the threshold of the last year of the century; and the fact is calculated to awaken serious thoughts in our minds."

"The Bishops of the Church have resolved, after earnest thought and prayer, to invite the adherents of our Church to spend the year 1900 as a year of special prayer and intercession for the peace of the Church and the welfare of the country. The two Archbishops have promised to issue a prayer to be used at the close of the present year, and a pastoral letter to the whole Church.

"To this proposal, to which I doubt not we have been guided by the Holy Spirit of God, I have given my cordial and thankful assent. It is what many of us were longing for. We have had enough and too much of controversy. Let us now have a period of peace and prayer."

That we shall all heartily and loyally respond to this appeal I cannot doubt.

3. Our third special subject for the New Year is, as we have said, one of local interest. It is the year for a general Confirmation to be held in our parish, and the Bishop has kindly promised to hold it in our Parish Church, on April 6th, the Friday before Good Friday. He is willing to hold, as he did two years ago, a second Confirmation for adults, in St. John's Church, in the evening of the same day, if a sufficient number of adult candidates should be forthcoming. Those of us who remember the evening Confirmation two years ago would heartily welcome another similar service. Notice of classes will be given in due course. But it is not too soon for those who intend to offer themselves for the holy ordinance to begin seriously to prepare themselves for it, nor for the sympathy and prayers of the parish at large to be awakened on their behalf. In this and in all things that lie before us in the opening year may the prayer of Moses, the man of God, be answered to us: "The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us; prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handywork!"

CHURCH NOTES FOR JANUARY.

1. M. *Circumcision of Christ and New Year's Day.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
6. S. *The Epiphany.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
8. M. Day Schools re-open after Christmas Holidays.
14. S. *2nd after Epiphany.* Holy Communion, mid-day, St. John's.
21. S. *3rd after Epiphany.* Sermons on behalf of Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. Preacher, Rev. C. H. Hicks, Deputation Secretary.
26. Th. *Conversion of St. Paul.* Children's Service, 11.30 a.m., St. John's.
28. S. *4th after Epiphany.* Holy Communion, mid-day, Redenhall.

SALES OF WORK.

Two very successful Sales of Work have been held in the parish during the past month.

On Thursday, December 7th, Mrs. Everson held a Sale in the Corn Hall, which was charmingly prepared for the occasion, of the work of her Missionary Working Party and other friends, in lieu of her usual summer sale, which, owing to the Centenary of the C.M.S., was not held last summer. In spite of very unfavourable weather, upwards of £15 was realized on behalf of the Society.

On Tuesday evening, December 12th, a Sale of Work in connection with the G.F.S. was held in the Girls' Schoolroom, Harleston. The stalls were tastefully arranged with useful and ornamental articles, and upwards of £4 was cleared for the Brabazon Home of Comfort for invalid members. In the course of the evening a very interesting address was given by Mrs. Sancroft Holmes, illustrated by lantern slides, and descriptive of the various branches of the Society's work.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1899.

BAPTISM.

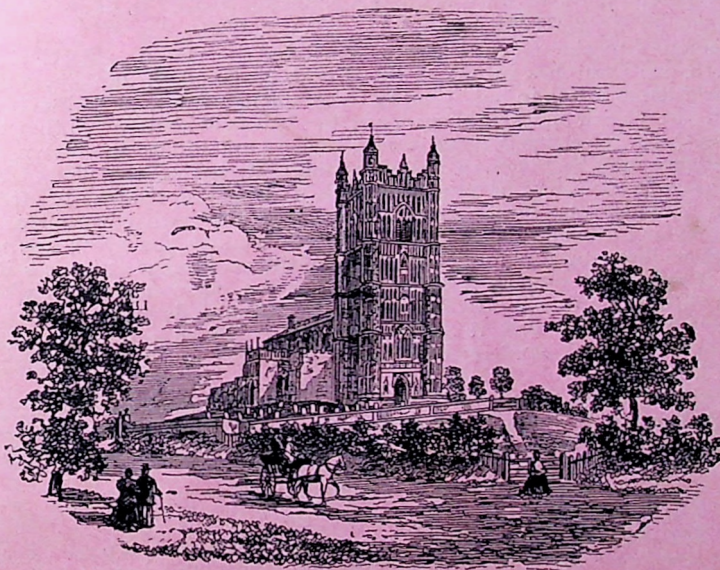
Dec. 3. Owen Edward, son of Edward James and Lucy Burgess.

Danery

No 2.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

A very interesting Lantern Lecture, illustrating the work of Church Home Missions, as carried on by this Society, was delivered on Wednesday Evening, January 10th, in the Magistrates' Room, Corn Hall, Harleston, by the Rev. E. McQ. Marsden, Association Secretary.

The scene was laid in the parish of Bermondsey. Good views were shown of the dwellings and occupations of the vast masses of poor in that parish of 24,000 souls, where commonly a whole family inhabits a single room, and the temptations were dwelt upon to which they are exposed. Turning to the brighter side of the picture, the lecturer gave instances of the benefits, both temporal and spiritual, conferred on these poor people by services in the Parish Church, in two Mission Churches and in a Mission Hall, by open-air preaching in the streets and courts, by the Mothers' Union and Sunday Schools and Classes and such-like agencies, and not least by visiting them and taking the Gospel to them in their own homes. In all this work for God, this Society, as one of the two great Home Mission Societies of the Church, took part by providing the Incumbents of these large parishes with additional helpers, both clerical and lay. In this Diocese it rendered such help in Norwich, in Ipswich and in Yarmouth. A collection was made amounting to £1 14s. 5d.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR FUND.

In obedience to the Royal Letters issued by the Queen, collections were made in both our Churches in aid of this Fund, on Sunday, January 7th. A sum of upwards of £100, in addition to some smaller sums, had already been collected in the parish and neighbourhood; but it was evidently felt that, in the words of the Queen's Letters, "large sums of money are needed in order not only that special care may be given to the sick and wounded on the field of battle, but also that assistance may be rendered to those who are disabled in after-life, and succour offered to the women and children, who may either be separated for a time from their husbands and fathers, or have to endure the great loss which makes them widows and orphans." And as the Queen further expresses it, the movement is welcomed because it tends "to show the approval and high regard felt by Ourselves and by Our Whole Empire, for loyalty and devotion to duty such as is now being manifested in South Africa." The collections in the day amounted to £10 7s. 2d. at Redenhall, and £6 0s. 10d. at Harleston, making a total of £16 8s. 0d.

At Needham £1 0s. 2d. was collected for the same object. These sums have been remitted to the Mansion House Transvaal War Fund, to be bestowed, as the Queen's Letters direct, as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York shall appoint.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

2. F. *The Purification*. Morning Prayer, St. John's, 11.15.
4. S. *5th after Epiphany*. Children's Service, St. John's, 3 p.m.
11. S. *Septuagesima*. Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
18. S. *Sexagesima*. Annual Sermons for C.M.S. Special Preacher, Rev. C. B. Nash, Vicar of Watton, formerly Missionary of the Society.
19. M. 8 p.m. Annual Meeting for C.M.S.
24. S. *St. Matthias*. Morning Prayer, St. John's, 11.15.
25. S. *Quinquagesima*. Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.
28. W. *Ash Wednesday*. St. John's, Morning Prayer and Communion Service, 11.15; Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8 o'clock.

N.B.—Classes for the Confirmation to be held on April 6th, will begin in the week commencing February 11th, and will be held weekly till further notice.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL, 1899.

Collector: Miss Lyus.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|-----|----|-----|
| Sermons | 9 | 13 | 2 |
| Half Offertory, Intercession Day | 0 | 9 | 6 |
| <i>Subscriptions:—</i> | | | |
| Aldous, Miss | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Anon. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Bradley, Mrs. | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Bond, Mrs. R. W. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buck, Mrs. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Candler, Mrs. G. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Cracknell, Miss | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Crisp, Miss L. | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Dowson, Mrs. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Durrant, Mrs. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Durrant, Mrs. G. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Estcourt, Mrs. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Everson, Mrs. | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Gedney, Mrs. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Hazard, Mr. W. H. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Holmes, Mr. Sancroft | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Holmes, Mrs. Sancroft | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Jex, Mrs. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Lyus, Miss | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Lyus, Mr. G. O. | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Nuthall, Mr. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Perowne, Archdeacon | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Roberts, Mrs. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Robinson, Mrs. J. C. R. | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Robinson, Miss M. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Whitear, Miss | | | |
| <i>Boxes:—</i> | | | |
| A. Box | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Borrett, Mrs. S. | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Youngman, Miss | 0 | 8 | 0½ |
| Rectory | 2 | 1 | 11½ |
| Total | £25 | 3 | 2 |

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1899.

MARRIAGE.

Dec. 26. Frederick Woods and Sarah Aldous.

1900.

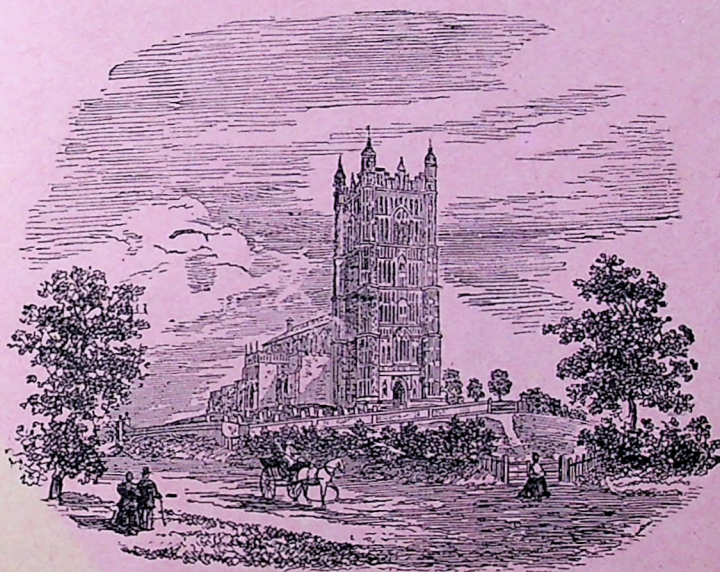
BURIALS.

Jan. 4. George Good, aged 63 years.
 „ 15. William Sharman, aged 77 years.

No 3.

MARCH, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISSION TO DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN.

Sermons on behalf of this Mission were preached in both our churches on Sunday, 21st January. The preacher in the afternoon at Redenhall and in the evening at St. John's was the Rev. C. H. Hicks, Rector of Seething, and Clerical Deputation Secretary of the Mission, who gave very interesting accounts of the work from his own personal acquaintance with it. Some 12,000 men and boys are engaged in deep-sea fishing. The smacks go out generally in fleets of from 40 to 50 sail up to nearly 200, each smack having a crew of from five to seven. The average time at sea is eight weeks at a stretch from Yarmouth, and 10 weeks from the more northern ports. And this goes on, with intervals of a week or ten days at home, all the year round.

Before this Mission was started, not quite 20 years ago, the condition of the men at sea was deplorable. They were liable to bad accidents, and no provision was made for their bodily help. *Copers*, as they were called, mostly Dutch boats, ran out among them, carrying fiery aniseed brandy, and bad literature and other temptations to vice. Nothing was done for their welfare. No man cared for their soul.

Now all this is changed. The Mission has a fleet of eleven fine vessels, five of which are either first or second class hospital ships. One of these, the *Queen Victoria*, is fitted up with a regular hospital of eight beds and two swing cots for dislocations, and staffed with a qualified surgeon and a surgeon's mate, while missionaries and skippers hold first-aid ambulance certificates. Not only on calm Sundays, but on week-days when the weather is too calm for fishing, services are held all day long on board the Mission ships, and attended by congregation after congregation, gathered from the surrounding fleet of smacks. The Holy Communion is administered from time to time, and not a few of the men are earnest and devout communicants. Care is taken to provide them with wholesome literature and games and recreations.

Mr. Hicks gave examples of the consistent Christian life led by men who had come under the influence of the Mission. He also spoke of the good done by the correspondence which ladies and other friends of the Mission kept up perhaps with some boy on a smack who had come out of the workhouse, or from some home for waifs and strays, to whom a letter from some unknown friend is a great delight, and, by God's blessing, a great benefit also.

Our collections amounted to £2 9s. 6½d. at Redenhall, and £2 1s. 1½d. at St. John's, in all £4 10s. 8d.

LAY REPRESENTATIVES.

By the constitution of our Diocesan Conference the adult lay members of the Church of England in each parish are invited once in three years to meet and elect a lay communicant, or if the population of the parish be more than 1,000, two lay communicants, of their own or an adjacent deanery, to represent them at the Ruri-deconal Meetings. The lay representatives so chosen, together with the churchwardens of the several parishes, elect out of their own number laymen to represent them for three years on the Diocesan Conference. The triennial election for our parish was held on February 9th, when Mr. Charles Candler and Mr. Everson were chosen. On the same day Mr. John Miles, of Harleston was chosen to represent the parish of Needham.

Dovey

SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES.

The Annual Distribution of Sunday School Prizes took place for the Redenhall Boys on Monday evening, February 12th, and for Girls and Infants on Tuesday, February 13th. The Wortwell Prizes were given on Thursday, February 15th. On each evening scenes in South Africa and other views were shown by a Magic Lantern.

We are thankful to record that the state of our Sunday Schools is encouraging. We look to parents to help us by securing regular and punctual attendance, and careful preparation of lessons on the part of their children. It was stated at the Boy's Prize-giving that the only soldier from this parish whom as yet we have lost in the present war, Herbert Samson, who died of enteric fever, on duty in South Africa, was a regular attendant at our Sunday School, and gained three years running the highest marks in the school. The service of God is the best preparation for the service of our Queen and our country. The Church and the Sunday School are the best training schools for the duties of life, and for death whenever it comes to us.

LENT, 1900.

The month of March falls this year within the Church's season of penitence and prayer. In view of the "Call to United Prayer" by the Bishops of the Church, to which reference was made in our January number, it has been thought well that our Thursday Evening Services during Lent should take the form of *Services of Intercession*, and that the special subject for Sunday Evening Sermons should be *The Prayers of the Lord Jesus*—"Lord, teach us to pray."

There will be a Service for Children in St. John's Church on Wednesdays during Lent (Thursday, 1st March, will take the place of Ash Wednesday, when the appointed Service will be used) at 11.30 a.m. The subject will be "*The Christian Armour*", Ephesians vi. 11-17. The same subject will be taken in Wortwell School on Friday mornings in Lent.

CHURCH NOTES FOR MARCH.

1. Th. 11.30 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, *The Christian Armour: The Girdle.*
4. S. 1st in Lent. 3 p.m. Children's Service, St. John's.
7. W. Ember Day. 11.30 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, *The Christian Armour: The Breastplate.*
8. Th. 8 p.m. *Service of Intercession*, St. John's.
11. S. 2nd in Lent. Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
14. W. 11.30 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, *The Christian Armour: The Sandals.*
15. Th. 8 p.m. St. John's; *Service of Intercession.*
21. W. 11.30 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, *The Christian Armour: The Shield.*
22. Th. 8 p.m. St. John's, *Service of Intercession.*
25. S. 4th in Lent. *The Annunciation.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.
28. W. 11.30 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, *The Christian Armour: The Helmet.*
29. Th. 8 p.m. St. John's, *Service of Intercession.*

OFFERTORY FUND, 1899.

POOR FUND AND CHURCH EXPENSES.

| RECEIVED. | | | | PAID. | | | | | |
|------------------------|-----|----|----|-----------------------|----------------------|-----|----|----|------------------|
| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. | | |
| Balance 1st Jan., 1899 | ... | 2 | 8 | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Grocery | ... | 1 | 6 | 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Offertories: Redenhall | ... | 16 | 18 | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ | Clothing | ... | 0 | 7 | 1 |
| " Harleston | ... | 17 | 18 | 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ | Meat... | ... | 3 | 1 | 6 |
| | | | | | Wine, &c. | ... | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| | | | | | Coals... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| | | | | | Cash ... | ... | 2 | 6 | 6 |
| | | | | | Medicine and Nursing | ... | 1 | 7 | 3 |
| | | | | | Church Expenses | ... | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | | Balance | ... | 2 | 11 | 6 |
| <hr/> | | | | <hr/> | | | | | |
| £37 5 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ | | | | £37 5 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | |

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900.

BAPTISMS.

- Feb. 4. Millicent May, daughter of Joseph John and Phœbe Bugg.
 " 4. Ernest William, son of George and Ellen Bindley.
 " 4. Frederick James, son of James and Laura Frost.
 " 4. Dorothy Alice, daughter of James and Laura Gardiner.
 " 5. John James Reynolds, son of John Charles Reynolds and Bertha Mary Robinson.

1900.

BURIALS.

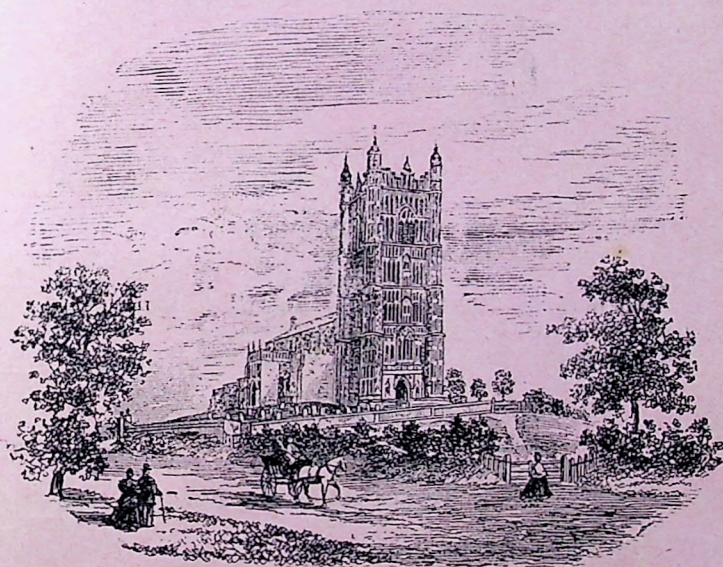
- Feb. 8. Robert Ward, aged 82 years.
 " 15. Rachel Margery Davies, aged 76 years.

Davey

No. 4.

APRIL, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900.

BAPTISM.

March 4. Gladys Mabel, daughter of George and Rosa Coleman.

1900.

BURIALS.

Feb. 28. Hannah Edwards, aged 78 years.

Mar. 12. Sarah Ann Myall, aged 69 years.

" " Arthur Scotchmer, aged 34 years.

" 15. George Durrant, aged 71 years.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR APRIL.

1. Sun. 5th in Lent. 3 p.m. Children's Service, St. John's.
4. Wed. 11.30 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, *The Christian Armour: The Sword.*
5. Th. 8 p.m. Service of Preparation for Confirmation, St. John's.
6. Fri. 3 p.m. Confirmation by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Parish Church.
8. Sun. Next before Easter. Holy Communion, mid-day, St. John's.
9. Mon.
10. Tu. } 11.15 a.m. and 8 p.m. Service in St. John's.
11. Wed. }
12. Th. }
13. Fri. *Good Friday.* 10.30 a.m. Morning Service, with Sermon, in both Churches. 3 p.m. Litany and Catechising, Parish Church. 8 p.m. Instruction on Holy Communion, St. John's.
14. Sat. *Easter Eve.* 11.15 a.m. Morning Prayer, St. John's.
15. Sun. *Easter Day.* Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's, mid-day, Parish Church.
16. *Monday in Easter Week.* 11.15 a.m. Morning Prayer, St. John's.
17. *Tuesday in Easter Week.* 11.15 a.m. Morning Prayer, St. John's.
25. Wed. *St. Mark.* 11.15 a.m. Morning Prayer, St. John's.
29. Sun. *2nd after Easter.* Holy Communion, Parish Church, mid-day.

HARLESTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Committee have decided to hold a Cottagers' Show this year on a Thursday in July.

A date will also be fixed for judging gardens and allotments which compete for prizes.

Full particulars will be published in due course.

CHURCH WORK IN PRETORIA.

A very interesting address on this subject was delivered in the Parish Church on Monday afternoon, 5th March, by Canon Farmer, who has laboured for twenty years in South Africa, and for the last five years in the Diocese of Pretoria. The sum of £5 7s. 10d. was contributed to the Bishop of Pretoria's Fund. The buildings and property of the Mission has suffered seriously through the war, and both men and money are needed to meet the enlarged opportunities which the establishment of good government, with free access to the native races, will afford.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Statement of Accounts for the Year ending February 28th, 1900.

Treasurer, THE RECTOR; Collector, MRS. EVERSON.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------|----|----|----|------------------------------|-----|----|-------|
| 1899. | | | | Estcourt, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 6 |
| Nov. 30. Half Collection Inter- | | | | Engledow, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| cession Day ... | 0 | 9 | 6 | Fuller, Mrs. T. P. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Dec. 7. Sale of Work in Corn | | | | Gissing, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 4 0 |
| Hall... .. | 17 | 17 | 5 | Goodrum, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 2 6 |
| 1900. | | | | Gedney, Mr. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| <i>Sermons.</i> | | | | Haynes, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Feb. Redenhall and St. John's | | | | Hammond, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| Churches | 6 | 19 | 1 | Hobson, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| <i>Meeting.</i> | | | | Jex, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| Feb. In Corn Hall, Harleston... | 1 | 13 | 2½ | Miles, Mrs. J. R. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| <i>Annual Subscriptions.</i> | | | | Miles, Mrs. G. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Candler, Mr John ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Pipe, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Carl, Messrs. Bros. ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Poll, Mr. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Cracknel, Miss ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Robinson, Miss E. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Durrant, Mrs. ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Robinson, Miss M. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Everson, Mr. ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Rayner, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Everson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 11 | 0 | Rayner, Mrs. A. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| In Memoriam ... | 0 | 12 | 0 | Roberts, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| Lys, Miss ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Rouse, Mr. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Perowne, Archdeacon ... | 3 | 3 | 0 | Reeve, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Pipe, Mr. John ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Stebbing, Mr. and Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| Robinson, Mrs. Reynolds ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Self, Mrs. George ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| <i>Collected in Small Sums.</i> | | | | Southgate, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 0 |
| Allured, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Vincent, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| A Gift ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Whiteley, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 2 0 |
| Aldous, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Youngman, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 6 |
| Bond, Mrs. R. W. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Sums under 1s. ... | ... | 0 | 6 0 |
| Bond, Mrs. William ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | | | | |
| Brown, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | <i>Bones.</i> | | | |
| Buckingham, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 6 | Aldous, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 3 2½ |
| Borrett, Mrs. S. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Brook, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 10 |
| Borrett, Mrs. R. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Buck, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 5 14 |
| Buck, Mrs. C. K. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Clark, Lydia ... | ... | 0 | 2 8 |
| Bradley, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Clark, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 5 0 |
| Brock, Mrs. O. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Everson, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 4 2½ |
| Chappell, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Everson's, Mrs., Class ... | ... | 0 | 6 7½ |
| Colls, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Goodrum, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 4 0½ |
| Crisp, Mrs., The late ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Girls' School, Redenhall ... | ... | 0 | 6 11½ |
| Crisp, Miss L. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Lynch, Annie ... | ... | 0 | 6 9 |
| Cocking, Mr. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Palmer, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 4½ |
| Coker, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Pendlebury, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 1 5½ |
| Churchyard, Mr. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Rectory ... | ... | 0 | 7 10½ |
| Durrant, Mrs. George ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Wighton, Eleanor ... | ... | 0 | 1 1½ |
| Dowling, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Sums under 1s. ... | ... | 0 | 1 4½ |

£42 7 9½

REDENHALL, HARLESTON, AND WORTWELL. JUVENILE ASSOCIATION.

Treasurer, THE RECTOR; Collector, MISS NUTHALL.

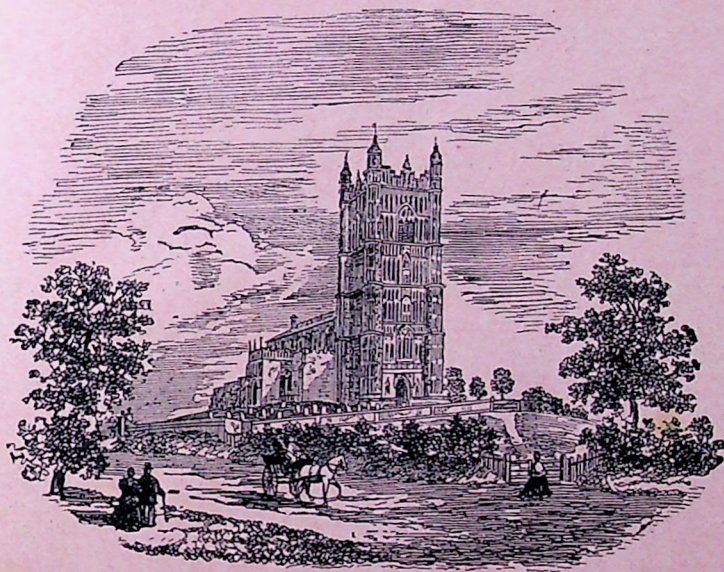
| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------|---|----|----|------------------------|-----|----|-------|
| Bradley, Alice ... | 0 | 4 | 8 | Miles, Miss E. ... | ... | 0 | 1 11½ |
| Balls, George ... | 0 | 1 | 7 | Nuthall, V. ... | ... | 0 | 2 8½ |
| Baillie's, Miss, Pupils ... | 0 | 2 | 11 | Prentice, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 7 6½ |
| Colls, Beatrice ... | 0 | 3 | 7 | Rayner, Marion ... | ... | 0 | 6 0½ |
| Chappell, Ethel ... | 0 | 2 | 8 | Wortwell Sunday School | ... | 0 | 6 8½ |
| Children's Service ... | 2 | 9 | 7 | Sums under 1s. ... | ... | 0 | 1 7½ |
| Hall's, Mr., Pupils ... | 2 | 7 | 0 | | | | |

£6 18 7½

No 5.

MAY, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900.

BAPTISMS.

- Feb. 25. Elizabeth Sarah, daughter of James Frederick and Mary Ann Calver.
 Jessie May, daughter of Alfred and Mary Mills.
 April 1. Enid Florence, daughter of Oliver Sidney and Hannah Maria Barnard.
 " " Olive Ruth, daughter of Henry and Mary Ann Lewis.
 " " Mary Ann Elizabeth, daughter of John and Anna Turner.
 " 17. Cecil Reginald, son of Thomas Henry and Sarah Betts.

OF RIPER YEARS.

- April 5. Lily Murton.
 " " Harry Archibald Yallop.
 " " Henry John Ringer.

MARRIAGE.

- April 14. Arthur Whipps and Bessie Sophia Keeley.

BURIALS.

- April 6. Ernest William Bindley, aged 6 months.
 " 10. Ellen Jordan, aged 91 years.
 " 12. Olive Ruth Lewis, aged 1 month.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR MAY.

1. Tues. *St. Philip and St. James.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion. 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
 6. Sun. *3rd after Easter.* 3 p.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
 13. Sun. *4th after Easter.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
 17. Th. 7 p.m. } G.F.S. Concert, Girls' School, Harleston.
 19. Sat. 3 p.m. }
 21. Mon. } *Rogation Days.*
 22. Tu. }
 23. Wed. }
 24. Th. *The Ascension Day.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion. 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's. 7 p.m., Evening Prayer and Sermon, Redenhall.
 27. Sun. *Sunday after the Ascension.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS, 1899.

Secretary, MR. H. BUCKINGHAM, JUN!

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------|---|----|----|-------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Rectory Kitchen Box ... | 0 | 5 | 5½ | A Gift ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Betts, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Nuthall, Mr. H. C. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Borrett, Mrs. S.... | 0 | 0 | 6 | Candler, Mr. Geo. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Donation ... | 0 | 0 | 6 | Durrant, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Bond, Mrs. W. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Church Collections, Christmas | | | |
| Candler, Mr. J.... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Day ... | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Aldous, Miss ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | | | | |
| Roberts, Mr. W. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | | | | |
| Miles, Mr. J. R. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | | | | |
| | | | | | £4 | 13 | 8½ |

Daily

CHURCH PASTORAL-AID SOCIETY, YEAR ENDING MARCH 31st, 1900.

REDENHALL, HARLESTON, AND WORTWELL ASSOCIATION.

Treasurer, THE RECTOR; Secretary, MISS PIPE.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|-------------------------|---|----|----|--------------------------|----|----|----|
| Brown, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Hall, Mrs. C. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Lyus, Mr. ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Miss ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Miles, Mrs. J. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Mrs. H. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Miles, Mrs. F. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Bond, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Millican, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Brock, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Nuthall, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buck, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Perowne, Archdeacon ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Broughton, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Pipe, Mr. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Baillie, Mrs. F. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Pipe, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Bradley, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Poll, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Churchyard, Mr. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Robinson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Curl, Messrs. ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Roberts, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Chappell, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Rayner, Mrs. A. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Cann, Mrs. T. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Stebbings, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Crisp, Miss L. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Scolding, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Candler, Mrs. G. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Stanton, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Crisp, Miss A. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Thurburn, Rev. M. B. ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Durrant, Mrs. G. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Vincent, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Dowson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Woodhouse, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Durrant, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Warnes, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Engledow, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Youngman, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Everson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | | | | |
| Estcourt, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | | £4 | 12 | 0 |
| Fuller, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Meeting ... | 1 | 14 | 4 |
| Gift, A. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Rectory Box ... | 0 | 5 | 9 |
| Goddard, Rev. G. H. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Pipe, Miss (box) ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Gill, Mr. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Yallop, Mrs. (box) ... | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| Gedney, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| Gamlrill, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | | £6 | 17 | 7 |

LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE JEWS.

REDENHALL, HARLESTON, AND WORTWELL CONTRIBUTIONS, 1899-1900.

Secretary, THE RECTOR; Collector, MRS. STEBBINGS.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------|---|----|-------|-------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Sermons ... | 5 | 11 | 0 3/4 | Gooderham, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Meeting ... | 1 | 9 | 5 1/4 | Goddard, Rev. G. H. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Subscriptions— | | | | Lyus, Miss ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Aldis, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Miles, Mrs. J. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buck, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Miles, Mrs. F. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Pipe, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Perowne, Archdeacon ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Brown, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Friend, A. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Broughton, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Pratt, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Crisp, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Roberts, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Cracknell, Miss ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Robinson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Churchyard, Mr. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Stebbings, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Dade, Mr. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Small Sums ... | 0 | 3 | 3 |
| Durrant, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Boxes— | | | |
| Dowson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Bank ... | 0 | 3 | 9 |
| Everson, Mrs. ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Crisp, Miss ... | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Estcourt, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Rectory ... | 0 | 6 | 6 |
| Engledow, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| Gissing, Miss ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Total ... | £10 | 15 | 0 |
| Nuthall, Mrs. ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | | | | |

CONFIRMATION.

The Confirmation to which we had been looking forward was held in our Parish Church by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on Friday afternoon, April 6th, and a very impressive and helpful service it was. The Bishop gave, as usual, two addresses. In the first, before he put the question to the candidates, he again explained to them the nature and origin of the solemn rite, and reminded them of the meaning and importance of the promise they were about to make. The second address, delivered after the Confirmation had taken place, dealt with the future life of those who had been confirmed, and was based on the words, "They continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of the bread, and in the prayers" (Acts ii. 45). The whole number confirmed was 73: Redenhall, 17 males and 33 females; Denton, 5 males and 8 females; Needham, 3 males and 3 females; Earsham, 3 females; Starston, 1 female. At the Service of Preparation held in St. John's Church on the evening before the Confirmation, three adults, two of whom were confirmed on the following day, were publicly baptized.

EASTER DAY.

We are thankful to record a large number of communicants on this holy day, on which the Church specially requires the attendance of her children at the Table of the Lord. There were 84 at St. John's at the 8 a.m. Service, and 96 at Redenhall at mid-day. These included a goodly number of those lately confirmed. There were an unusual number of communions of the sick during Easter Week, and some who were unable to communicate on Easter Day did so within the octave, on the first Sunday after Easter.

The Easter offertories, amounting to £4 3s. 6d. at Redenhall and £2 3s. at St. John's, were given to the Diocesan Branch of the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund.

DOVE TRUST ESTATE.

| 1899. | | | | | | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
|----------|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|-----|----|----|
| Jan. 1. | By Balance in Bank | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 | 14 | 7 | | | |
| Mar. 8. | " Half a year's rent, due March, 1898 | ... | ... | ... | ... | 17 | 10 | 0 | | | |
| Aug. 3. | " 20/4; Tithe, 1/8) 6th April (less Property Tax, | ... | ... | ... | ... | 16 | 8 | 0 | | | |
| " 18. | The Treasurer, Redenhall Schools | ... | ... | ... | ... | | | | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Nov. 18. | Charity Commissioners', 2nd instalment Loan repay- | ... | ... | ... | ... | | | | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Dec. 31. | ment ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | | | | 0 | 12 | 7 |
| | Balance in Bank... | ... | ... | ... | ... | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | £34 | 12 | 7 | £34 | 12 | 7 |

Examined and found correct,

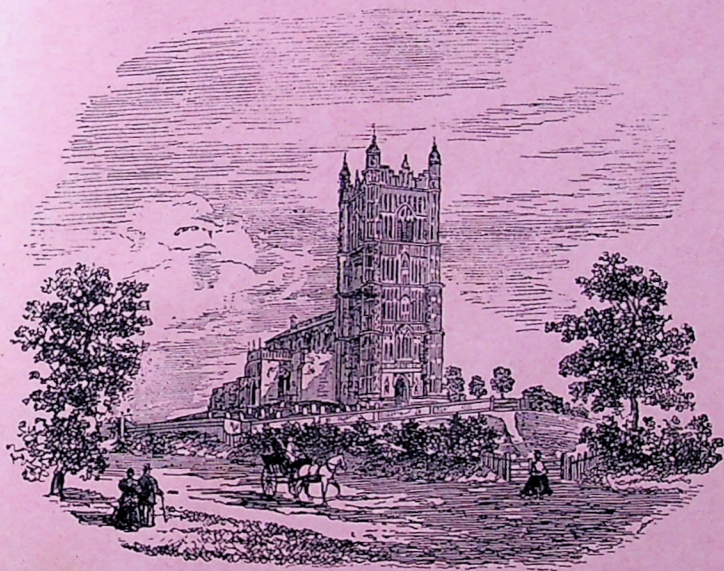
JOHN PIPE.

J. SANCROFT HOLMES,
T. T. PEROWNE,
CHARLES CANDLER, } Trustees.

No. 6.

Darney
JUNE, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

MEETING OF CHURCH WORKERS.

Our Church-workers met at the Rectory on Thursday, May 3rd. A short Service was held in the Parish Church, and a very helpful address was given by the Rev. W. M. Smith, Rector of St. Cross. The subject was the *Healing of the Blind Man* (St. Mark viii. 22-26). Two chief points were dwelt upon: 1. *Helping others*. The blind man did not come himself; "they bring," etc., v. 22. 2, *Not expecting the blessing in our own time or way*. He took him away from those who had brought him, and who would fain have seen him healed, v. 23. Comp. v. 26. He healed him gradually, and not in a moment, as they probably expected, vv. 23-25. But He did heal him. Their labour was not lost.

SERVICES OF INTERCESSION.

These services have been held, in accordance with the suggestion of the Archbishops and Bishops, on the 1st Mondays in April and May, and have been found very helpful by those who attended them. It is impossible to doubt that intercessions thus offered throughout the country will bring a blessing upon the Church, the nation and the world. We hope to continue them on the first Mondays of the remaining months of the year. As, however, the first Monday in June is Whit-Monday, it has been thought advisable to drop the service for that month, and to hold the next Intercession Service in St. John's, on Monday, July 2nd, at 11 a.m.

BI-CENTENARY OF S. P. G.

It will be seen in our Church Notes for June that our Annual Sermons on behalf of S.P.G. will be preached in both our Churches on Sunday, June 17th. That is the Sunday appointed as Bi-Centenary Sunday throughout the Diocese. There can be no doubt that the Bi-Centenary of the Society will be the chief topic of the sermons preached here on that day, and that thus we shall be in harmony with our brethren, as on such a day we should desire to be. But, as it is very important to keep up the regular annual income of the Society in this Bi-Centenary year, we propose that our *collections* on June 17th should go to the ordinary fund.

Our Bi-Centenary Celebration proper will be held on Thursday, August 2nd. We are happy to announce that the Lord Bishop of the Diocese has kindly promised to be our special preacher and speaker on that day. All offerings then made will go to the Bi-Centenary Fund.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR JUNE.

- 3. Sun. *Whit-Sunday*. Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's, mid-day, Redenhall.
- 4. Mon. *Monday in Whitsun week*. 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
- 5. Tues. *Tuesday in Whitsun week*. 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
- 10. Sun. *Trinity Sunday*. Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
- 11. Mon. *St. Barnabas*. 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
- 17. Sun. *1st after Trinity*. S.P.G. Anniversary. 8 a.m., Holy Communion, Redenhall.
- 24. Sun. *2nd after Trinity*. *St. John Baptist*. 8 a.m., Holy Communion, St. John's; mid-day, Redenhall.
- 29. Fri. *St. Peter*. 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.

REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON AND WORTWELL JUVENILE CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The following extracts taken from the Annual Report of the Mid-China Diocesan Mission Fund will, we think, interest our readers, especially juvenile subscribers who by their gifts support a "Cot" in the Hospital at Hangchow, and also a girl in the Boarding School.

Daisy

REPORT OF MID-CHINA DIOCESAN FUND.

As administered by the Bishop in China.

1. I will speak first of the *Boarding School* (Girls), to the maintenance of which the Fund contributes so much. It contains now about twenty-five girls, ranging from eight to eighteen years of age. The examination, in which I took part, was held last week, and was very satisfactory, with only one or two exceptions. The half-year's marks have since been added up, and I am told they show a decided advance as compared with the first half of the year both with regard to work and conduct. The singing—sol-fa system—and musical drill always delight me when I have a chance of being present. A new child's hymn has lately been added to the school repertory. It is a very sweet one, which used to be sung in our nursery home, and which greatly pleased our own mother when we brought it home in '76. It begins "Only a little lamb, but Thou dost care for me." I made a passable Chinese version of it in the summer, and our dear J. has had it written on linen, and taught the girls to sing its sweet tune very nicely.

The one sadness in the School is the occasional outbreak of ungovernable fits of temper, sometimes in the oldest and best of the girls. A candidate for Baptism, and a candidate for Confirmation, have both had to be refused for a time on account of such outbreaks. Will our kind friends pray earnestly that by the Holy Ghost's grace this may soon be a thing of the past?

2. Dr. Main gave a description of his own day's work when he is at Hangchow. At 7 a.m., he is in the hospital, inspecting in a general way. Then, after breakfast, he is there again, holding short services and treating in and out-patients, till 1 p.m. After luncheon he has two hours' medical instruction to students, unless there is an operation to be performed; in this case of course they attend. And he says that some of these Chinese can operate as well as he can, or better. No important operation is begun without prayer, and God has given great success to the surgical branch of Dr. Main's work. The opening for the Gospel which the hospital work affords is wonderful. An instance was given of a Mandarin who, after much persuasion, became an in-patient. He was astounded first at the cleanness of the room in which he was placed, then at there being nothing to pay. He was in the hospital five weeks, and then left with his badly diseased leg cured. But better than this, he had listened to Dr. Main's teaching, he had taken to Bible reading, and is believed to be a true Christian. Later in the afternoon Dr. Main rides round to patients in the city and visits men's and women's leper hospitals. Here, while bodily cure is impossible, spiritual cures are not a few.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900.

BAPTISMS.

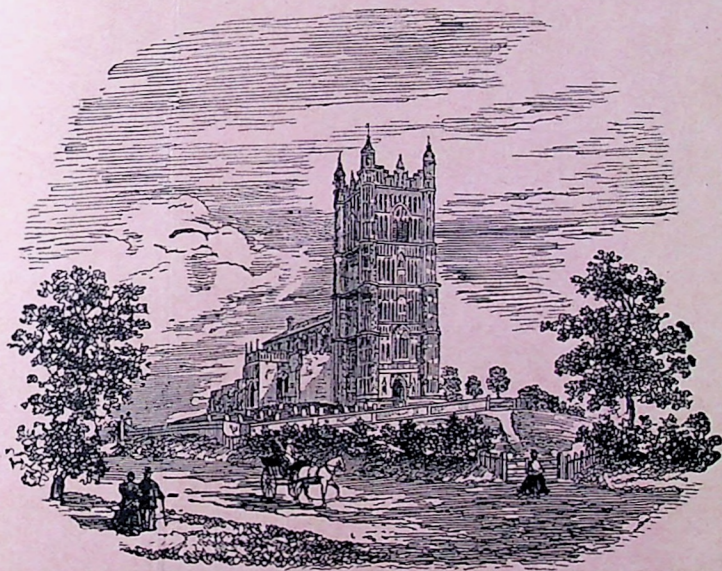
- May 5. Daisy Miriam, daughter of Edward and Jane Sayer.
" 6. Charlotte Ethel, daughter of George and Miriam Mason.

Davey

No. 7.

JULY, 1900.

THE
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AND
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PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

The annual sermons on behalf of this Society were preached in both our Churches on Sunday, June 17th, the special preachers being the Rev. G. Gill, from the Diocese of Rupertsland, and the Rev. B. Barton, formerly Missionary of the Society in N. W. Canada. The Society was founded on June 16th, 1701, and has therefore just entered on its two-hundredth year. Reference was made throughout the day to its work and growth during this long period of its existence. The collections, however, amounting to £4 10s. 5½d., at Redenhall, and £3 8s. 3½d., at Harleston, making a total of £7 18s. 9d., were given towards the ordinary income of the Society. Our Bi-Centenary celebration will be held, as was announced last month, on Thursday, Aug. 2nd, Preacher the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. The Holy Communion will be administered in both our Churches on the preceding Sunday, July 29th, and the offertories at those Services, as well as all offerings on August 2nd, will be given to the Society's special Bi-Centenary Fund.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR JULY.

1. Sun. 3rd after Trinity. 10.30 a.m., Benefit Societies' Hospital Service, Redenhall. Preacher, the Rector.
2. Mon. 11 a.m., Service of Intercession, St. John's.
8. Sun. 4th after Trinity. Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
10. Tues. Mothers' Union Festival.
12. Th. Harleston Horticultural Society's Show, Caltofts.
25. Wed. St. James. 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
26. Th. G.F.S. Festival.
27. Fr. Sunday School Festival.
29. Sun. 7th after Trinity. Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's; mid-day, Redenhall, in connection with S.P.G. Bi-Centenary Celebration.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900.

BAPTISMS.

- May 24. Muriel Gladys, daughter of Sydney James and Edith Atkins.
" 25. Cecil William, son of William and Ellen Lucy Wilby.
" 27. Alan Ives, son of Frederick George and Elizabeth Denny.
June 1. George Robert, son of Matthew Pearce and Elsie Day Powell.
" 4. Arthur Edward, son of Stanley John and Rosa Alice Mann.
" 6. Winifred Ivy May, daughter of William and Emma Tidnam.

BURIALS.

- May 26. Elijah Harber, aged 70 years.
" 28. Eleanor Millican, aged 71 years.
June 9. Isabella Thurston, aged 11 years.
" 12. Samuel Rumsby, aged 69 years.

Large

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND FOR CHURCH EXPENSES FOR THE YEAR ENDED EASTER, 1900.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Aldous, Mr. W. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Green, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Aldous, Miss ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Holmes, J. Sanicroft ... | ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Allured, G. A. ... | ... | 0 | 3 | 0 | Hall, C. C. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Aldis, Mr. T. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Hammond, Mrs. } | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Mr. H. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Cracknell, Mrs. } | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Broughton, Mr. E. J. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 6 | Hall, Mrs. H. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Baillie, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Hobson, Mrs. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Buck, Mr. C. K. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Jex, Mrs. ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Brock, Mr. O. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Jackson, Mr. S. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Browne, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 3 | 0 | Knights, Mr. R. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Browning, Mr. E. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Keeley, Mr. G. ... | ... | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Borrett, Mr. S. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Lyus, Mr. George ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bradley, Mr. A. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Lyus, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Balls, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Miles, Mr. J. R. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Barclay and Co., Ltd. ... | ... | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mothersol, Mr. H. ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Broughton, Mr. W. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Munnings, Mr. J. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Baillie, Mr. W. R. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 | Mann, Mr. S. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Borrett, Mr. F. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Miles, Mr. J. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Baillie, Mr. F. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Nuthall, Mr. H. C. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Buckingham, Mr. H., Junr. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Norman, Mr. G. ... | ... | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Caudwell, Mr. E. ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Poll, Mr. W. H. ... | ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Clutten, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 4 | 0 | Perowne, Ven. Arch. ... | ... | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Coker, Mr. J. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | Pipe, Mr. J. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Churchyard, Mr. A. E. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Perfitt, J. L. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Chappell, Mrs. E. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Provincial Bank ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Curl, Messrs. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Prince, Mr. F. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Colls, Mrs. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Prentice, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Crisp, Miss Louisa ... | ... | 0 | 6 | 0 | Robinson, Mr. G. ... | ... | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Crisp, Miss Anna ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Robinson, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Cann, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Robinson, Miss M. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Cordwell, Mr. W. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Rayner, Mr. A. F. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Candler, Mr. George ... | ... | 0 | 7 | 6 | Rayner, Mrs. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Cann, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Roberts, Mr. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Donnison, Miss ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Robinson, Mr. R. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Durrant, Mrs. George ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Reeve, Mr. G. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Durrant, Mr. G. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Stebbings, Mr. G. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Dowling, Mr. R. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Smith, Mr. W. R. ... | ... | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Dowson, Mrs. ... | ... | 3 | 3 | 0 | Smith, Mr. Samuel ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Everson, Mr. J. A. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Southgate, Mr. F. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Engledow, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Vincent, Mr. A. E. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Estcourt, Mr. A. J. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Warnes, Mr. G. ... | ... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Fuller, Mr. S. P. ... | ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | Whitear, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Gedny, Mr. F. A. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 0 | Woods, Mr. C. ... | ... | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Gissing, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Wills, Mr. F. ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Gambrill, Miss ... | ... | 0 | 10 | 0 | Youngman, Mr. G. W. ... | ... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Gill, Mr. R. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 | Youngs, Mrs. ... | ... | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Goodrum, Miss ... | ... | 1 | 10 | 0 | Yallop, Mr. H. J. ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Garth, Col. ... | ... | 0 | 1 | 0 | | | | | |
| Gilman, Mr. C. ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | | | | | |

£73 17 0

£73 17 0

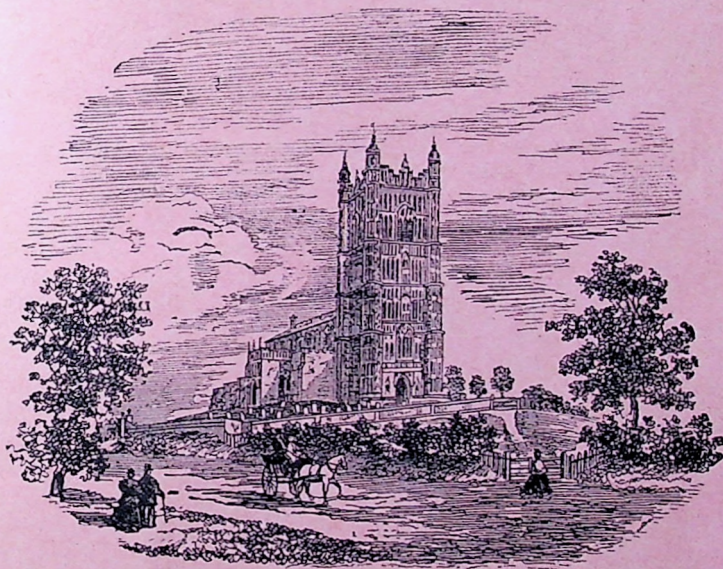
THE RECTOR AND CHURCHWARDENS OF REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON
AND HAMLET OF WORTWELL IN ACCOUNT.

| | | £ | s. | d. | 1899. | £ | s. | d. |
|--|-----|----|----|----|----------|--|-----|---------|
| Balance ... | ... | 10 | 13 | 6 | June 20. | Gas Company | ... | 4 19 8 |
| Offertories at Redenhall and Harleston Churches at different times ... | ... | 26 | 11 | 4 | Oct. 9. | Gas Company | ... | 2 8 3 |
| Subscriptions from the Parish-ioners ... | ... | 73 | 17 | 0 | 1900. | | | |
| Additional offertories ... | ... | 2 | 11 | 6 | Feb. 6. | Gas Company | ... | 3 14 3 |
| Balance ... | ... | 16 | 8 | 2 | Mar. 20. | Gas Company | ... | 5 2 5 |
| | | | | | | Coke for St. John's Church ... | ... | 5 17 6 |
| | | | | | | Coke for Redenhall Church ... | ... | 5 3 5 |
| | | | | | May. | Mr. Evans—Work at St. John's Church | ... | 0 12 0 |
| | | | | | Sept. | Mr. Evans—Work at St. John's Church | ... | 0 9 6 |
| | | | | | | Mr. James Chappell | ... | 0 7 6 |
| | | | | | Oct. | Mr. Henry Brett | ... | 2 0 10 |
| | | | | | | Messrs. Nuthall & Co. | ... | 2 8 10½ |
| | | | | | | Mr. J. L. Perfitt | ... | 3 13 0 |
| | | | | | Nov. | Mr. Henry Brett | ... | 4 19 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Henry Brett | ... | 4 18 3 |
| | | | | | | Mr. A. F. Rayner | ... | 5 10 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. George Keeley | ... | 1 2 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. C. Musket | ... | 0 6 10½ |
| | | | | | | Mr. J. A. Everson | ... | 2 12 6 |
| | | | | | | Mrs. E. Chappell | ... | 3 1 10 |
| | | | | | | Mr. James Chappell | ... | 3 9 6 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Rayson, Tuning Organ | ... | 4 10 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Allured—Organist at St. John's | ... | 5 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Insurance | ... | 4 8 10 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Dowling | ... | 16 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Dowling, Attending Furnace (Red.) | ... | 2 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Evans, Clerk at St. John's | ... | 1 10 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Evans, attending ing Furnace | ... | 3 15 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Aldous, Blowing Organ (Red.) | ... | 1 10 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Johnson, Blowing Organ, St. John's | ... | 1 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Borrett, Collecting | ... | 1 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Stamps and Envelopes | ... | 0 5 0 |
| | | | | | | Women, Cleaning Church | ... | 1 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Refreshments, etc. | ... | 0 1 0 |
| | | | | | | Miss Gambrell, Organist | ... | 25 0 0 |
| | | | | | | Mr. Whiting, Killing Moles | ... | 0 5 0 |

No 8.

AUGUST, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
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WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

REPORTS OF DIOCESAN INSPECTOR.

The following are the reports of the Rev. R. H. Sneyd, Diocesan Inspector, of the results of his annual examination of our Day Schools in religious knowledge:—

REDENHALL BOYS.

The School has passed a very satisfactory examination, the answering being general and intelligent, reflecting great credit on the teachers.

The following deserve special commendation:—

Standard VI.

Nelson Coker (pr.).
Harry Bugg (c.).
Ben Johnston (c.).

Fred Wood.
Allan Brown.
Robert Vincent.

Standard V.

Albert Barnard (pr.).
Arthur Bush (c.).
Fred Barber (c.).

Standard IV.

William Durrant (pr.).
George Dove (c.).
Alfred Flegg (c.).

Victor Hatton.
Harold Day.

Standard III.

Jasper Lewis (pr.).
Herbert Prentice (c.).
Herbert Gardner (c.).

Herbert Scarff.
L. Dashwood.
Albert Bacon.

Standard II.

Percy Button (pr.).
Arthur Todd (c.).
Horace Reeve (c.).

Albert Cooke.

Standard I.

Allan Stannard (pr.).
William Weavers (c.).

George Oakley.

REDENHALL GIRLS.

The children passed a very good examination in Scripture, but the Prayer Book was not so well known, nor was the written work of the Upper Standards as good as usual. Standard IV. did not answer as well as Standards V. and VI. The following children deserve commendation:—

Standards VI. and VII.

Alice Barnard (pr.).
Lila Clarke (c.).

Rose Webb.
Beatrice Fairhead.

Standards V. and IV.

Nellie Murray (pr.).
Gertrude Vincent (c.).

Olive Wighton.
Rose Clarke.

Standard III.

Jessie Rayner (pr.).
Phoebe Bugg (c.).
Alice Tidnam (c.).

Standard II.

Ida Lewis (pr.).
Elsie Calver (c.).

Emily Turner.
Naomi Rayner.
Lucy Sadd.

Standard I.

Norah Rayner (pr.).
Hetty Coleman (c.).

Connie Lankester.

REDENHALL INFANTS.

All the classes in the Infants' School did exceedingly well in all subjects. The following children deserve special commendation:—

1st Class.

Violet Prentice (pr.).
Ethel Sadler (c.).
Daisy Southgate (c.).

2nd Class.

Lilly Reeve (pr.).
Louie Bugg (c.).
Iris Lewis (c.).

WORTWELL.

The School has passed a very good examination in all subjects, the children exhibiting a keen and intelligent interest in their work.

Daisy

The following children deserve special commendation:—

Standard IV.
Rose Osborne (pr.).
Ethel Rackham (c.).
Harold Rackham, (c.).
Kate Chilvers (c.).

Standard III.
Arthur Taylor (pr.).
Claude Hurren (c.).
Ellen Dove (c.).
Alice Howlett (c.).

Standard II.
John Markwell (pr.).
Edith Soames (c.).

Standard I.
Bessie Colls (pr.).
John Sharman (c.).
Thomas Foster (c.).

Infants.
John Sampson (pr.).
Dorothy Henery (c.).

HARLESTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A very successful Show was held, by kind permission of Mrs. Youngs, in the charming grounds of Caltofts, on Thursday, July 12th. The exhibits were very numerous and exceptionally good in all the different classes. Indeed it may well be doubted whether our Society, noted as we all know it is for good Shows, has ever produced a better than this of the last year of the century. We congratulate the exhibitors on the success of their efforts, and we trust that the many prizes that were obtained—some of our friends must have had heavy pockets going home—may prove an encouragement, both to those who won them this time and to those who mean to win them next, to persevere in the healthy and pleasant work of cultivating the kindly fruits and flowers of the earth which God has given.

We were glad to see that rabbits are still in favour with our young friends, and that judging from the large families which some of the hutches contained there is no fear of their dying out. We only hope that the rising generation will succeed to the hutches of their parents, and not be let loose in our fields and gardens where we have already enough and to spare.

The new feature of model gardens was quite a step, we think, in the right direction. Some very pretty effects were produced, and we hope that this class, which is of educational use in drawing out taste and skill, will become still more popular as it becomes better known. The weather was brilliant and the attendance good. The proceedings were enlivened by the strains of the Artillery Volunteer Band and by two concerts, given as on former occasions by the Harleston Orchestral Society, under the able leadership of Mr. Wilson.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES' HOSPITAL SERVICE

The Annual Hospital Service of the Benefit Societies of Harleston and the neighbourhood was held in our Parish Church on Sunday morning, July 1st. A sermon on *Christian Manliness* was preached by the Rector from the words of St. Paul—"Quit you like men" (1 Cor. xvi. 13). The collection in Church amounted to £5 8s. which was increased by collecting cards to a total of £37 18s. 11d. This sum is apportioned by the committee between the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the Lowestoft Convalescent Home, and the Fakenham Nurses' Home. By this means the funds of these excellent Institutions are helped, while orders are obtained from them for the use of any members of the clubs who may require them.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR AUGUST.

2. Th. *Bi-Centenary Celebration of S.P.G.* 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's; 3 p.m., Missionary Address, Redenhall. 8 p.m., Meeting, Town Hall Harleston. Speaker and Preacher, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese.
12. Sun. *9th after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
24. Fr. *St. Bartholomew.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
26. Sun. *11th after Trinity.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900.

BAPTISMS.

- June 27. Sidney Louis Valentine, son of Louis and Eliza Roth.
July 1. Frank Cecil, son of James and Emma Vincent Taylor.
" " Redvers Robert, son of Robert and Alice Laura Pipe.
" " Eva Edith Eliza, daughter of Henry and Hannah Maria Pearce.
" 11. Arthur Rolfe, son of Arthur Ernest and Jeanette Edith Chauncy.

BURIAL.

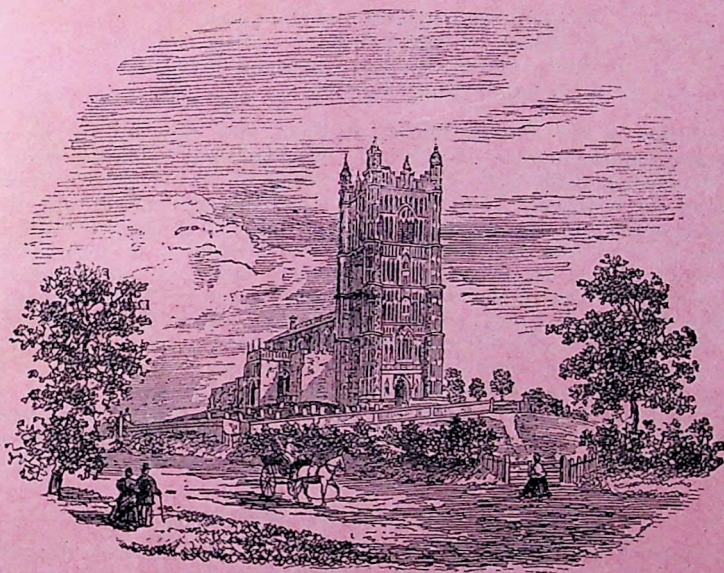
- June 25. Daisy Miriam Sayer, aged 3 months.

Barney

No. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1900

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

BI-CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Our parochial celebration of this very interesting event, the entrance of this venerable Society on the two hundredth year of its existence and labours, began, in accordance with the notice given in our last number, on Sunday, July 29th. Holy Communion was administered in St. John's Church at 8 a.m., and in the Parish Church at mid-day, the offertories being £1 16s. 4½d., and £4 14s. 7½d. respectively.

On Thursday, August 2nd, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese fulfilled his kind promise to be our preacher and speaker throughout the day. At 11.30 a.m. he catechised and addressed our School children, the Needham children being also present, in St. John's Church. The main object of the address was to show the cruelty and degradation of heathenism; and so to lead the children both to value more highly their own privileges, and to be more zealous in seeking to extend them to those who have them not. The Bishop quoted the verse of the hymn which he said he had learned as a child:—

I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smiled,
And make me in these Christian days
A happy English child.

The address in the Parish Church, at 3 p.m., was devoted to the work of the Society amongst our own countrymen, emigrants and colonists, while in the evening the Bishop dealt with the other branch of its operations, missionary work among the heathen. In both cases we had the great advantage of listening to the graphic and life-like descriptions of one who in early life had himself taken part, in what was then known as British Columbia, in both the kinds of work of which he told us. The chief impression made on our minds by what we heard was the *reality* of the work God is carrying on by His Church in foreign lands. Our Bishop's last word to us was the expression of his earnest desire that our celebration of the bi-centenary might bear good fruit in quickened and enlarged interest, in more liberal and self-denying gifts, and in a habit of daily prayer for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts.

The collection in the afternoon amounted to £5 6s. 6½d., and in the evening to £1 9s. 6d. The total of our special bi-centenary offerings, which is of course independent of our ordinary annual contributions to the Society, is £14 1s. 3d.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

The Annual Festival of our Branch was held on Thursday, July 26th. A service was held in St. John's Church, Harleston, at 3 p.m. The preacher was our Rural Dean, the Rev. Spencer Fellows, Rector of Pulham, who took *Service*, for the subject of his address, and dwelt on the dignity of service, as the calling of the Christian, in which he follows the example of his Lord, who "took upon Him the form of a servant." Tea was provided, and a very pleasant evening spent in the grounds of Caltofts, very kindly placed at the disposal of the Society by Mrs. Youngs. A very practical and helpful address was given after tea to the members and associates by Miss Emery, to whom the best thanks of the Branch are due.

Davey

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

This festival was held at the Rectory on Friday, July 27th. All went well till after tea, when, after threatening peals of thunder, rain began to fall. The children, however, were taken to Church for their usual short Service, and were able, after that, to get home without much hindrance. The unfinished games were played out and the races run by some of the children at the Rectory and by others at Gawdy Hall and Needham. We are not sure that they had not to thank the rain, in the end, for what counted for a second treat.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 3. M. Wortwell School re-assembles.
- 9. Sun. *12th Sunday after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
- 10. M. Redenhall Schools re-assemble.
- 18. Tu. Agricultural Show, Harleston.
- 23. Sun. *14th Sunday after Trinity.* HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL. Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's; mid-day, Redenhall.
- 29. Sat. *St. Michael and All Angels.* Morning Prayer, 11.15, St. John's.
- 30. Sun. *15th Sunday after Trinity.* Holy Communion, 8 a.m., Redenhall.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

MARRIAGE.

Aug. 6. John James Davey and Anna Maria Norman.

BURIALS.

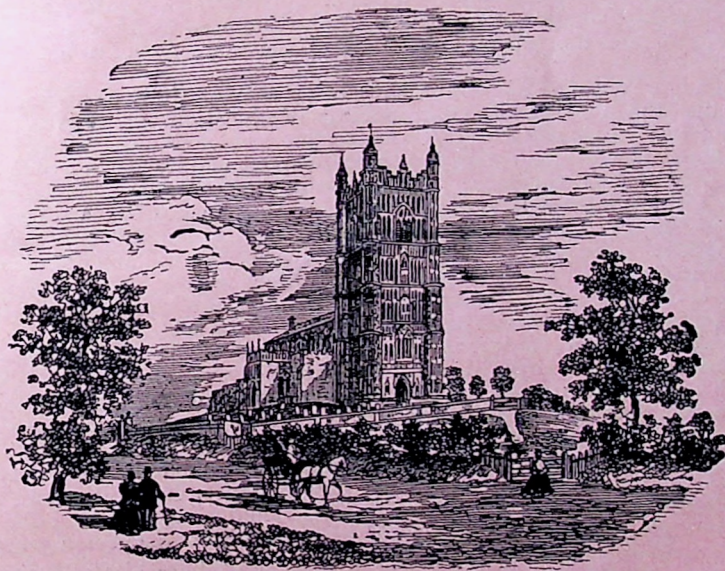
July 25. Charles Canham, aged 13 years.

Aug. 2. Ethel Beatrice Hough, aged 19 years.

No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

1. M. Night School opens in Boys' Schoolroom.
4. Th. Sunday School Teachers' Meeting, 8 p.m., Girls' Schoolroom.
5. F. 11. a.m., Litany and District Visitors' Meeting, St. John's.
7. Sun. 17th Sunday after Trinity. 3 p.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
14. Sun. 18th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
18. Th. St. Luke. 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
28. Sun. 20th Sunday after Trinity. St. Simon and St. Jude. Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's; mid-day, Redenhall.

OUR NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

When these lines meet the eyes of our readers, our Parish Day Schools will be in full work again after the harvest holidays.

The Managers are glad to announce that by the help of the Aid Grant they have been able to make considerable improvements during the holidays in the premises and furniture of all the Schools. The playgrounds of the Boys', and of the Girls' and Infants' Schools have been newly fenced, levelled and drained, and the interior of some of the rooms has been coloured afresh and wainscoated. New books and pictures have also been supplied. At Wortwell the porch has been enlarged so as to include a commodious cloak-room, new desks and maps have been purchased, and the general appearance of the main room has been greatly improved.

While, however, the Aid Grant thus helps us materially as regards what may be called the appliances and surroundings of education, enabling us to make it more attractive and in a certain true sense more efficient also, this grant renders us no assistance in providing for the permanent maintenance of what may be called the staple of education. We can claim the grant, for example, towards an *increase* in the salaries of teachers which has been made since the passing of the Act, but not to help to pay those salaries as they stood before that time. And so with other necessary expenses of the School. It follows therefore that, as is expressly provided by the Act of Parliament which established the Aid Grant, the voluntary contributions on which the Managers must rely for the maintenance of the Schools must be kept up. It is greatly to be desired that more *small subscriptions* should be given to our Schools. Time was—many of our readers can remember it and how hardly it pressed—when a labouring man had to pay 2*d.* a week for the first child and 1*d.* for every other child whom he sent to school. This meant, for forty school weeks in the year, 6*s.* 8*d.* a year for his first child and 3*s.* 4*d.* for every other child he had. Is it too much to ask that now, when he can have for all his children, absolutely without cost, as good an education as he can possibly desire, in healthy and attractive buildings and with all available helps, he should give, instead of the fifteen or twenty shillings that it might then have cost him, some small yearly subscription towards the maintenance of schools from which he receives so great a benefit?

One other point we must again refer to—the *great importance of regular attendance*. There is no getting on nowadays without education. Many a young man and young woman suffers life-long loss for lack of it. For lack of it he loses the situation which would have led to much. For lack of it he can never hope to rise another step on the ladder. But why does he lack it? It is within his reach. Why does he not grasp it? Just because of the miserable, slipshod, half-hearted way in which he is allowed and encouraged, and even compelled,

Dawley

to go about it. Some idle excuse of weather, or wanted at home, or having to go an errand, is held sufficient to keep him away from school, and so he learns nothing thoroughly, owing to the broken and uncertain nature of his attendance, and he grows up into a habit of doing things by halves, which sticks to him all his life and prevents his succeeding in whatever he turns his hand to.

We earnestly entreat our friends the parents to lay these things to heart, and to help us, as only they can do, in our great work for the benefit of their children by sending them regularly and punctually both to Day School and Sunday School.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

It has been decided to hold again an Evening Continuation School for lads and men in the coming winter season. It will include a Carpentry Class, which will be conducted by Mr. Arthur Rayner. Full particulars may be had of Mr. Osborne, the master of our Boys' National School, by whom the Evening School will be conducted.

OUR CLERICAL STAFF.

We have again experienced a change among the clergy serving in our parish. The Rev. M. B. Thurnburn was ordained in the spring of 1897, and since that time has ministered amongst us. He has now accepted a curacy, with private chaplaincy attached, in the diocese of Canterbury. We shall follow him with our good wishes and prayers that his work amongst us may abide and bear fruit, and that he may be prospered abundantly in the new sphere of labour on which he has entered. We shall wish him, among other good gifts, better health than he has had here, and we are thankful to believe that the climate and conditions of his new sphere of work are likely to suit him better. We shall not forget to pray that a good and earnest successor may be sent us in his place.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

MARRIAGES.

- Aug. 21. Chandos Storey and Ellen Elizabeth Fairweather.
Sept. 6. Herbert Websdale and Alice Marshall.
" 19. William Bailey and Rosa Pearce.

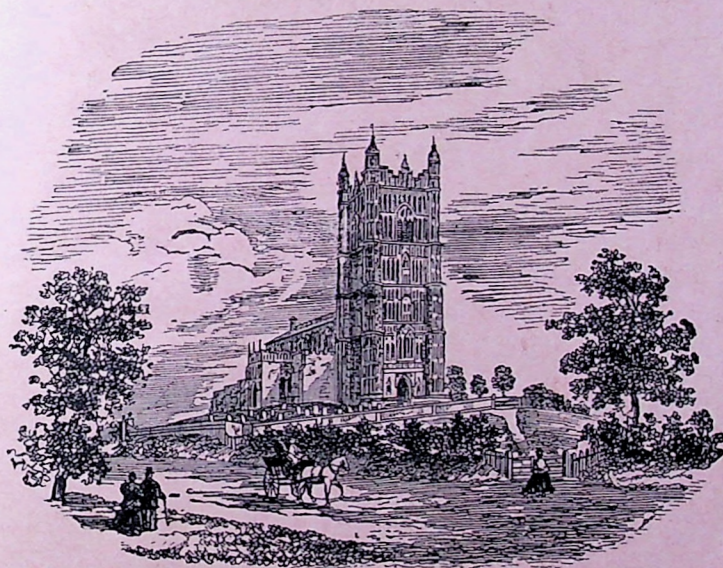
BURIAL.

- Sept. 6. Redvers Robert Pipe, aged 6 months.

No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Our annual Harvest Festival was held on Sunday, September 23rd. The preacher in the afternoon at Redenhall, and in the evening at St. John's, was the Rev. W. M. Smith, Rector of St. Cross. The sowing and reaping in which we all are busy ("Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," Galatians vi. 7), and the life of thankfulness to which, as Christians, we are called ("In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you," 1 Thessalonians v. 18), were the two appropriate subjects which he brought before us.

There were 56 communicants at the mid-day Service at Redenhall, and 53 at the 8 o'clock Service at St. John's. The collections throughout the day amounted to £6 19s. 7d. at Redenhall, and £6 7s. 3d. at St. John's, making a total of £13 6s. 10d. Of this sum four guineas were sent to the Lowestoft Convalescent Home, and the remainder, £9 2s. 10d. to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

CHOIR FUND.

Collections on behalf of this fund were made in both our Churches on Sunday, September 30th. They amounted to £3 1s. 6½d. at Redenhall, and £2 2s. 6¼d. at St. John's. The total, £5 4s. 1d., is a satisfactory and welcome addition to the annual subscriptions by which many of our parishioners show their interest in our Choirs. The fund, of which we shall publish a balance-sheet at the end of the year, is expended, as our readers are aware, (1) in making small payments to the boys to encourage them in regularity of attendance and good behaviour at the Services and at Choir Practices; (2) in providing for an annual excursion for both men and boys, as an acknowledgment of their services on the part of the parishioners, and as a means of promoting good fellowship among us; (3) in purchasing psalters, hymn books, and music for the use of the Choir, as occasion may require.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A very successful meeting was held in the Committee Room, Harleston, on Friday, October 5th, with a view to revive our Children's Association of this very useful Society. The room was well filled with children from our parish and neighbourhood and their friends. Miss Tillard, whose former visit to us on a like errand is gratefully remembered, gave a most interesting account of the Cripples' Home, and our friend Mr. Dowson, who is always welcomed by us, enlivened the meeting by one of his hearty and helpful addresses.

Mrs. Churchyard kindly consented to act in concert with Miss Perowne as secretaries, and either of them may be applied to for collecting boxes or information.

S.P.G. BICENTENARY EXHIBITIONS.

Notice has already been widely given throughout the parish that these Exhibitions will be held in the Corn Hall, Harleston, on Thursday and Friday, November 1st and 2nd. The object of these Exhibitions is not simply to amuse, but, by God's help, to increase an intelligent interest and active co-operation in the great missionary work of the Church of Christ. The Archbishop of Canterbury said lately that to spread abroad the Gospel was the very reason why the Church existed. For that purpose her Ascended Lord bestowed upon His great gift of the Holy Ghost (Acts i. 8).

The Exhibition, which will contain objects of interest from the various countries to which our Missions extend, will be open each day as follows:—

2.30 to 4.30 p.m. Admission, 6d.

5 to 6. Children, if accompanied by their teachers, Free.

7 to 9. Admission, 2d.

Dawley

There will be persons at each stall to explain the various objects exhibited. Short explanatory addresses will be given at intervals, and Missionary Hymns will be sung to native melodies by children dressed in the costumes of various countries.

The following prayer has been prepared for the use of all who desire the success of the Exhibition:—

“Lord of all power and might, without Whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, look with Thy favour and blessing upon the Missionary Exhibitions, which we are promoting. Inspire us, O Lord, with the one desire to glorify Thee and hasten the coming of Thy Kingdom. Guide us in all our plans, fill us with wisdom and love, and a sound mind, and give us a right judgment in all things. And do Thou, O merciful Father, so direct what is done that the object we have at heart may not be hindered, but that the efforts of Thy servants may have a successful issue to the greater glory of Thy Holy Name and the benefit of Thy people, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Th. *All Saints' Day.* Holy Communion, St. John's, 8 a.m.; Missionary Exhibition, Corn Hall, Harleston, 2.30 to 4.30, 5 to 6 (children), and 7 to 9 p.m.
2. Fr. Missionary Exhibition, Corn Hall, Harleston, 2.30 to 4.30, 5 to 6 (children), and 7 to 9 p.m.
4. Sun. *21st Sunday after Trinity.* 3 p.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
11. Sun. *22nd Sunday after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
14. Wed. 8 p.m., Sunday School Teachers' Meeting in Girls' Schoolroom. Model Lesson by Rev. H. Dawson, Sec. of Church of England Sunday School Institute.
25. Sun. *Next before Advent.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.
29. Th. *Eve of St. Andrew.* 8 p.m., Service of Intercession for Foreign Missions, St. John's.
30. Fr. *St. Andrew.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Service of Intercession for Foreign Missions.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

- Sept. 30. Audrey Minnie, daughter of William and Alice Emily Balls.
" " Ernest James, son of Frederick James and Ellen Maria Staff.
" " Louisa, daughter of Robert and Mary Ann Revell.
" " Maud Marian, daughter of William Frederick and Emma Bird.
Oct. 7. Grace Ivy Lilian, daughter of General and Georgina White.
" Clement Herbert, son of Wallace Herbert and Annie Poll.
" 12. George William Godfrey, son of Frank William and Gertrude Jane Cowling Baillie.

MARRIAGE.

- Oct. 9. Robert Elliott and Rosetta Coan.

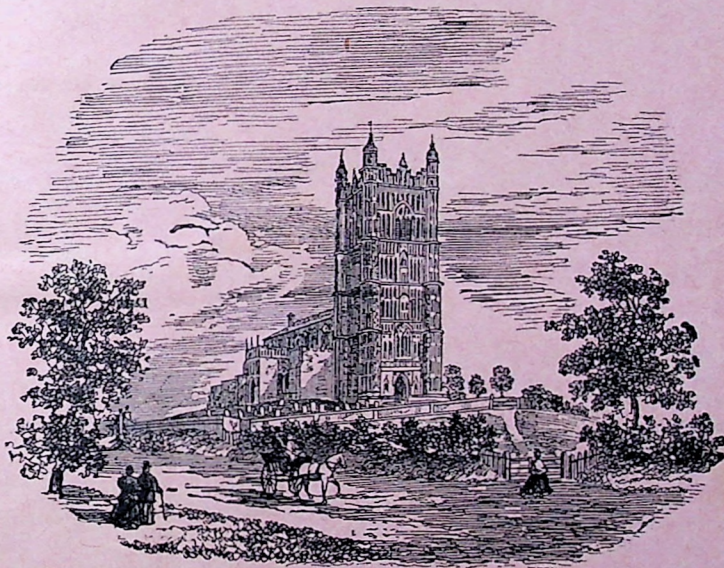
BURIALS.

- Sept. 22. Harold Sidney Cooper, aged 22 months.
Oct. 6. Frank Bernard Borrett, aged 23 years.

Darney
No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1900.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

S.P.G. BICENTENARY EXHIBITION.

Pursuant to the notice given in our last number this Exhibition was held in the Corn Hall, Harleston, on Thursday and Friday, November 1st and 2nd, and we are thankful to record that it was most successful.

The Exhibition itself was highly interesting and instructive. The six Courts, representative of the various countries of the world in which the Society is at work, were supplemented by a large general collection of groups and figures prepared by Mrs. Humphreys, representing the costumes and customs of all nations, and by objects of interest kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Sancroft Holmes, Captain Adair, and Mr. Edmund Candler. The Hall, under the skilful management of Mr. Buck and Mr. Wilson, looked its best. The attendance throughout was excellent, while marked interest was manifested both in the articles exhibited and in the explanations and addresses given by returned Missionaries and other friends and neighbours. Cheering and encouraging beyond all beside was the willing service rendered by the Stewards and by all who took part in promoting the objects of the Exhibition. Liberal and ungrudging was the assistance on all hands. "God loveth a cheerful giver"; and the cheerful giving of time and effort, of money and money's worth, emboldens us to believe that our service was accepted of Him and will be followed by His gracious benediction.

The receipts on the two days amounted to £18 2s. 4d., leaving a balance, after local expenses had been deducted, of £13 17s. 8d. The items are as follows:—

| RECEIPTS. | | | | EXPENSES. | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|---------|------------------------------|-----|-----|---------|
| | | | £ s. d. | | | | £ s. d. |
| Entrance | ... | ... | 7 7 4 | Hire of Hall | ... | ... | 2 10 0 |
| Refreshments | ... | ... | 7 2 6 | Refreshment Stall, Crockery, | | | |
| Literature | ... | ... | 2 4 8 | &c. | ... | ... | 0 15 6 |
| Offerings | ... | ... | 1 7 10 | Lodgings (Assistant) | ... | ... | 0 7 6 |
| | | | | Help, putting up and taking | | | |
| | | | £18 2 4 | down Courts | ... | ... | 0 11 8 |
| | | | | | | | £4 4 8 |

The expense of carriage is deducted at headquarters, but after that is done there will be a balance of at least £10 or £11, for the purposes of the Society.

We subjoin the Address with which Mr. Sancroft Holmes opened the Exhibition. "He was afraid," he said, "that many laymen were too apt to regard Foreign Missions as matters affecting chiefly the clergy, inasmuch as it fell to their lot to be the most frequent advocates of their claims. It was undoubtedly the duty of the clergy to remind us of our obligations, and to urge us to fulfil our Lord's command, that the Gospel is to be preached to all the world; but the supplying the funds for carrying on the work was a duty which must fall upon the whole body of the Church, and mainly on those who have the means. Members of an Established and Endowed Church, not being called upon in many cases to help to maintain their own clergy, were the better able to help to maintain Foreign Missions, but the lack of necessity for giving to Home purposes, blinded many to the necessity for giving to Foreign. As laymen we could give the most important assistance. First, by ourselves living as consistent Christians, practising what we professed, and so setting such an example to our children, our kith and kin and our neighbours, that when they sought a home in far distant lands they would carry with them the thought and remembrance of what they had been taught to value when at home. In the

Darby

Colonies it frequently happened that our fellow countrymen were, through no fault of their own, deprived, it may be for years, of any religious ministrations. Here public opinion often compelled a man to be a professing Christian, but abroad, where there was little if any public opinion, and nothing to be gained by professing any religious faith, the danger arose of our fellow countrymen lapsing into a state of indifference, if not entire forgetfulness. It was to meet such cases that the S.P.G. started, now 200 years since, to assist small communities to tide over the time until they were in a position to make provision for their religious wants. Of the total income of the Society last year £136,000, one quarter, was spent in the British Colonies; three quarters in Missions to the Heathen. *Secondly*, we could help Foreign Missions by systematic and generous giving. The question we must all ask ourselves was, are we individually and as a nation giving according to our means? The wealth and extent of Great Britain's Empire had enormously increased in the last fifty years, and our responsibilities, both for good and evil, were greater than any other nation in the world's history had ever possessed. Were our efforts in the Mission field in any way commensurate with our Imperial position? The Colonies brought great advantages from a temporal point of view to every person living in Great Britain. Ought we not to recognise this, and endeavour to assist our fellow countrymen by helping them to obtain the same religious advantages which we ourselves enjoyed?

The S.P.G., in celebration of its fourth jubilee and its Bi-centenary, asked for a thank offering of £250,000 in addition to its annual income. This could easily be secured if every subscriber would give 3d. where he gave 1d. last year. Two hundred years ago less than 20 clergy were at work in the Mission field, now there were over 9,000, under the supervision of 170 Bishops. This Society had expended since its foundation £7,000,000, and who dare estimate the result of its work in the United States of America, in Canada, South Africa (where enormous new responsibilities were now opening up), in Australasia, and in India. Let them all then attempt to set an example of Christian living, and of systematic generous giving to this and other kindred societies.

OUR NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

The following are the highly satisfactory reports for the past year received from H.M. Inspector:—

REDENHALL.

Boys' School.—"The enlargement of the Class Room has been of great benefit, and the discipline is now very good. The instruction is carefully and intelligently given, and the drill deserves a special word of praise."

Girls' School.—"There were some hindrances to progress in the earlier part of the year, but any lost ground has been recovered and the instruction continues to be characterised by care and method. The discipline is, as usual, of a highly praiseworthy character."

Infant School.—"The School continues to make progress and to maintain a good level of general efficiency. The teaching of writing labours under certain difficulties and should be carefully watched. The want of a musical instrument is a disadvantage."

WORTWELL.

Mixed School.—"The School continues to be in a very satisfactory state of efficiency. The premises and fittings have been improved, and this improvement is being continued."

Infant Class.—"Good work is being done at present, and methods are receiving careful attention. The discipline is now satisfactory."

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

- Nov. 4. Edward George, son of George and Mary Ann Nicholls.
 " " Oliver Daniel, son of Robert William and Jane Wisken.
 " " Herbert Charles, son of Charles William and Maria Elizabeth Snowling.

MARRIAGE.

- Oct. 31. Herbert George Bayfield Eley and Alice South.

BURIALS.

- Oct. 22. Elizabeth Kerrison, aged 47 years.
 " 29. John Skinner, aged 48 years.
 Nov. 3. Elizabeth Borrett, aged 72 years.
 " 5. Alice Edith Blackwood, aged 30 years.

NEEDHAM.

BAPTISMS.

- May 13. Robert Frederick, son of Frederick and Rosa Reeve.
 " 20. Alice Hilda, daughter of Arthur John and Rosa Shanks.
 June 10. Elsa Ann Rita, daughter of John Renton Warner and Annie Latra Wheelhouse.
 " " Lionel Cecil Vernon, son of Frederick Vernon and Mary Eliza Bignell.
 Aug. 26. Rose Caroline Esther, daughter of Joseph John and Mary Johnson.
 Sept. 9. George Frederick Edward, Claude Clarence, and Transvaal Edward, sons of George Edward and Edith Clara Oakley.
 " 17. Cecil, son of, and Daisy, Mabel Francis, Marjorie, and Olive, daughters of Harry and Annie Maud Osborne.
 " 23. Frederick James, son of Frederick William and Ellen Cattermole.

MARRIAGE.

- Oct. 18. David William Green and Gertrude Adams.

BURIAL.

- Aug. 22. Edgar George Taylor, aged 5 years.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

2. Sun. *1st Sunday in Advent.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion, St. John's.
 6. Th. 8 p.m., Service, St. John's.
 9. Sun. *2nd Sunday in Advent* Holy Communion, mid-day, St. John's.
 13. Th. 8 p.m., Confirmation of Adults, by Lord Bishop of the Diocese, St. John's.
 16. Sun. *Ember Week.* Ember Prayer to be said daily.
 20. Th. 8 p.m., Service St. John's.
 21. Fr. *St. Thomas.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
 25. Tu. *Christmas Day.* Redenhall, 10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer with Sermon and Holy Communion. St. John's, 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer with Sermon; 4 p.m., Evening Prayer. Offertories for Waifs and Strays.
 26. Wed. *St. Stephen.*
 27. Th. *St. John Evangelist.* } 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
 28. Fr. *The Innocents.* }
 30. Sun. *1st Sunday after Christmas.* Holy Communion, mid-day, Redenhall.

W. H. Sawyer

